Beginning **Jail Breaker** a short novel by **W. R. Burnett**

July 7, 1934

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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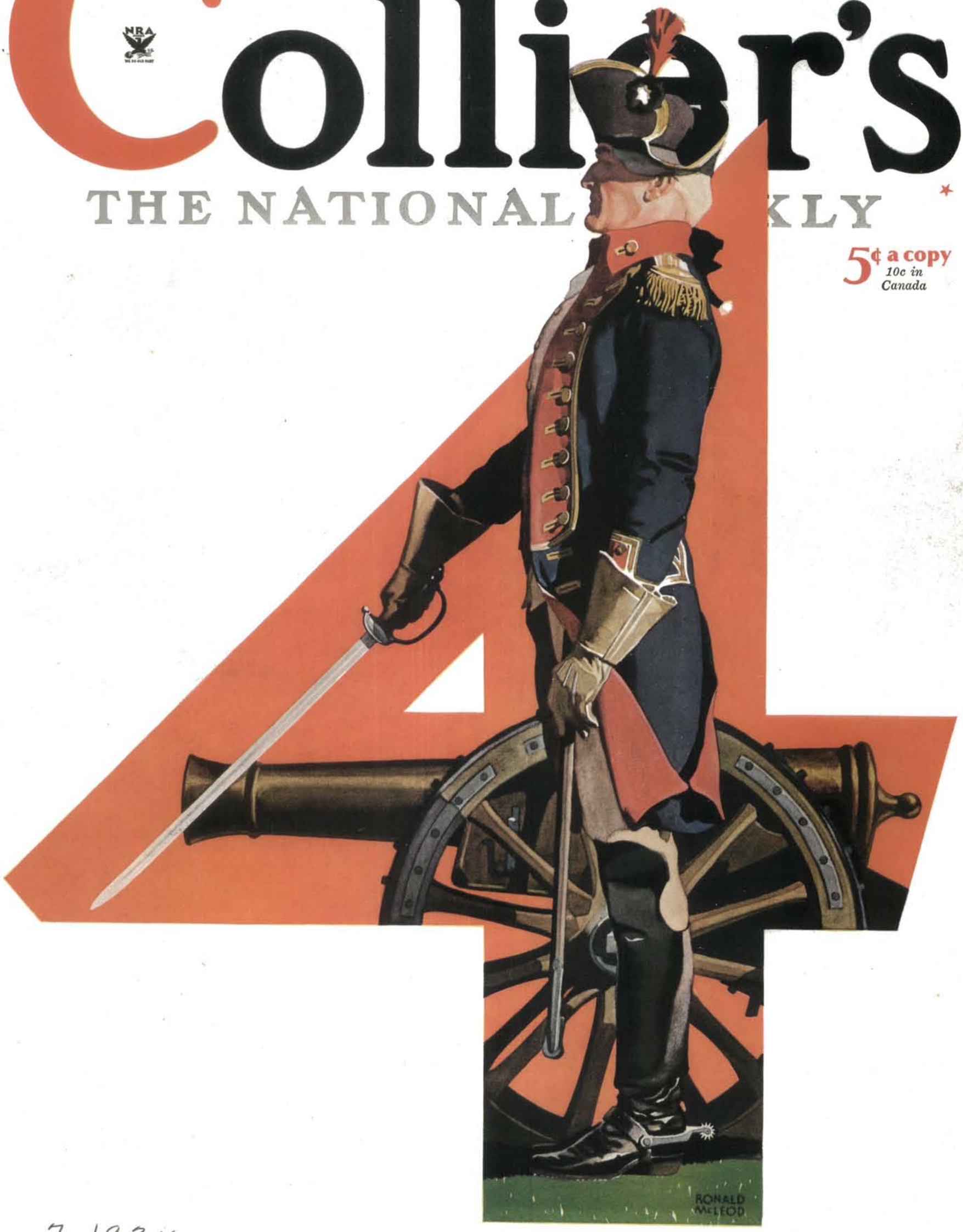

JULY 7, 1934

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Next Week

WHEN Russ Waldron took his pack of hunting dogs deep into Mexico to the *hacienda* on the Rio Perdido he thought he was going to track mountain lions. That's what his contract said. He didn't know that he'd be required to hunt a man.

The man's name was Juan Madden and he was in love with the *hacendado's* daughter. Hanging, in the *hacendado's* opinion, was too good for him. He wanted to see him literally thrown to the dogs. In "Spanish Lady," a colorful and exciting story of a lawless land, H. L. Davis describes a man-hunt with an unorthodox conclusion.

TAXATION without representation was an evil so greatly dreaded by the authors of New Hampshire's constitution that you can be pretty certain, anywhere in that state, of direct representation—if you wait long enough. The village of Flume House, for example, is entitled to send one representative to the legislature every eighty years. Flume House has a population of fifteen.

The result of this generosity on the part of the New Hampshire fathers is the largest legislative body in America outside the House of Representatives in Washington. Walter Davenport shows it to you in operation, which is fairly swift despite its size, and gives you a picture of New Hampshire's governor, John Gilbert Winant, one of the very few undaunted Republicans occupying public office.

AMONG the most ingenious and learned of the great detectives in fiction, G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown occupies a conspicuous place. Next week you will discover him unraveling the perplexing mystery that surrounded a double murder on the campus of Mandeville College, Oxford. The story is called "The Crime of the Communist," but there are some crimes, as Father Brown points out, of which you have no right to accuse a Communist who is a Mandeville man.

SUPPOSE, just for story purposes, you were in love with a gorgeous girl and she had fallen in love with you, believing you to be a millionaire adventurer, whereas you were actually just a penniless college graduate who had jumped out of a blimp. What would you do? Not, we're willing to bet, what "Captain X" does in Dwight Mitchell Wiley's gay short story.

C. S. MONTANYE writes the Short Short. Sax Rohmer puts a temporary end to the wicked enterprises of Fu Manchu. W. R. Burnett, Kyle Crichton, Ray Tucker, T. R. Ybarra and others add a variety of fact and fiction. All good, too.

This Week

July 7, 1934

Cover by Ronald McLeod

W. R. BURNETT
Jail Breaker. **The new serial, short and very, very lively.** **Page 7**

PHILIP WYLIE
Don't Send Flowers. **Hate at first sight, or were they wrong?** **Page 10**

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
How's Your Ground Stroke? **A volley of advice—from an expert.** **Page 12**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Reunion, **by Frederick Skerry.** **Page 13**

HARLAN WARE
Take a Chance. **Fearless Francis meets a girl.** **Page 14**

WEBB MILLER
My Country, 'Tis of Thee. **Back home and glad of it.** **Page 16**

SAX ROHMER
The Trail of Fu Manchu, Part XI. **Closing in on dangerous game.** **Page 18**

ROARK BRADFORD
Fortune's Toy. **The story of a cautious man—and a couple of women.** **Page 20**

RUTH CARSON
Eating Out. **What to do about a camp fire.** **Page 22**

JAMES WARNER BELLAH
Woman of Honor, Conclusion. **Tense moments.** **Page 26**

ROLAND PERTWEE
The Acid Test. **With love, happily, running true to form.** **Page 30**

RAY TUCKER
Court of the Last Guess. **History in the hands of the Supreme Court.** **Page 32**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Unadorned facts.** **Page 34**

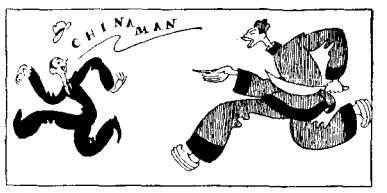
EDITORIAL
Sweet Land of Liberty. **Page 54**

Any Week

OMINOUS is what we'd call conditions in California as set forth by Mr. Stanley F. Hincelot of Mountain View. To begin with, Mr. Hincelot views the Washington Brain Trust with distaste. Says he: "It is commonly accepted out here that Federals from Washington are actively helping in all possible ways Communist agitators and organizers. We out here expect to be forced to deal with such Communists as we have and with kidnappers without help from the government. It has been done and it can be done and don't try to kid us about the type of government we are getting."

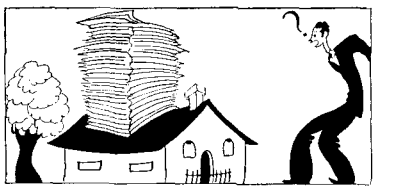
MR. HINCELOT will, we feel sure, enjoy knowing that long ago we decided never to try to kid anybody. We wouldn't employ such tactics even in answering Mr. James F. McCooley of Racine, Wisconsin, who assures us that he knows that we are in the employ of "those great interests who seek to turn this country over to the Fascists." And we aren't going to kid Mrs. Leona Myerowine of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, who says that she has "seen evidence that you are working with the Russian bolsheviks and long for Communism."

IN THE meantime Mr. Gregory L. Oliver objects to the way we permit Sax Rohmer to refer repeatedly to his Orientals as Chinamen. "It would be well," says Mr. Oliver, "to write it on the wall for the writers of stories about China and for you to learn that a Chinaman is an insulted Chinese." As if Mr. Rohmer were above insulting a Chinese now and then!



WHICH disposes of that with the same neatness and dispatch that Mr. John C. Ritter of New Castle, Colorado, employs in bidding us to "stay with Kyle Crichton in this Grand Junction, Colorado, matter." A Miss Potter of Grand Junction recently came down hard on poor Mr. Crichton for what she considered a nasty dig at the dancing school pupils of her town. "Grand Junction," says Mr. Ritter, "is only a couple of hours away from this town and is all we have to offer in the way of a metropolis. But I have never seen anything over there that would worry Mrs. Ritter in the least although I am not a habitué of dancing schools. Anyway, stay with Crichton and don't weaken."

A WORD to Mr. Dennis L. Bartok from Mrs. F. L. Egy of Oakland, California. Mr. Bartok recently demanded in this department to know what to do with a "five years' growth of Collier's" that was causing the home to sag. Mrs. Egy sent her accumulation to the U. S. Veterans Hospital at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. She will be glad to repeat if Mr. Bartok will send her his pile. Or, Mr. Bartok can choose his own hospital.



"THERE would be," writes Mr. James Munro of Boise, Idaho, "some analogy between the employment of experts and scientists in business and in government service if the results in both cases could be determined by experts. But the measuring stick of success or failure in governmental administration cannot be reduced to a definite system of profit and loss. Even if it were as simple as this the approval or disapproval would be in the hands of a large body of 'the people,' the majority of whom would be guided by impatient impulse and not by training or logic."

MRS. K. CALDARA of Lexington, Kentucky, says, "I am on the verge of getting very tired of the efforts of this country to achieve the Almost Perfect State. If all the cures we are being given for the various things that ail us work, we will be not only too good to be true but for comfort. If we are to continue to be forbidden by law to make mistakes we will probably break all records making them just to show our reformers where they get off."

ALL of which leaves us in quite a state. Like Mr. Emory B. Burritt of Roanoke, Virginia, who confesses that he is one of those "mysterious persons who read the Congressional Record." Mr. Burritt adds: "About all I get out of it is to wonder where those birds get their facts."

"I HAVE noticed," says Mr. J. "Ecko" Lesnocke of New Castle, Pennsylvania, "that some people delight in unearthing the puny mistakes authors are prone to make. Suppose those self-appointed critics typed out yarns for Collier's. And suppose the editor actually published those yarns for a lark. What would happen?"

WHEN they caught us, Mr. Lesnocke?

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Beginning a tempestuous drama of our day, in which romance and the ways of the lawless tell the story—vivid, tense, memorable

Jail Breaker

By W. R. Burnett

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

IT WAS the calling of the extra which awakened Jones. He sat up, rubbing his eyes, and groaned slightly when he saw that the sky was overcast, the morning gray and gloomy. Wet slate roofs shone across the street, but this did not arouse any emotion except irritation in Jones. If he had read about "the wet slate roofs shining dully in the gray morning" he would have been pleased by the image called up. As a matter of fact he had often quoted the line, "*Il pleut doucement sur la ville*," to himself with satisfaction. But rain in the pages of a poet and rain on the actual roofs of Midland City were two different things.

Jones glanced at his alarm clock just as it began to ring. He watched it dancing on his night table for a moment, then he shut it off and cursed it briefly. Another gray morning. Another boring and monotonous day ahead. Nothing to look forward to at all. He got up slowly, yawning and stretching; then he dressed, all but his shirt, and went into the bathroom to shave. In the street below hoarse voices were calling an extra. The violent and unintelligible shouts of the newsboys irritated Jones. What could possibly be important enough to cause all that clamor? Jones hardly ever read a newspaper.

Dismissing the extra from his mind, he began to shave. He looked at his pale face with distaste. He was certainly no beauty in the morning; nor any other time, a voice within him added. But, after all, he did not have the face of a clerk. He had been a clerk for nearly ten years and probably would continue to be one till he died, but at least he did not look it. His forehead was broad and rather low, and heavy black eyebrows met above an aquiline nose which flared at the nostrils. His jaw was heavy, his lips somewhat thin. There was a foreign look to his face. His mother had told him years ago that he was a "black Welshman," like his father and his grandfather. But all of his people had been born in America as far back as he could discover. His mother had liked to pretend. It had helped her to endure a monotonous and unhappy life. Now she was dead and out of it.

"LUCKILY," Jones muttered to his clean-shaven image in the misted mirror. "It's not much even when you're young. Mom would have been, let me see . . ."

Raucous shouts from below interrupted him. He went to the window. Newsboys were walking down the middle of the wet street with huge bundles of papers under their arms. Men and women were popping out from all the houses, buying extras. Some of them stopped in the rain to read, then shouted to one another. Jones opened the window.

"Extra! Extra! Mannion escapes! Read all about the escape of Mannion!"

"Extra! Extra! Most dangerous man alive escapes from State Pen!"

Jones shrugged and closed the window. People got excited about the strangest things! A brute gets out of his cage and the world goes mad about it. He finished dressing hastily, put on his hat and topcoat; then he plugged in the coffeepot and got out two doughnuts, which he ate standing. When the coffee had boiled, he poured out a cup and began to sip it, black.

Jones glanced apprehensively at the clock. It wouldn't do to be late. The boss was getting a bit testy lately and that ass of a Seaver would be sure to make a row, trying to look important. Jones buttoned up his overcoat; then, before going out, he glanced about his small, poverty-stricken but comfortable room. Each morning he left it reluctantly. It was all he had in the world: his books, which he had amassed slowly, skimping himself to do it; his pictures—cheap reproductions of Vermeer, Rembrandt and Whistler; his manuscripts, some of them with as many as ten rejection slips pinned to them. This was his home. He shuddered at the thought of the cold ride on the street car; the bleak office with its clatter of typewriters and adding-machines; the twaddle talked by the other clerks; the endless, sterile day.

Miss Wicklow was looking at him. He tried to smile. "I'm on the pan, I think," he said. "Very likely," said Miss Wicklow

"OH, WELL," he said, going out and locking the door behind him.

He lived on the second floor of an East End rooming house, inhabited mostly by underpaid and embittered clerks like himself, a few stenographers, and one married couple who quarreled all the time. The halls were dark and dingy, the stairs steep.

In the lower hall he saw the postman, who was talking with the landlady. The postman had a package for Jones. It was a manuscript. Jones' heart sank.

"I'll just leave it here in the hall, Mrs. Crosby," he said. "I'll pick it up tonight. It's of no value."

"They all come back like the chickens to roost," laughed the landlady. "Well, I'll say one thing for you. You ain't like most of them writers. At least you work. I'll put it in your room when I clean up, Mr. Jones."

A slow wind was sweeping up the street. The rain slanted away from it, falling more heavily now. Jones had to run to catch his car. It was crowded and there was the rank smell of wet raincoats and umbrellas. He worked his way forward and at last stood on the front platform, staring gloomily over the motorman's shoulder.

He got off at Fourth Street just as the clock in the engine house was striking eight. He was late! Panicky, he ran for the office, slipping on the wet pavement and grasping a light-pole for support. He saw others hurrying—lit-

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tle stenographers managing their high heels with difficulty; middle-aged men with strained faces; boys grinning as they ran.

In the vestibule of the State Office Building he collided with a clerk from another department. The man swore at Jones savagely and Jones drew back, appalled. The elevator shot upward with the late ones. The Negro elevator man made a joke or two but nobody laughed. It was a serious matter, being late.

THE first person Jones saw as he hurried guiltily into his department, the Bureau of Industrial Statistics, was Mr. Seaver, the chief clerk. Seaver was tall, slender and very dignified. He smiled slightly. Jones hastily took off his wet coat and hat, hung them up in the closet, then went to his desk. Behind his back, the other clerks winked. Seaver was on his high-horse this morning.

Jones took a stack of reports and began to separate them by counties. Seaver stopped in front of his desk.

"Uh, Jones. Late, I see."

Jones glanced at the clock.

"Five minutes. My car was held up."

"Take an earlier car." Somebody tittered but this did not displease Seaver. "You were probably up all night writing one of those masterpieces." Jones winced. He had made the mistake of letting Miss Wicklow, the boss' secretary, know that he was trying to write; she had mentioned it to Seaver, who was very much amused. "Well, Jones, some day you'll have to make up your mind which it is to be, genius or clerk. If you decide it's to be clerk, you'll have to get here on time." There was a smothered laugh. "Somebody finds me very amusing. Jones, I see, does not. You've been late three times this week, Jones. It won't do. I must take it up with J. G."

J. G. was the boss. No one at the office ever referred to him in any other way. To his face, however, he was Mr. Rawlins. He was a cynical politician; his job was a sinecure, one of the rewards of party politics. He drew a good salary, appeared each day about eleven, and disappeared at lunch time. His secretary, Miss Wicklow, and Seaver ran the office between them. J. G. couldn't be bothered. He spent most of his time trying to smooth the troubled political waters so the governor could be reëlected and all the good men of the governor's party could keep their jobs and live in the style to which the taxpayers had accustomed them.

SEAVER went back to his desk, rang for a stenographer, and began to dictate. Jones sat there impotently hating him. He would like to see Seaver lying dead with a lily in his hand. But presently he recoiled from this thought. Was it quite normal to wish a man dead? He decided that it was not.

The morning drowsed on. About ten o'clock the sun tried to shine and succeeded finally in casting a faint silvery light into the big central office where the typewriters and adding-machines were chattering. Seaver had finished his dictating long ago and was now poring over the statistical résumés of the clerks before okaying them. From time to time one of the clerks glanced apprehensively at him, fearing reprimand for errors. Jones worked slowly, tabulating the statistical report of a factory which employed twenty-five hundred men. Columns of figures danced before his eyes. This factory's pay roll was staggering. Jones sighed; there was so much money in the world and he had so little of it.

At a quarter after ten Miss Wicklow came out of the boss' private office and handed Seaver some letters. Jones glanced at her out of the corner of his eye. What a lovely, desirable woman, but so very distant and superior. She was tall and straight and had a fine, slender figure. Her face was delicate but forceful, and her heavy, light-brown hair curled back so tantalizingly over her small ears. Her eyes were gray and very bright and alert. She had a slow smile, showing fine, even, white teeth.

Jones knew that she was interested in the arts, that she played the piano and read good books, so one day he invited her to go to the Hartmann Theater with him to see a barnstorming company in Hedda Gabler. She refused politely but firmly, and he had never had the courage to ask her again.

Jones often wondered how a man managed a woman like Miss Wicklow. Everyone knew that she was the real boss of the Bureau of Industrial Statistics. One look from her and even the grand Mr. Seaver began to hem and smooth his thinning hair. Miss Wicklow, from time to time, made politely disparaging remarks regarding men in general. You could see that she had very little use for the breed.

He turned. Miss Wicklow and Seaver were looking at him. He blushed slightly and, clearing his throat, went back to his reports, staring at them with exaggerated intentness.

AT TEN-THIRTY the windows were opened for three minutes and all the clerks got up to stretch and relax. Some of the men began to talk about the escape of Killer Mannion.

"He's a tough baby, that guy," said one. "He swore there never was a jail that could hold him and, by gosh, he's got out of every one they put him in so far. You know he kind of reminds me of our friend Jones."

There was a laugh. Jones shrugged.

"Killer Jones," said someone in a sepulchral voice.

"No kidding," said the first clerk. "Take a slant at this sideview picture. Don't he look like little Arthur?"

"By gosh, he does."

"Say, Mr. Seaver," said a girl, "you know we got Killer Mannion right here working with us?"

Somebody said something in a low voice and there was an uproar which subsided abruptly as J. G. passed the office door on his way in. Turning back, he looked in and smiled his best political smile.

There was a chorus.

"Good morning, Mr. Rawlins."

"Morning, everybody," said J. G. "Drinking in some ozone, I see. That's right. That's right."

Seaver said something to Miss Wicklow, who was leisurely signing J. G.'s name to letter after letter, then he got up, glanced at Jones, compressed his thin lips, and followed J. G. into his office. The windows were closed. The clerks yawned, scratched their heads, sighed, and went back to work. The typewriters and adding-machines began to chatter. At the far end of the room a voice said:

"I still think he looks like Jones."

"Killer Jones!" The laughter was drowned by the clank of an adding-machine which needed oiling.

Presently Seaver came out of the

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"Of course it's Jones. Who else?" J. G. looked at his clerk severely. "What have you been up to, Jones?" "I . . ." Jones began. But the warden swore, interrupting him

boss' office and motioned toward Jones.

"J. G. wants to see you."

Jones blushed, straightened his papers, then got up and, clearing his throat, crossed the long office. Miss Wicklow was looking at him. He tried to smile.

"I'm on the pan, I think," he said.

"Very likely," said Miss Wicklow, lowering her eyes.

THE boss' door was open. J. G. was sitting at his desk staring indifferently out the window. He had a black, unlighted cigar in his fat hand. His pink dewlaps shook slightly when he turned toward Jones.

"Close the door, please, Jones. Thank you. I regret to say that Mr. Seaver has seen fit to report you for being late."

"I was five minutes late, sir."

"This is the third time this week, I believe." J. G. stared indifferently at Jones as if he were an inanimate object. J. G.'s pale blue eyes looked tired.

"Yes, sir."

"Bad example, Jones; bad example. A few minutes doesn't mean much, one way or the other. But I can't have my clerks straggling in. I believe I recommended you for a raise, beginning next fiscal year."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you're late once more, I'll withdraw that recommendation."

"Yes, sir."

J. G. turned and, stroking his chin, began to stare out the window. Jones went out. His heart was pounding so that it jarred him. He was both scared and angry. The boss might have shown a little interest in him. After all, he was a human being. But no; J. G. stared through him, talked at him, then turned away.

Miss Wicklow was still signing letters and did not look up. Seaver raised his head and smiled slightly. His smile said: "See, Jones; it's as easy as that. One word from me and you're in hot water."

Jones sat down and stared glumly at his stack of reports. He knew that all the other clerks were staring at him, wondering what J. G. had said to him. His neck got red. There was a mist before his eyes. He restrained himself with difficulty from writhing on his chair. It was too much! His manuscript had come back; Seaver had been insufferably officious about his lateness; Miss Wicklow did not know that he existed, and neither did J. G. The world was too brutally indifferent to the fate of Arthur Jones.

During a lull somebody murmured:

"Killer Jones."

But Seaver turned.

"Just a minute. I have found six mistakes in the last twenty reports. We can, I think, dispense with the jokes for the rest of the morning."

At lunch time Jones went out hastily so that he would not have to talk to anybody and ate his lunch sitting at the counter in a little corner drug store. In fifteen minutes he was back. The office was completely deserted. He sighed with relief, took a book out of his desk, propped up his feet and began to read. Presently he had left Midland City far behind and was following Lucien de Rubempré through the streets of Paris.

The last hours of the day dragged past. Jones could have sworn that the hour hand of the clock did not move at all. At a little after four it had begun to get dark and by ten to five night had closed down. The wind was blowing little gusts of rain against the office windows. But just as Jones was putting on his hat and coat, the wind died down and it stopped raining.

WHEN he reached the pavement below he felt the difference in the weather. It was cool and there was a certain freshness in the air. He breathed deeply and thought:

"Tonight will be wonderful. But not for me. Well, at least I can go home and four walls will protect me from the stupidity and malice of people. I'll write a while and then I'll read Père Goriot till bedtime."

Then he remembered the manuscript that had come back that morning. His heart sank. It was sheer folly to work as he did, night after night, with no result whatever. He had never received a word of encouragement in his life. His stories and novels came back with sickening regularity, invariably accompanied by politely impersonal rejection slips. It was maddening.

He waited at the Oak Street car-stop for a minute or so, then he decided to walk. It was nearly three miles to his rooming-house and he was not much of a walker, but tonight he felt that he could not face a street car crowded with bedraggled and dispirited office workers. He started out Oak Street, walking briskly. The streets were still wet and shining, reflecting the automobile headlights like rivers; but the clouds had left the sky and Jones could see the stars above the buildings.

As he drew near Third Street he noticed two burly men silhouetted against the blazing window of a Dairy Lunch. They were staring at the people who passed. Jones thought that one of them started at the sight of him, and this puzzled him very much; but he did not look back, as it seemed so strange and unlikely. It had been an illusion created by the conflicting lights or he had imagined it. Why should anyone start at the sight of him?

AT THE corner of Third and Oak he went into a drug store to get a package of cigarettes. He threw a quarter on the counter and stood with his back to the street, taking a cigarette from the pack and lighting it, waiting for his change. The clerk turned from the cash register, smiling professionally. Jones saw the clerk's smile disappear swiftly; the clerk's face went white and his jaw dropped. Two hard objects were shoved into Jones' back, hurting him. He turned his head and looked squarely into the eyes of a huge, heavy-jowled man in a derby. "My God," cried Jones, "it's a hold-up." The clerk raised his hands above his head. The crowded drug store was deathly still. Then a girl behind the soda fountain screamed piercingly.

"Mannion," said a voice which trembled slightly, "nix on the hold-up stuff. Don't try to start nothing or I'll plug you."

Jones heart stopped pounding and he laughed.

"Mannion! My God!" cried the clerk and dived down behind the counter.

An excited murmur ran over the drug store, swelling gradually into a violent hubbub. People hunted corners, hid under display tables, ran behind counters to join the clerks, who had all got down. "Good Lord," someone cried in a high-pitched voice, "it's Mannion. There'll be shooting sure."

(Continued on page 51)

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Don't Send Flowers

Disliking people, ordinarily, is a pretty aimless business. But Bill Jackson and Betty Green were not ordinary. When they did a thing they did it well. How well they hated each other we will let you judge for yourself

By Philip Wylie

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

BILL said, "How do you do?"

Betty said, "How do you do?"

"Dance?"

Betty did not reply with polite syllables. She merely nodded her head in a sort of angered acceptance. He felt the abrupt violence of that nod, and he held her more closely than he would have held any other strange girl. He whirled out on the floor. Their faces were a little rigid, as if they were trying to hurt each other by dancing together.

The music stopped. Betty inclined her dark head toward the table where Evelyn sat with John Baldwin. "She's your fiancée, isn't she?"

He would have said, he should have said, that Evelyn was not his fiancée, that they were friends, that they had known each other for years, that it was possible that some day they might be married. But he did not. He said, "More or less."

Music again.

"John's crazy about you," Bill said.

"He's swell."

It wasn't the way they meant to talk. Young men and young women of good family hold no such conversations upon first meeting.

Bill, in fact, was celebrated in his set for his ability to say the right thing at the right time. He should have made the mental note that Betty was dark and dazzling and very much alive, and, as they danced, he should have poured into her ear (under her raven curls, under a perfume that was alluring and agitating, that he decided at once he hated) some such monologue as, "John's perhaps my oldest friend in New York. We went to college together. He was noted there for his mathematical ability, his predilection for beer on Saturday nights, and his unwarranted desire to sing. Evelyn Trent is the buyer of gauzy what-nots for a large department store. She's also the best late-supper and short-order cook in the East Sixties. And now you'll doubtless want to know about me. The irresistible fascination of red hair and steely gray eyes. All women wonder. Let me dehypnotize you. I'm an architect. I design factories." He should have said that.

But he did not.

She asked, "What do you do?"

He answered, "Draw."

She said, "I think artists are a bore."

"I plan refrigerators and high-speed tool-machine housings," he answered.

Betty murmured, "Oh."

THEY went back to the table, then, and glared at each other.

Evelyn looked at them and a subtle light came in her eyes. It was amused, in one way, and sad, in another. She turned to John, "See what happened?"

"What happened?" he asked. "Somebody fall through a drum?"

"More or less."

"Let's go somewhere else," Betty suggested abruptly. "It's hot and congested here."

"I always liked this place," Bill heard himself reply. "There's a good show—"

Betty was picking up her coat.

They went out of the Saffron Moon to the Island Club. The difference between the two cabarets was only in the hues of their interior decoration.

"Much better," Betty said.

"Terrible," Bill answered.

That's the way it is.

He looked at her and she looked at him. Under her rosy make-up and her dark eye-shadows, her skin was splotched red and white. His heart hammered and his head swam. He felt as if he had had too much to drink—although he had not tasted his second highball—and as if someone had kicked him in the shins. He seethed with a frustrated indignation.

The party, the long-planned foursome which would introduce a new girl discovered by John, failed.

At one o'clock the two men took their gentle partners home.

"What the devil was the matter with you this evening?" John asked. "First time I ever saw you sour at a party."

"Working too hard."

"Oh." A taxicab drove them through the glimmering night. "How'd you like Betts?"

"Where did you meet a girl like that!"

"She's swell! Family had a lot of money. Lost it. Now she runs a catering and maid-training business. Good-looking."

Bill gazed moodily at the spigot of light on a passing lamp-post. "My eye," he said. "She's too thin. Looks like a wet chicken."

"You ought to spend a couple of weeks in Bermuda," John said, laughing. "Otherwise you'll be found at work on paper dolls some day—"

"I'm not so crazy as to think a girl is Venus de Milo just because she has a lot of phony vitality."

John chuckled. "Paper dolls. Why, man, that's a swell girl. Personality—charm—everything."

MORNING. A gray and foggy summer morning with a promise of midday heat and dampness. Bill bent over a design on the drawing table of one of his employees.

"We can use the same conduits for ventilation"—the draftsman began—"that we are going to use for—"

Bill walked away, unmindful of what was being said. He went into his own office and dropped limply behind his desk. "I can't do it!" he muttered.

His secretary, overhearing the remark, turned in her swivel chair. "Can't do what, Mr. Jackson?"

"Get—" he shut off the current of his words. He was on the point of saying, "Get that damned girl out of my mind." He changed it to, "Get across to my staff that we've got to economize."

BETTY stood in front of a large mirror. She wore a negligee. Her face was washed and pale. Concentrated introspection made it sharp. Her mother came into her boudoir. "Aren't you going down to your shop this morning, dear?"

"No!"

"Are you ill?"

"Of course I'm going."

"It's very late."

"Fine!"

"Didn't you have a good time last night?"

"I had a rotten time. I met a man who insulted me all evening."

Her mother sighed. "Young men in my day had graceful manners, at least. But now—you can never tell how people are going to behave."

"He behaved beautifully—to every one but me. He's an architect—or something. He's crazy about a blond girl named Evelyn. She looks like a dead sea gull."

"Why—Betty!"

"I'm going to ask him up to the beach next week-end. Just so I can get back at him."

When Bill heard her voice, his heart leaped. But his words in response were dull and dreary. "Why, Miss Green—I'm not sure that I can get away. I can't make any promises at all."

"Just forget about it, then. There's nothing to do anyway but swim."

"I'm not much of a swimmer—but I like bathing—"

"Well—come up and bathe, if you can make it and care to."

Bang!

He slammed down his own receiver.

There is supposed to be a necromancy in these matters. Gentle murmurings beside sibilant waves in the evening and falling magnolia petals. "On such a night—"

HE HAD said he was not much of a swimmer.

She watched him as he appeared from the house. His shoulders were tanned a smooth walnut brown, and as his arms idly swung, she could see muscles bulge and slide in them. He looked,

He looked much stronger in a bathing suit. A gorilla, she thought

"Twenty or nothing," he thundered. "Write me a letter about it"

"You sulk and whimper and leave beaches and tables," he said. "In fact—" So she hit him, as hard as she could

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"Do you think I let men trifle with me every night like this?" She picked up a stone and threw it through a kitchen window

"What would you suggest, dear?" "Beer and pretzels," said Betty

"Possibly," she continued, "you feel that the act is a trifle ridiculous?"

in a bathing suit, much stronger than she had previously imagined him to be.

A gorilla, she said to herself.

He nodded to each guest as he was introduced. He said, "I'm still city-stained. Mind if I take a dip?"

"The ocean doesn't mind, either."

Florence said, "Golly, Betts! Where did you find him! He looks like a life-guard with an intelligence quotient."

"He can't swim. Just bathe."

Bill strolled to the water, stared dramatically toward the horizon, complained that the sea was cold, and plunged.

He swam straight out with an eight-beat crawl and championship form, smacking into the waves, neither turning nor slowing his pace, until his head was a dot on the distant water.

"I thought he couldn't swim!"

Tears of rage filled Betty's eyes. She rose. "I've had enough," she said. "Think I'll get dressed. Excuse me, everybody."

At dinner she made her first direct speech to him since the afternoon. "Were you ever a professional life-guard?"

He looked up from his plate and regarded her coolly. "When I was young," he said, "my mother and father and I lived in a one-room apartment over a fish store in Coney Island. On my sixteenth birthday my father was taken to an alcoholic ward with delirium tremens and died shortly afterward. My mother, the only sane child in a family of seventeen, was so unnerved by the shock that she spent her last days in a paupers' sanitarium. I tried to drown myself, but in doing so learned by accident the art of swimming, which I have practiced since—only, of course, as a preventive measure against drowning."

The eight dinner guests were stunned. Mrs. Green, in a dilemma of revulsion and pity, sought for words.

Florence exploded in a gale of laughter. Betty turned a beautiful cerise.

"My aunts and uncles," Bill continued with savage malice, "are mostly dead. Of the seventeen, only nine remain, and of them only four are regularly out of strait-jackets. You see, my mother's maiden name was Jukes—"

Betty left the table.

After dinner, Bill was invited to play bridge, but he refused. He went out into the night and walked through the Greens' gardens, which grew informal as they approached the sea and finally merged with the rugged flowers and boulders on the edge of the beach.

There he found Betty. She was sitting in stony silence and, although she noticed him, she did not budge. He sat down insolently, beside her but facing her, with his back to the ocean.

He felt feverish and lost. He had an impulse to apologize, to beg humbly for forgiveness. But he could not bring himself to do that. Instead, after a long and obdurate silence, he said, "You're not much of a conversationalist."

"Not as gifted a one as you."

"Hope my little pleasantry didn't disturb you?"

"Wasn't it true?"

SHE thought that the statement was childish and idiotic. A burning desire to slap him began to gnaw at her. She could see his profile etched against the silver moon-track on the water. She drew a trembling breath and, thinking that she had never hated anyone so fervently before in her life, she said casually, "I'd always believed until the other day that the word 'cad' was obsolete."

He chuckled, but it was not a good-humored chuckle. He picked up a pebble—tossed it and caught it, tossed it and caught it.

"The trouble with girls like you is," he said judiciously, "that you have to be the center of attraction, the focus of adulation, to be happy at all. You *little* girls—cream puffs—seem to be worse than the rest. If by some incredible mischance you happen to meet a man who is not a monkey on a string ready to do parlor tricks for you, you sulk and whimper and leave beaches and tables. In fact—"

So she hit him.

She hit him as hard as she could, and sat still again.

The slap made a loud sound.

It was followed by a melodious strain of music from the radio in the beach house—music that was wafted over the garden on a scented wind, music that merged with the rippling water and lost itself on the dancing pathway of light that led to the high, voluptuous moon.

Bill Jackson's face stung fiercely. He stood up and took Betty by both shoulders. He yanked her up on her feet. He shook her. An ornament fell from her hair.

Then he held her at arm's length. And afterward, without the slightest forewarning of what he was going to do, he kissed her. It was not a sweet kiss, or a delicate one. It was not amorous or technically pretty. It did not end lingeringly.

He let go of her. That was all.

She stood in front of him in the moonlight. She was panting and her eyes shone bright and hard. Neither of them knew what to do. There was nothing in the lives of Romeo and Juliet to suggest a proper conduct. And, although the kiss had been administered with primordial fury, it was not intended to promulgate a languid and yielding response.

Betty said, "Well!" in a surprised manner and knelt to look for the ornament that had fallen.

Bill saw it glittering in the grass, picked it up, and handed it to her.

Then he said, "Really—"

"Go ahead," Betty interrupted wrathfully. "Tell me it was the moonlight. Tell me it was the wine you had at dinner."

HE STARED at her, turned, and went slowly back to the house. In the bridge-room a Mr. Wheaton had just been saying to Betty's mother, "I was rather surprised at Mr. Jackson's behavior during dinner. I know him by reputation. That Coney Island story was wholly rubbish. His family comes from Boston—Back Bay. One of the most distinguished. And he's not given as a rule to any sort of levity or irony on such occasions. A rather overconventional fellow—if I may say so."

"He looks," said Betty's mother, "haggard—as if he'd overworked."

"Doubtless. He's extremely successful!"

Bill entered at that point. He was invited to play bridge. He shook his head in a rude and moody manner. "Going to bed," he said.

He went to his room and irritably read parts of seven books—small parts—and fragments of the contents of many magazines. He did not like the world and he did not like himself. His bad manners had reached elaborate proportions. He decided finally, however, to add one more piece of effrontery to them. Manifestly he could not face Betty in the morning. It was not far to the station and there would be a train sooner or later.

The household and the week-end guests had retired. He wrote a note to Betty's mother. "I have suddenly remembered that a most important duty was left unfulfilled in the city," it said in part, "and now I can think of no way to avoid it. I must be on hand early tomorrow morning, so I am taking the liberty of departing with postponed farewells. I am extraordinarily sorry—"

He pinned it on the bed.

HIS suitcase had not been opened. He picked it up and, with his hat in his hand, tiptoed down the stairs. He made a quiet exit from the house. He almost ran to the station. Its lights were still burning, and a single person stood on the platform, keeping a late vigil for the next train to town.

It was a woman—Betty, in fact.

She looked at him with sultry eyes. "I suddenly recalled that I'd made an appointment I simply couldn't miss tomorrow," she said. "I hoped to be back here again before you all had finished breakfast."

"That's a lie," Bill said.

"Not even a very good one," she agreed.

"Shall we go back?"

"We'd better."

They walked through the warm night, under a row of maple trees. Bugs trilled, and frogs croaked in a distant pond. Bill looked at her—at her hat and curls beneath it, at her shoulders moving beside him, and again he was assailed by a violent and indescribable emotion. It was like none in all his varied past experience.

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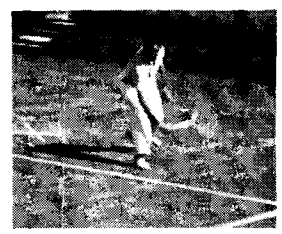
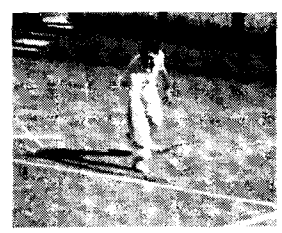
How's your Ground Stroke?

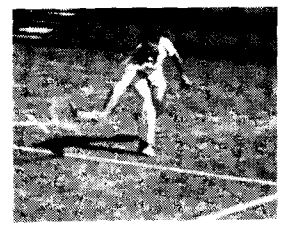
By Quentin Reynolds

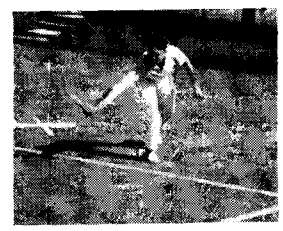
PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

It's just as easy, so the experts say, to play tennis right as to play it wrong. And it's a good deal more fun. Get out your racket and see for yourself. Here are the rules









Cliff Sutter, No. 4 in national tennis ranking. At the left, he demonstrates the proper form for the backhand. Chalked X marks the spot to which the beginner should teach himself to return after each stroke

IT IS getting so that a man can hardly turn around without bumping into a tennis court peopled with enthusiastic but inept racket wielders. They are building tennis courts everywhere except on penthouse terraces and as soon as the present penthouse dirt-farming fad dies down the tennis court will no doubt replace the radish bed on the rooftops of our large cities.

Not that there is any valid objection to this sudden increase in tennis, although I do think it would be a better game if you could play it while sitting in a rocking-chair. The objection concerns the fact that although more tennis is being played in these United States than ever before—most of it is very bad tennis. So let's attend to that right away.

Not long ago Karel Kozeluh, once a great tennis player, now a great tennis teacher, was watching Cliff Sutter and Sidney Wood playing a practice match.

"Those two players," Kozeluh said, "are the best advertisement we professionals have. They are both great stylists and both learned their game from good professionals. They know all of the strokes, they don't depend upon sheer power and strength—but only upon their tennis."

Now if you wanted to learn to box you wouldn't go to Jack Dempsey, who in the long run always depended upon his tremendous stamina and punch. You'd go to Gene Tunney, who really knew his trade. In tennis there's no use going to Stoefen or Shields because, like Dempsey, they too rely on power. Go to Sutter or Wood and you'll really learn about this game. So let's trot along to see Sutter, Number 4 on the National list, who incidentally is one of the few tennis players who earn a living by working in an office eight hours a day five days a week.

More Fun if You Know How

"There is no excuse," says Mr. Sutter, "for bad tennis being played at all. There's nothing mysterious about tennis —there's a right and a wrong way of playing and the right way is just as easy as the wrong way. Go out into the public parks of any large city and what do you see?"

I knew the answer to that one: "Signs that say 'Keep Off the Grass,' squirrels, people pushing baby carriages, trees . . ."

"Nonsense." Tennis to Mr. Sutter is a very important subject. "You see hundreds of youngsters playing tennis. You see them banging the ball all over the place and having a lot of fun. But they'd have so much more fun if they only knew how to play."

"Well, let's teach them," I suggested brightly.

The Eastern grip (left) may be easier for the beginner. You just "shake hands" with the racket (below). For the Western grip the racket is picked up from a flat surface (right)

"Now the chief fault of the ordinary tennis player (and we're here considering him and not the expert) is his insistence upon murdering the ball," Sutter began. "He murders it before he has learned how to hit it properly. You see boys hitting a forehand or backhand shot while facing the net. That is absurd. When Babe Ruth gets up to bat he plants his feet and turns his hip to the pitcher. That's what a man should do when hitting a forehand shot in tennis. He should turn his left hip toward the net, face the right sideline and hit the ball. He should follow through. When you do that your whole body gets behind the stroke—not just your arm."

"Like in golf?"

"Exactly." Mr. Sutter seemed surprised at that gleam of intelligence. "Follow through as in golf when you hit a forehand drive. And you should lock your wrist so that the strain of the drive is distributed through your arm. A beginner might look at a picture of Fred Perry finishing his drive. His right arm is across his body. He has followed through. His form is perfect. Now at the beginning a player shouldn't try to put too much loop on the ball while driving."

"What do you mean by loop?" You've got to watch these experts. As soon as you look the other way they turn technical on you.

Learn the Easy Ones First

"Loop," Mr. Sutter explained, "is topspin. Young players are always trying to put top-spin on the ball or trying to 'cut' it. They should first perfect an ordinary flat drive. If a flat drive is good enough for Tilden it ought to be good enough for them."

"I'll bet you say that to all the girls," I suggested, but Mr. Sutter ignored my pleasantry. He was well warmed up now.

"The same thing is true of the backhand stroke, which should be learned next. A beginner ought to watch Jack Crawford hit a backhand stroke. His right hip is facing the net. He himself is facing the sideline. His feet are well planted and he's all set to hit that ball. First, of course, the beginner should concentrate on getting himself an accurate backhand. Afterwards he can fool around with spins.

"All this time he should be experimenting with his grip. There are different ways of gripping a tennis racket. There is the Eastern grip used by Tilden. There is the Western grip used by George Lott, and the Continental grip used by Perry and most of the European players. A beginner would do well just to go up and shake hands with the racket.

"That's the basis of the Eastern grip. Place the racket on the ground, not face down but with the head perpendicular to the ground. Then just shake hands with the racket. Hold it just like that in hitting a forehand shot. When you shift to a backhand you want to grasp the handle of the racket firmly with your left hand and then, still maintaining that 'shake hands' grip, twist your right wrist one quarter turn to the

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Reunion

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Frederick Skerry

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

THE Legion parade was nearing its end; the blare of bands, too closely spaced, still merged discordantly; the throngs that pressed upon the line of march still cheered the delegations which offset a belated appearance with exaggerated enthusiasm; but spectators had begun to anticipate the crush of dispersion, which might be heralded at any moment by the ragtag and bobtail that marks the end of a procession.

Even a satiated throng, however, could still be provoked to laughter by capering comedians, and the successful whimsicalities of one prancing jester caused a man to pause on the fringe of the crowd from which he had extricated himself. From comparative freedom he looked back to see what evoked the roars of laughter and, turning again, smiled into the wistful face of a man whom he was about to pass. But with the man's responsive gaze his smile faded. Under the spell of a mutual recognition the packed crowd melted away, the laughter and cries died out, and these two men faced each other as they had faced each other once before in a never-to-be-forgotten silence.

Both were held as if their stares were chains. Each was the last one the other would wish to meet, yet they were joined by an attraction at once hateful and unbreakable.

"Oh—hello!" the first said weakly, and wished he had passed unseeing.

Smiling wryly, the other said, "How are you!"

No friendly clasping of hands warmed their greetings.

Nevertheless, strangely in accord, they moved away together, avoiding the disintegrating mass about them. Neither knew the other's name, nor wished to know it, and in the mind of each that ignorance was somehow a mitigating circumstance. It was enough to remember former rank. But now rank had no bearing on their relations; the former second lieutenant was no better than the former private—and no worse.

"Do you belong here?" the lieutenant asked, as they turned into a side street.

"Yes." A question hung unspoken.

The lieutenant answered it. "I don't. Came last night on business. How about having something to eat?" Not that he looked for any pleasure in the other's presence, but he was hungry, and with his hunger, like another self, now marched the necessity for this man's company.

"All right with me," his companion replied. "Dutch, though," he added, as if in extenuation.

"If you insist," shrugged the lieutenant.

"Well—I'd rather. I know a place where we can get good beer—imported." And presently they were seated in the place he knew.

Yet, though they ate and drank together, more than the table divided them. Paradoxically, that which drew them together also kept them apart despite the singular unanimity of purpose that animated them, as it had animated them once before. Aimlessly they talked of everyday affairs, of anything but the subject uppermost in their thoughts: their first, and last, time actually under fire; that was the hidden warp and weft which their unexpected meeting overlaid with ornamental patterns of words.

THE private never recalled having had any definable fear of death on that day, so long ago yet so vivid in his memory. He supposed his excitement, his quickened senses, to have excluded fear, as he ran forward with the others to the half demolished village that the Germans had evacuated. Even the sight of still khaki heaps in the single wide street, the first killed he had seen, had not inspired fear. But falling men advertised the need for caution, and plain common sense, not fear, prompted him to take cover in the ruin of a house.

There, comparatively safe, he took stock of his situation. In some miraculous way he had come unscathed through that deadly street. To risk again the aim of some unseen marksman, to offer again a resting place for some gratuitous bullet, would be worse than madness. Why should he not profit by his good fortune?

If current rumors could be believed, this war could not last much longer. One way or another his life could not affect the result. He was quite collected about it. Unless the general advance had gone far beyond this point—and the deadly fire that raked the street seemed to prove the contrary—the Germans would retake the village. Well, let them. And let them take him prisoner. Better that than to be like one of those quiet heaps out there. Ended. Finished.

The village, a cautious peep apprised him, remained quiet, empty, as a spot shunned by all but death. Reassured, he climbed the ladder-like stairs to the loft. There he sat himself down, his back against the wall.

The night was long. Fitfully he dozed, starting awake to hear the rumble of distant guns, to see jagged roof timbers silhouetted against a lighted sky, to feel himself alone with the dead.

Yet in a tumbled dwelling across the street another watched through the night; another filled with the same design and speculation as himself, except for fear. For the other was afraid of death. And in his shattered retreat he prayed vainly for deliverance from his shame. He had not faced those bullets that had sprayed the street, but, separated from his men, had crept through the darkness to this precarious refuge. He, too, loved life. But he feared death more. Anything, he resolved, any living condition, rather than another day such as yesterday.

Thus these two, a dozen paces apart, watched, waited. Day dawned upon the desolate scene, dragged into forenoon. If one of those figures in the street had but shown a sign of life, if by the lifting of one of those hands humanity had but beckoned these two away from themselves! But nothing interfered in their behalf. Only an unwonted slackening in the thunderous noise distracted their thoughts. And suddenly the lull became absolute silence, a silence that terrified, that bombarded the eardrums.

The private scrambled down his steep stairs. He thought he had been deafened. As he stepped through the doorway a lieutenant crawled from the wreckage opposite, and the two stared into each other's eyes. Breathless, the private waited for a question, a command. None came. Then the dreadful silence was broken by cheering, shouting, and as the two men looked towards the enemy's lines, men in field gray rose out of the earth, to come shouting, singing, waving their arms. In another minute Germans surrounded the waiting and bewildered pair, clapped them on the back, hugged them, shouted at them. And out of the hubbub, out of the broken phrases, came the news that the war had ended. But somehow, to these two men, triumph was an empty shell.

AND now the two, having this dinner together, were silent.

"You never joined the Legion?" the lieutenant ventured.

The other shook his head. "I never took a bonus either. I didn't need the money."

"Same here."

"Well"—the private broke another long silence—"I think I'll be moving."

"Me too."

In the street no handclasp bridged the awkwardness of their "Well, be good!"—"So long!"

And thus they parted, each saying to himself, "The only one who knows!"

Out of the hubbub, out of the broken phrases, came the news that the war had ended

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Concerning Fearless Francis Pearl, who was girl-shy—a story which will show you what a little fellow can do when he has a mind to

Take a Chance

By Harlan Ware

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

HE WAS a vest-pocket edition of Apollo. His mother had taught him to stand straight and hold his chin up, which made him appear a trifle taller than he really was. He isn't more than five-feet-five now. When I first knew him he was a shrimp—but the most beautiful little shrimp any of us had ever seen.

The details of his first year in grammar school aren't clear to me now. We were in seventh grade when he made his appearance. He and his mother had just moved to our suburb, and it was somewhere in the middle of the second semester when she brought him to school.

He came in looking so beautiful it turned our stomachs. He was lean, cherry-cheeked and sensitive-looking, with curly blond hair; his mother must have observed the resemblance between Francis and the Apollo Belvedere because she had allowed his hair to curl in ringlets in the same way. He wore the kind of clothes with which rich widows sometimes adorn their little boys, and he came in holding his mother's hand.

"He will be happy here, Mrs. Pearl," our teacher said, in that especially cordial voice she reserved for the rich. "We will see that he is happy here, won't we, boys and girls?"

A dull murmur went over the classroom.

"Goodby, Francis darling," said his mother. "Be a good boy."

She kissed him goodby.

His name had turned out to be Francis Pearl! We could hardly wait to get him outside.

Miss Gallagher, our teacher, had made a preliminary visit to his home for dinner—we considered this the lowest form of bribery. She had heard Francis sing a little song about a buttercup which his mother had taught him. To show us what a lovely voice Francis had, she asked him to sing his buttercup song the first day. We figured that any good guy would have rebelled at that, but Francis marched up in front of the class like a little man and gave us that buttercup business until we were nauseated. He had a beautiful voice.

O hap-py lit-tle butter-cup,
O gorg-eous, lit-tle flow-er . . .

That's all I can remember of it. As a matter of fact, that's all I want to remember. Of all the silly songs for a boy in seventh grade to sing that took a cream puff. He knew it was silly—you could tell by the whites of his eyes that he knew it. But he sang it. He sang it, knowing that it was a song he would have to fight for—at least, that's the way I've got it figured out, now.

Afterward, somebody beat Francis up. I don't remember just who—maybe I did, for all I know. This happened long ago.

He must have had all the excitement he wanted, at first. It's too bad details escape you when a few years have gone by; but it does seem, looking back, that he had five or six fights. That name was tough to handle: Francis Pearl. Vaguely, I recall that it was changed to Girlie-girlie for a while, but perhaps I only imagine that.

Possibly it was that same year, though it might have been the next, when we realized that Francis was fearless. It was in the spring. Trees were budding out and there was a freshness about everything. We were playing in shirt-waists, without sweaters. In this one early instance, at least, I can remember how Francis looked on a particular day: sunlight on that yellow hair (he was cutting it shorter, then, so it didn't curl in ringlets), trim and shapely in white linen waist, tan shorts and half socks, with sandals. He always looked so sterilized, so scrubbed, so powdered. I hadn't been paying much attention to him until he walked up to a big boy and said in a voice so quiet that it was like a whisper:

"Say it again."

THE other boy was Hugh Henderson, sometimes known as Geldy. He came, I think, from a one-horse farm on the outskirts of town; for a fact, there never was an occasion, including graduation, when he didn't smell of domestic animals. He was big for his age, rawboned, and not too bright. We were all secretly afraid of him because he got a kind of spiritual pleasure out of knocking our heads together. You would find him cracking two small skulls with a beatific expression on his heavy face.

Blissfully he turned to Francis.

"What did you say?"

A crowd gathered like lightning. A curious quirk about Francis, which I often noticed later, came to my attention that day, for the first time. His eyes glazed with intense concentration, his lips twitched with nervous excitement—he kept wetting them. He rubbed his palms together.

"Say it again."

Geldy didn't need a third invitation. With delight breaking over him, he said it again.

If you've ever seen the leaping attack of a tawny cat-animal you have an idea of the way Francis moved around Geldy and tore him apart. When it was over Geldy had the bloodiest face I have ever seen. He was limping and groaning and holding his arms over his face and crying.

Francis was as trig as a new sail, except that he had lost his shirt; and without his shirt, we could look with silent admiration at his neat, well-muscled shoulders and beautifully symmetrical arms. Somebody said that he stole into the city once a week to study boxing, but I never did verify that—I've never thought to ask.

Francis still had that intense look on his face, and his lips were moving. He gazed into our eyes, one after another, and said, quietly:

"Anybody else?"

There wasn't anybody else. It was the greatest demonstration of the kind we had ever seen; it's the greatest I've seen to this day.

Francis went away humming the buttercup song. I don't know why.

The next morning when Francis, a beautiful miniature in his shorts and half-socks, came walking across the school yard there was a stir of excitement. Girls whispered with enthusiasm. Everybody noticed how handsome he was. One of the fellows on our baseball team slapped him on the back and said:

"Hello, Frank!"

He lifted his chin, rubbed his palms together, and with that look of concentration in his eyes, said:

"My name is Francis."

"O. K., Francis," the big fellow said.

Nobody ever called him Frank after that—not even in college. It was odd, but he liked the name Francis. You'd hardly think he would, either. Once, in high school, they tried to call him Fearless Frank, but he wouldn't stand for it. His mother had named him Francis, he said, and he liked it. He was very fond of his mother.

He didn't get much excitement in high school, even though he grew more good-looking month by month. Whenever anything resembling trouble loomed, he plunged into it too fast and spoiled it. It always passed over. But when you stop to think how small and beautiful he was, and that his name was Francis Pearl, you can see that it was a good thing he was fearless.

He has since become the talk of Hollywood, and to make clear to people how it was possible for him to do what he finally did, I've told stories about him many times. Putting it all together, it makes quite a record:

There was the day at the new airport, for instance, when we were still in high school. Francis and I had driven out for the opening ceremonies with our history teacher, a chap named Fritz Kossler. We were standing near the hangar watching the planes in the air when Fritz Kossler said:

"Dangerous business. You couldn't hire me to go up in one of those things."

Francis gazed at Kossler, then at me. He studied the airplanes. Finally, in a soft voice, he said:

"I've just gotta learn to fly."

HE HUNG around the airport until he could call the flyers by their first names. I was the only one of his friends at school who knew, because he couldn't let his mother find it out. I don't suppose his mother ever knew how fearless and reckless he was. She would have been worried to death. She still worried about him catching cold, and whenever the weather was the least bit chilly he came to school with yards of muffler wound around his neck. We knew why that was—but we pretended that if Francis wanted to wear a bunch of mufflers on a cool day it was none of our business.

It may be that he paid the manager of the airport to keep it quiet—he al-

"You do all those things?" she said to him, leaning across the table

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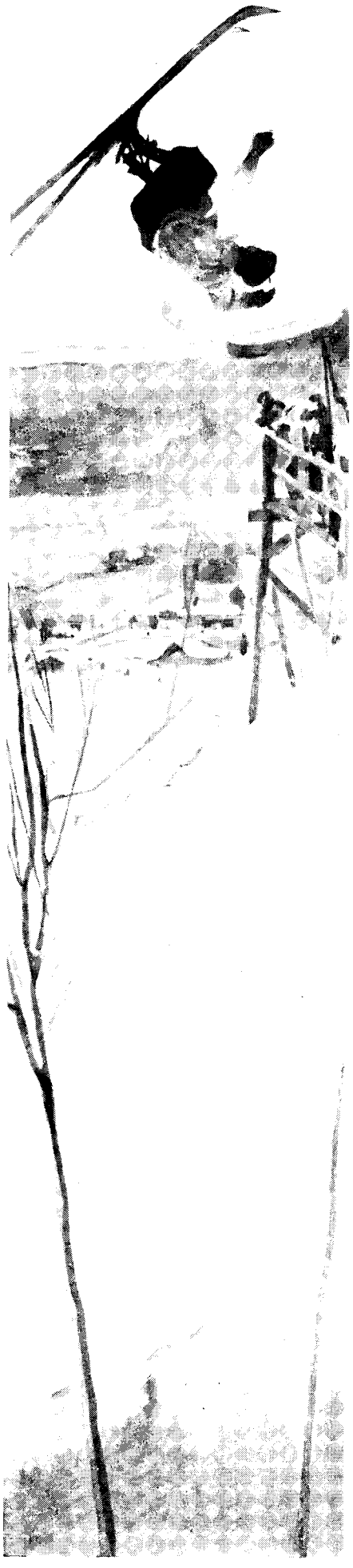

The third year he did some of the most hair-raising somersaults you ever saw

"I expected it," one of them said. "It made me nervous to be up with him"

Francis turned to me and in the coolest tone imaginable said, "She's rather rude"

ways had a lot of spending money—at any rate no one knew but me that Francis learned to fly. He was eighteen years old the summer of our last year in high school—in June, that is, before graduation—when he took his first solo. I watched it. He said if I ever talked so that it got back to his mother, he would break my jaw. I was four or five inches taller than he was, and twice as broad, but I had a feeling that if he said he would break my jaw, he would break it. I didn't tell a soul.

I'D JUST finished an examination and could still smell pencils—you remember how a study hall used to smell?—when I came across him in the courtyard. He was a statue of Greek boyhood with clothes on, standing as if petrified—but there was a look of unholy anticipation on his face. I stopped dead in my tracks and stared at him; it was a minute before he recognized me. Then he smiled and smacked his lips. Later I figured out that whenever he was about to do anything reckless he savored the danger, and tasted it, as a gourmand moistens his mouth before biting into a juicy roast of beef. He would get a look on his face, at times like that, which I can only describe as "focussing"—gathering himself to get all the good, solid fun he could out of risking his neck.

"Well," he said, "I'm going to solo, George."

"Gosh!" I said. "When?"

He glanced at his wrist watch—his mother had given him a lovely, slender, little platinum wrist watch for his last birthday.

"In thirty-three minutes," he said. He acted embarrassed, but finally he agreed that I might watch him—it was then that he mentioned what he would do to my jaw. I believe he liked me, and wanted me to have some fun out of it too, because he wasn't a show-off in any sense—never was. He just took chances for himself because he enjoyed it.

We drove to the flying field in my flivver (his mother wouldn't let him have a car) and before it stopped rolling he jumped out, dashed across the field, and climbed into a plane that was waiting on the line, with the motor idling. I found out afterward he had made arrangements to do it just that way. He probably knew how impatient he would be to get up in the air alone, for the first time, and he didn't want to fuss and fume, waiting around.

HE "gave her the gun," as they say, and took off. There was a wind and he went up steeply. Whatever he did must have been dangerous because aviators ran out of the hangar and stood near the car, cussing.

"I expected it," one of them said. "The way I've pegged that little guy is—he don't like himself. He wants to get bumped. It made me nervous to be up with him."

But he made them nervous on the ground, because once in the air he didn't circle the field and land, as I understand an ordinary man does; he did tricks. I can't go into the technical part of it, because I don't know the names of the stunts—and from what I gathered some of them were being done for the first time that day, anyway, and had no names—but what he did disturbed even those flyers, who were said to be a pretty lawless, careless crowd, themselves. When he finally came rushing down and landed they swarmed across the field to bawl him out.

He ignored them. He crawled out calmly and walked over to my car. They trailed along, still talking to him; but it was as if he didn't know it. He got in.

"O. K.," he said. "That's that."

"I don't care what you pay me," the manager was shouting, "you can't fly

(Continued on page 36)

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My Country, 'tis of Thee

Mr. Miller is not the man from Mars. He is the European news manager of the United Press, who for seventeen years has covered news stories and directed news-gathering in almost every corner of the Old World. Back home again, he finds he likes his native land better than any other place in the world. Stacking us up against other nations, he shows us how we look. It's a picture you will like

By Webb Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

AMERICA is my birthplace and home but I don't live here any more. I'd like to but someone must scurry around the world watching wars, riots, international confabs and the rise and fall of empires so you can read about them on the front pages of your newspaper a few minutes after they happen.

I happen to be one of the little band of Americans which rushes around the world doing the job of headline hunting. I've done it for seventeen years in thirty-two countries in Europe, Africa, Asia and South America for the United Press. That keeps one away from home a lot. Of course, I've been back home every year or so for a refreshening of the American viewpoint. But for seventeen years I haven't actually lived for any length of time in the United States. Now I've been back here living for eight months to get a freshly revised picture of America as it is today. And I like it. So does my made-in-Europe family. My eleven-year-old son is a real American but he has never before been in the United States. My wife, who was English, was here only once before for a few weeks. They've lived in France and England and seen all the best parts of the Old World. But they are delighted with America and want to stay here. They think New York is a better city to live in than Paris or London—their respective birthplaces. They think the United States is a better country than any they've seen. So do I.

However, I've got to go back to Europe to resume headline hunting. It was when that decision was made that the family mutiny started. Like Columbus, I'm having trouble with my crew. His didn't want to come and mine doesn't want to go back.

Lots of things have happened since I went away, such as the World War, prohibition, the depression and the New Deal and repeal. They have modified the lives, social habits and activities of the American people but not nearly so much as one would suppose.

Among all the peoples of the world the average American is the best nourished, best housed, best dressed, has a higher standard of material comfort, more individual freedom in every way, and is, it seems to me, the happiest. These observations are based upon nearly eight months' residence and 14,000 miles of travel which took me from coast to coast and from the Canadian line to the Mexican border.

Americans Have More Fun

Compared with the peoples I've been living among and visiting abroad, the American looks far better fed, has cleaner and better ventilated homes, more of the conveniences of life, more of the pleasures of life, more and better clothing, and looks happier and less harassed. The principal streets of any good-sized American town show more well-dressed, comfortable-looking men than any city in the world except, perhaps, Buenos Aires. The men there go in for natty dressing and there are probably more well-dressed men in the Florida in Buenos Aires than in any street anywhere.

And as for American women, there isn't any comparison anywhere I know about. They are better groomed, more attractive and vivacious, and wear more chic clothes than the women of any country. They have more fun and more freedom than their sisters elsewhere. One thing we've noticed here is that people in general seem to get more fun out of life than people do in other countries. But at the same time they work harder.

One of the first things noticeable here is the easy-going friendliness, lack of restraint and geniality of everyone with strangers which you don't find in Europe. Often I've traveled all day in a railway compartment in Europe with six persons, none of whom said a single word to the other nor smiled. Abroad the stranger is usually regarded with suspicion and distrust. Here the idea seems to be to like the stranger until he has shown himself unworthy of liking.

We are constantly surprised and pleased by the politeness and helpfulness of public servants, clerks in stores, railway and public service attendants. It's quite different from the attention one gets in many places in Europe where the attitude seems to be "To hell with the customer." The service given by the big stores in the United States is a revelation to us—the rapidity of delivery, the easy credit arrangements, the freshness and variety of their stocks, the variety of sizes and patterns. If the clerks haven't what you want they'll even direct you to other stores in an effort to serve. And they don't have that lofty, impersonal, impatient attitude we find so often in Europe.

As a traveler I was much interested in comparisons of railways, roads, air lines, hotels and restaurants. The great network of excellent roads throughout America has constantly surprised me. They were nearly all constructed since I left America. There is no doubt that we have the finest system of roads in the world. The great distances people travel by automobile and their speed is astonishing to me. The automobile servicing organization is one of the minor wonders, especially the free services of water, air, oil checking, windshield cleaning, and the cheerfulness and courtesy of the attendants.

As for the railways, I regret to have to report that there seems to be little general improvement in service since I went abroad. But they are now making a determined effort with air-conditioned trains and streamlined projects. They haven't speeded up much in the last two decades. They jerk, rattle, grind and sway as much as ever. You breathe soot, smoke, gas, dust and cinders. In the day coaches every time the door opens a blast of icy air or hot dusty air sweeps down the car. The sleeping cars seem too hot or too cold. The car windows can't be opened or closed without a struggle. Many European railways are far ahead in speed and comfort.

As much as possible I've avoided trains and traveled by airplane—about 10,000 miles since I've been home. Our transport air system is far and away better, faster, safer and more comfortable than that of any other nation. This leadership has been attained in the past few years. I'm something of an expert because I've flown constantly for many years in the planes of fourteen different countries and traveled about 75,000 miles in the air. Our passenger lines fly fifty per cent to seventy-five per cent faster than European lines. The new Douglas air liner which the TWA is introducing will fly about twice as fast as the ordinary European liner and there is no comparison in service.

Your Slightest Wish—

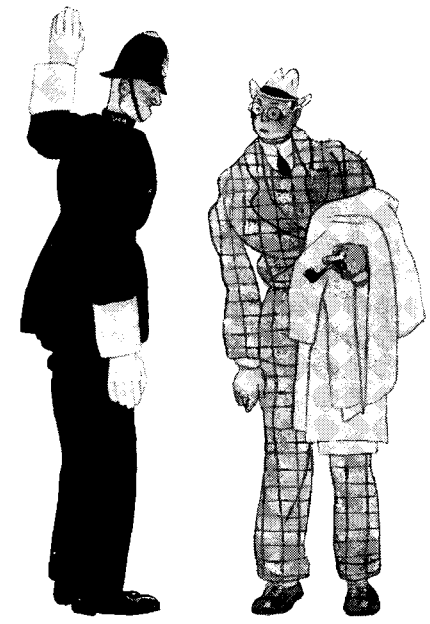
Here are some of the courtesies furnished by American air lines which you don't usually get in Europe: you may smoke; writing materials are provided (I'm writing this in the air en route from St. Louis to New York); attractive, smartly-uniformed stewardesses serve free coffee and luncheons; put pillows under your head, tuck blankets around you if you're chilly; provide free cigarettes and magazines; furnish maps of the route and railway timetables; send telegrams for you and talk with you if you're lonely. Any of these services are rare in Europe.

Nowhere in the world is night passenger flying so highly developed as here. In most of Europe it scarcely exists except on a few short lines in summer time only. Our frequent night services with beacons every fifteen or twenty miles and numerous intermediate landing fields are unparalleled anywhere. Likewise we have scores of the finest air fields and administration buildings I've seen.

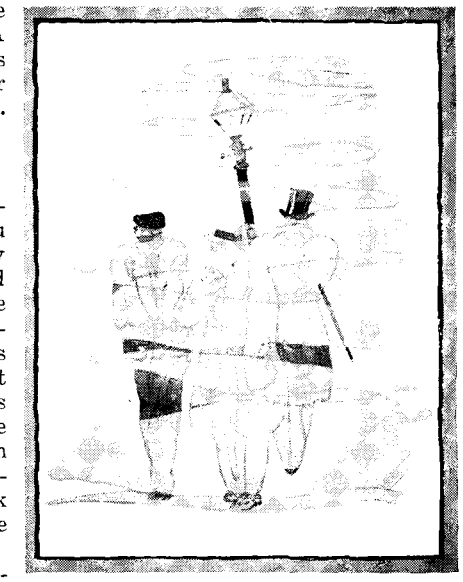
The excellence and comparative cheapness of our hotels everywhere in the country is marvelous to anyone from abroad. There is no place in Europe where you can get a clean, well-furnished room with bath and telephone for $2.50 such as you can in most American cities. Neither can you get a hat cleaned in two hours, laundry back in one day, suits pressed in from thirty minutes to an hour, reading light over the bed, bottle openers, razor-blade container, pins, buttons, needles and thread, pens that will write and plenty of stationery without asking; patient, polite telephone operators; laundry mailed free anywhere if you leave prematurely, lost articles mailed to you automatically, and cellophane-wrapped rolls.

In the ordinary restaurants the food is better, more attractively served, cheaper, and in greater variety than in the general run of restaurants in Europe.

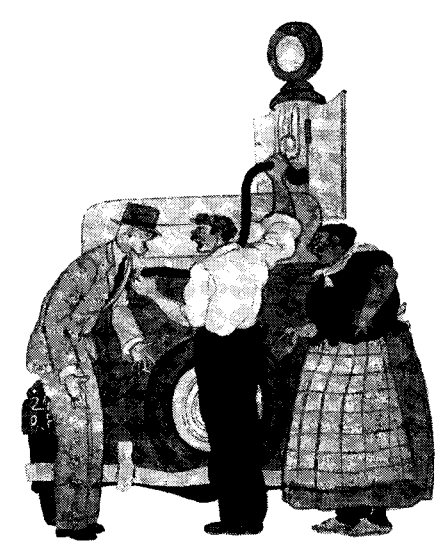
I saw the first baseball game recently



Europe's exclusive tailors can't match American ready-made clothing for fit and appearance



Even the weather is different—in America it is always interesting and full of variety



American service to motorists is something of a shock to those used to the European way

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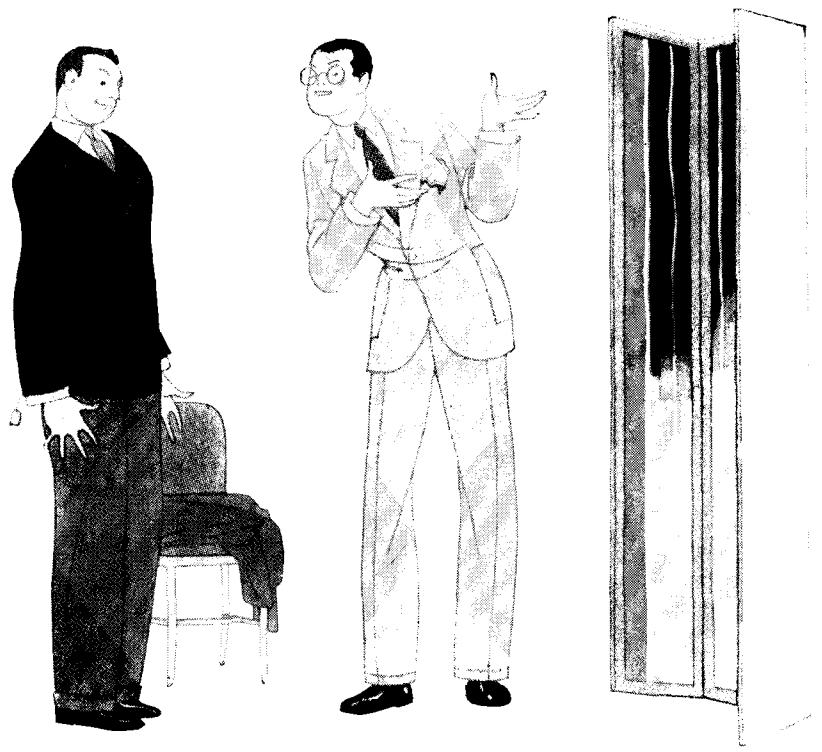

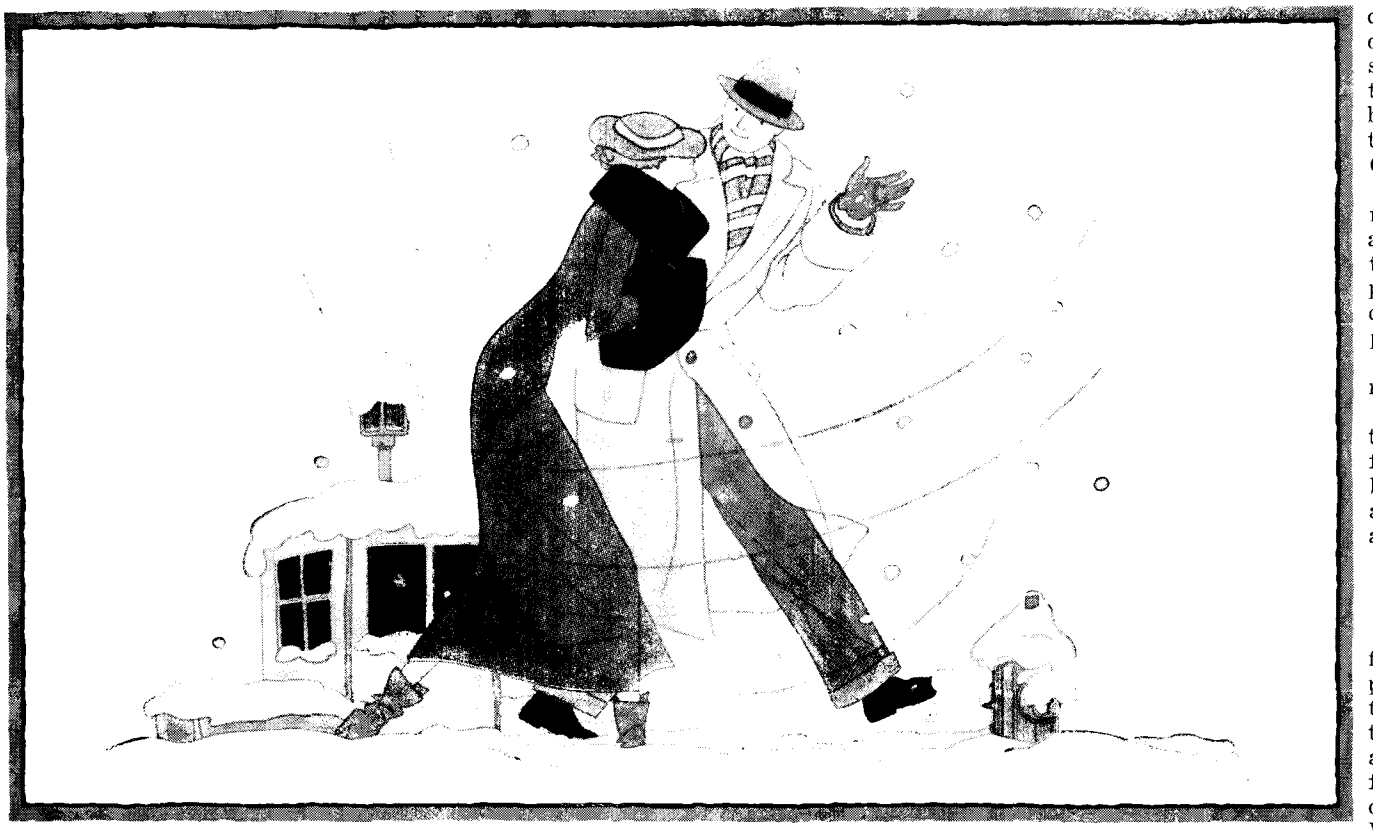

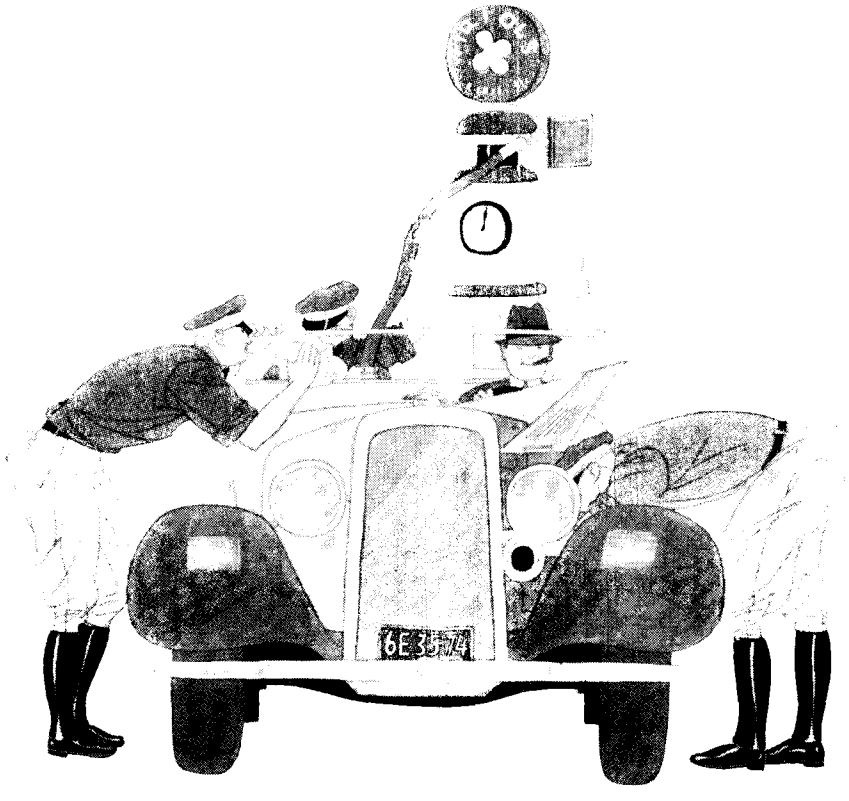

that I'd seen in seventeen years. Probably this is heresy but it didn't seem to interest me much and struck me as being the least graceful of national games. The action seemed violent and choppy, the postures and movements ungraceful. The baggy uniforms made the players look ugly. There were fewer moments of real grace than in most athletic games. This is strange because Americans are not an ungraceful people. In Europe they are known as the best and most graceful dancers. Ask any European girl who has danced with an American.

I'm amazed by the change in the social attitude toward women drinking and smoking in public. So far as I can see, nearly as many women drink today as men, they drink about as much and hold it better. I'm told prohibition is responsible for this change. There is still an extraordinary amount of extraordinarily bad liquor being consumed in this country. Strangely enough, however, genuine imported Scotch whisky here is better than the Scotch in Scotland and England. The reason is that Scotch in the British Isles, by a law passed during the war, is seventy proof, while the whisky sent abroad is eighty-six. I find widespread ignorance in the United States about what to drink, when to drink and how to drink. It is not realized that many of the milder alcoholic drinks, such as wines, are enjoyable for beverage purposes and more conducive to good-fellowship. Many of the American-grown wines are excellent.

Here are some random observations that have surprised, amused or amazed me: the sloppy appearance of our policemen; radios in automobiles and taxicabs; the smokiness of our towns; the beauty of Washington, which is becoming one of the world's finest cities; the fact that there are no guards at the White House gates and the public uses the grounds as a promenade; the bad paving and untidiness in our large cities; the constant shrieking of police car and ambulance sirens; the snobbishness of trying to get low automobile license numbers; the cheapness of automobiles and gasoline; the wonderful variety of vegetables in the markets; the fact that street cars, restaurants and drug stores operate all night; the use of cellophane on everything from bread to pajamas; the fine teeth most Americans possess; the good-looking, intelligent, well-dressed college boys and girls; the fatness and richness of the farms in the Middle West and the fact that the road show, Strange Interlude, drew 16,000 in Des Moines in the heart of what Europe regards as our "peasant" region.

Nature's Favorite Child

In the United States I find that the skies are higher, the horizons broader, that one gets a feeling of expansiveness and power which doesn't exist in tight little Europe. In New York I can do with several hours less sleep nightly than I require in Europe. Every winter in London I have to expect an average of two weeks' illness. This past winter in New York I had only one day of illness despite the unprecedented cold. Many Europeans have told me they feel immediately in America that there is energy in the air. Lloyd George, whom I accompanied to and from the United States, was particularly enthusiastic about the "champagne-like qualities" of American air.

The weather here is always interesting and full of variety. In my fall, winter and spring I've experienced the coldest spell in 40 years, the greatest drought in 38 years, the worst blizzard since 1881, the biggest dust storm in history. One week I found thirty-eight below zero in northern Wisconsin and the next week ninety in the shade in Galveston, Texas, with roses blooming.

As a newspaper-man interested in rapidity of communications, I've been amazed by the marvelous telephone and telegraph services here. Often I've telephoned thousands of miles within a couple of minutes, even to isolated points.

In London it takes from twenty minutes to one hour to talk with Paris (only two hundred fifty miles away) in the daytime. The telegraph service is from four to six times faster than the best European telegraph services. They are government-controlled monopolies and have no competition.

A Sidelight on British Tailoring

American men's ready-made clothing fits better and looks better than European tailor-made suits. Usually I have to go to my tailor in London from four to seven times for fittings. Then only an average of one out of three suits is fully satisfactory in fit. I had to quit one of the tailors where the Prince of Wales buys some of his clothes because the last suit they made for me required seven fittings and finally I rejected it because they couldn't make it fit. I guess the Prince still goes there. At least, they still display the Royal Warrant. Also, for the same reason, I quit a tailor who used to make clothes for King Alfonso of Spain.

My eleven-year-old son, who is seeing America for the first time, wants to stay in the United States because he likes everything better here. So I asked him to write an essay for me, giving his reasons. Here is his effort:

"I like America because I have more fun here. The boys and girls are more friendly. I like my school because I get better marks and don't have to work so hard. The food at the school lunchroom is better than in London. I do not have to write a hundred lines for punishment here. The teachers only talk to you for punishment or make you do your homework after school. I do not have to study Latin and algebra here. In London I do. New York is more exciting. Something is happening all the time. There is more sun here. I feel better here."

As for myself, the most trouble I've had in America is getting the cellophane off things.

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The Trail of Fu Manchu

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN RICHARD FLANAGAN

The Story Thus Far:

ON THE trail of Dr. Fu Manchu, criminal extraordinary, who has kidnapped Fleurette Petrie, Alan Sterling's fiancée, Sir Denis Nayland Smith, England's most brilliant detective, Sterling and Sergeant Murphy, of Scotland Yard, have a shocking adventure in London. Captured by the Oriental, and condemned to die, they are carried, trussed, to a weird subterranean chamber, where, before a roaring furnace, they await their fate.

Two others are also to die: the doctor's *beautiful daughter, Fah Lo Suee (guilty of* falling in love with Sir Denis) and Ali Oke, one of the doctor's hirelings, caught aiding Sterling in an effort to escape. The chamber—to which a long-forgotten tunnel leads—is under Sam Pak's, a resort of evil repute, and far below the level of the Thames. A heavy iron door bars ingress.

Having followed Fu Manchu, Scotland Yard operatives—Inspector Gallaho, Forester, Trench and others—prepare to force the door with explosives. As they set to work, Ali Oke is executed—a Burmese swordsman lops off his head; his body is hurled into the furnace. Fah Lo Suee is next—her father hands her a glass of poison; she drains it, falls dead, is cast into the flames.

Fu Manchu is presiding. "Sir Denis, now!" he orders. But Sir Denis, working quietly, has succeeded in untying the ropes which bind him. Leaping forward, a pocket-knife in his hand, he fells the executioner, frees Sterling and Murphy. A wild mêlée follows. It is interrupted by the sound of a terrific explosion. The police have blown the door down. As this dawns on the prisoners, water cascades into the chamber—*water from the Thames.* Miraculously, the three men make their escape.

Fleurette, too, has succeeded in slipping away from her captor. Preparing to leave for Egypt with her father—the noted Dr. Petrie, a great archeologist—she makes Sir Denis' mansion her home. Alone in her room, seated before a blazing fire, she has a terrifying experience. Someone addresses her. *Fu Manchu!* "Little Flower, I am calling you." Alarmed, she calls for Fey, the butler. Then slowly the door opens. A man steals in. *It is not Fey!*

XI

I CAN'T make this out!" said Nayland Smith.

He, Dr. Petrie and Inspector Gallaho stood before the door of the apartment. Smith had rung twice and there had been no reply.

Smith stared hard at Petrie.

"You've got the key, sir, no doubt?" Gallaho growled.

"Yes." Nayland Smith drew a bunch of keys from his trousers pocket. "I have the key, but I am wondering where Fey can have gone."

They had called on Sterling, the invalid, in his room at the hotel near by, and they had broken the unpleasant news that unless Mr. Samuel Grimes (such was the night watchman's name) suffered from a singular hallucination, it was almost certain that Dr. Fu Manchu was alive.

Petrie had attended to his patient, who was of a type difficult to handle; and with a final drink they had come away. . . .

"Dinner for four at eight-thirty was my last order if I remember rightly," said Nayland Smith. "It's just possible, of course"—he placed the key in the lock—"that he may have gone down to the kitchen. But why doesn't Fleurette answer?"

He turned the key and swung the door open.

"Hello!" Gallaho exclaimed, "what's this?"

"My God!" groaned Petrie.

A heavy smell resembling that of mimosa swept out from the lobby to greet them, and . . . the lobby was in darkness!

Nayland Smith sprang forward, groped for the light, stumbled and fell.

"Smith!"

Petrie rushed in behind him.

"All right!" came in the staccato fashion which characterized Nayland Smith in moments of tension. "I've fallen over . . . somebody."

Inspector Gallaho switched on the light.

Sir Denis had jumped up. He was staring down, jaws clenched, at an insensible man who lay upon the carpet.

It was Fey.

Petrie raised his hand to his brow and groaned.

"Smith," he said in a strangled voice. "Smith! *He* has got her again!"

"Lend me a hand, Gallaho," cried Nayland Smith savagely. "We'll get him onto the settee in the sitting-room."

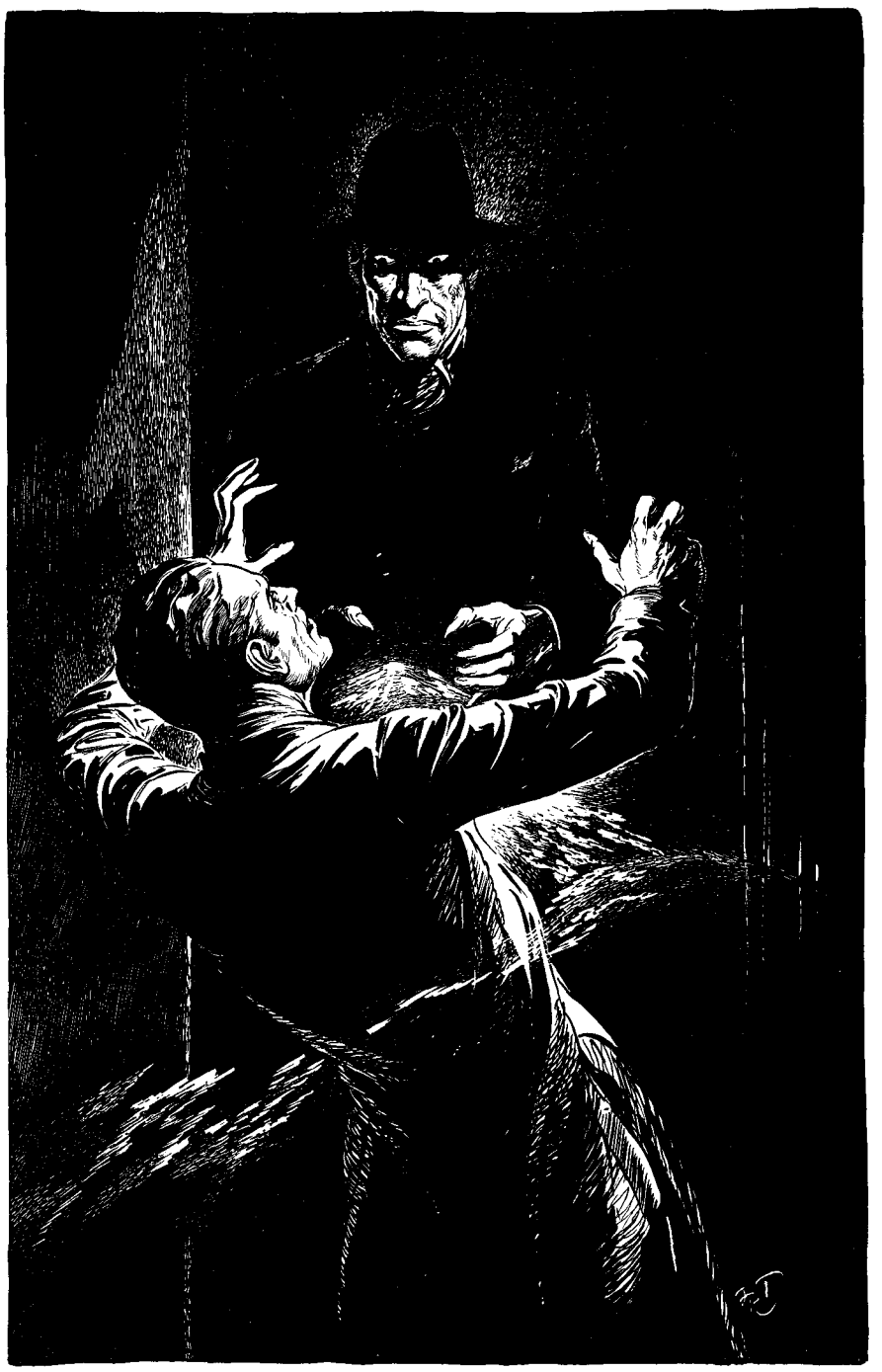
The door being thrown open by Petrie, it was revealed that the sitting-room was warmly lighted. There was no one there.

Out from that lobby, which reeked of mimosa, they carried the insensible man and laid him upon the settee. He was breathing regularly but heavily; otherwise there was complete silence in Nayland Smith's apartment.

"Can you do anything, Petrie? You know something about this damnable drug of the doctor's."

"I can try," said Petrie quietly, and went out to the room which he occupied.

Sir Denis had accommodations for two guests, or, at a pinch, three. Dr. Petrie and his daughter were his guests now; and Fleurette . . . ?



"It blinded me—it staggered me. I fell back, gasping for breath"

INSPECTOR GALLAHO, who had forgotten to remove his bowler, removed it, not without difficulty, showing a red mark where it had been crushed down upon his bullet head.

"This is a hell of a go," he growled, tossing his hat into an armchair. "It's easy enough to see what's happened, sir. This queer smell is one, I take it, you have met with before?"

"I have," said Sir Denis grimly.

"A powerful anesthetic?"

"Exactly."

"Very well. Someone rang the bell, and the moment Fey opened the door, sprang on him with a pad saturated in this stuff—and the rest of the story tells itself." He began to chew phantom gum. "She's a lovely girl," he added. "It's enough to make a man burst!"

Dr. Petrie came in carrying a medicine case and, kneeling down, began to examine Fey. Gallaho went out into the lobby.

"The smell of this stuff makes my head swim," he growled.

He was looking for something which might give a clue to the identity of Fey's assailant. Nayland Smith, tugging at the lobe of his ear, was walking up and down before the open fire, watching Petrie at work; afraid to say what he thought, but suffering much of the agony of mind which he knew his old friend to be experiencing at this moment.

Some sandwiches and part of a bottle of champagne were on a table beside an armchair.

There came a strange interruption.

Someone who had a fresh, mezzo-soprano voice began to sing very quietly in an adjoining room!

She sang in French, and one would have said that the singer was happy.

Dr. Petrie came to his feet at a bound.

"Good God, Smith!" He grasped Sir Denis' arm—"that's *Fleurette!*"

Gallaho came running in from the lobby.

"The young lady's in the flat, sir! What the devil does it mean?"

The song was interrupted from time to time, suggesting that the singer was moving about engaged in some pleasant task and singing from sheer lightness of heart. Under Dr. Petrie's tan it was yet possible to detect how pale he had grown.

"*I'll* go, Smith," he said.

He crossed the lobby, entered a short passage and threw a door open; Sir Denis was close behind him.

Fleurette, dressed as they had left her, was amusing herself with hats and frocks and stockings strewn all over the room, and singing lightly from time to time. She was smoking a cigarette.

"Fleurette, darling!" cried Petrie. "Thank God you are safe. Surely you heard us come in?"

FLEURETTE turned, a cigarette between her fingers, tossing a little green hat onto the coverlet of the bed, and staring in a vaguely puzzled way at the speaker.

There was no recognition in her eyes.

"I am waiting to be called," she said; "I may have to leave at any moment. Please let me get on with my packing."

"Fleurette!" Her father stepped forward and grasped her shoulders. "Fleurette! Look at me. What has happened here tonight?"

Fleurette smiled at him as she might have smiled at a perfect stranger; then looked past him with a puzzled frown to where Nayland Smith stood in the open doorway, his face very grim and his eyes gleaming.

"Nothing has happened," she replied. "I don't know you, but it is very kind of you to ask. May I please go on with my packing?"

"She's hysterical," came a growling voice beyond Sir Denis. "Something that has happened here tonight has unbalanced her."

It was Gallaho.

Nayland Smith exchanged a rapid glance with Dr. Petrie. Petrie, his expression indicating that he was exercising a tremendous effort of control, shook his head. He released Fleurette and forced a smile.

"By all means go on, dear," he said. "Let me know if you want anything."

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Fleurette looked up at him questioningly.

"You are so nice," she said. "I'm glad you've come, but I don't want anything, thank you."

Petrie signaled to Smith to go out. They returned to the lobby, Petrie leaving the door ajar. And as they entered it, that same singing, uncanny now, was renewed.

"THERE'S no other way out of this flat except through the front door, here, is there?" asked Petrie.

"No." Sir Denis shook his head. "Except through a window."

Petrie glanced at Nayland Smith; agony peeped out of his eyes.

"I don't think it's likely," he said. "That is not what I fear."

"Doctor," growled Gallaho, "this is a frightful blow. Something so horrible happened here tonight that the poor girl has lost her reason."

"Something horrible—yes—" said Petrie slowly; "but . . . she hasn't lost her reason."

Gallaho stared uncomprehendingly. Nayland Smith turned to him, and:

"If you knew all that I know of the powers of Dr. Fu Manchu," he said, "you would know that not only is he alive, but . . ."

"What, sir?"—for the speaker had paused.

"He has been here tonight. I don't understand." He began to walk up and down feverishly. "I don't understand. . . ."

"Have you been on duty all night?"

Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho stood in the hall porter's office. The hall porter, a retired sergeant major of the Black Watch, rather resented his presence and his manner.

"Certainly; I've been on duty all night."

"I wasn't suggesting you hadn't," growled Gallaho. "I was merely asking a question."

"Well, the answer is: 'Yes.'"

"The answer is 'Yes.' Good. Now I'm going to ask you a few more questions."

The sergeant major recognized a character at least as truculent as his own; when Gallaho was in difficulties, Gallaho's manner was far from soothing. The hall porter looked him up and down with disfavor, and turning to a side-table, began to arrange a stack of letters which lay there.

"YOU might as well know that I'm a police officer," Gallaho went on, "and your answers to the questions I am going to ask you may be required in evidence. So make 'em snappy and to the point."

The porter turned: he was no longer so sure of himself.

"Has something happened here tonight?" he asked.

"You are the man that should know that," said Gallaho; "so you're the man I've come to. Listen"—he leaned on the flap of the half-door; "how many apartments are there on the floor where Sir Denis Nayland Smith lives?"

"Four. Sir Denis' and three others."

"Who are the occupants of the three others?"

"One is vacant at the moment. Another belongs to Major General Sir Rodney Orme; the third to Mrs. Crossland, the novelist."

"Are these people at home?"

"Neither of them, as a matter of fact. The general is in the south of France, and his flat is shut up; and Mrs. Crossland has been in America for some time."

"I suppose her place is shut up, too?"

"No. As a matter of fact, it isn't. But their Egyptian servant lives up there, cleans the rooms and looks after correspondence. He has been with them, I believe, for many years."

"Egyptian servant?"

"Yes, Egyptian servant."

"Is he up there now?"

"I suppose so."

"Have you seen him tonight?"

"No."

"Are there any apartments above that?"

"No; only some store-rooms. The elevator goes no farther than Sir Denis' floor."

"I see. Now, has anybody been up to or down from that floor in the last few hours?"

"No. A gentleman called and asked for the general, but I told him he was abroad."

"So no one has gone up to the top floor or come down from the top floor during the past few hours?"

"No one."

"People have been moving about on the other floors, of course?"

"Two or three have come down and two or three have gone up. But no one I haven't seen before. I mean they were either residents, friends of residents, or trades people."

"Quite."

GALLAHO turned and went lounging in the direction of the elevator. He paused, however, turned, and:

"Where are the kitchens?" he called; "in the basement?"

"Yes. You have to use the service elevator if you want to go down there."

"Where is it?"

"In the passage on the right."

A few minutes later, Gallaho had stepped into a small elevator, controlled by a very pert boy.

"Kitchens," he growled.

"What d'you mean, kitchens?" the boy inquired. "The kitchens is private."

"My lad," said Gallaho, "when a detective inspector says to you 'kitchens'—do you know what you do?"

"No, sir," the boy replied, suddenly awed.

"You take him there, and you jump to it."

Gallaho presently found himself in a place inhabited by men in high white

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At last the Egyptian's deadly calm was disturbed. "It was bought by Mr. Crossland in Egypt, recently," he said

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Fortune's Toy

Zeno Yates, down on Little Bee Bend, kept his money in an old tin can. And he knew a heap about mules. But he had a lot to learn about women

By Roark Bradford

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BURNE

ZENO YATES did not blame the mule. He realized that Judy, the long-legged five-year-old, was merely an instrument of some razzle-dazzle which he did not understand.

At the end of the first row, Judy walked briskly into the turnrow, swung on her haunches and started down the next furrow without a word from Zeno. He barely had time to pivot his plow on the beam and lift it into the next middle before Judy was on her way again.

"Whoa, fool!" he commanded. "Wait to I gits my plow set!"

Judy paid him no heed. Before he had finished speaking, she was well in her stride toward the other end of the row.

"Is I'm plowin' dis cotton, or is you?" he demanded. His words expressed more pain than indignation. He realized that if he were going to walk behind Judy all day long he had better save his breath.

At the barn, that morning, he had protested to Giles but nothing came of it. "How come," Zeno had wanted to know, "is I'm got to hook up wid dat fool Judy when I and old Moses git along so good?"

"Moses," the foreman explained, "ain't mule enough to drag a double shovel on Little Bee Bend no more."

"He been draggin' one purty good for a long time," Zeno argued.

"Sho'," Giles conceded. "Too long. He drag one so long dat he slowed down in de work. But he didn't slow down in de eatin'. So de Bossman gonter sell him in de hills whar de plowin' ain't so tight, and let a good mule eat all er dat cawn."

Zeno looked mournfully around the lot. "Moses wawk jest about right to suit me," he mumbled hopefully.

Giles was too busy to waste time arguing with a field hand, and he didn't like Zeno much, anyway. "Moses," he snapped, "is goin' to de hills. Efn his wawk suit you so good, you kin go along wid him. You ain't got to stay on Little Bee, you knows dat."

Zeno backed away apologetically, and bridled and harnessed Judy.

He accepted the situation as inevitable, just as he accepted Judy's speedy gait. Giles annoyed him when he talked like that, and Judy annoyed him by walking like that. But it was the way things turned out, and Zeno did not resist, even mentally.

The faster Judy walked, the tireder Zeno got, and the tireder he got, the more he tried to think with his mind so he would forget how tired he was. Along in the middle of the morning when the sun grew very hot and Zeno was wringing wet with sweat, he shaped his idea into a brief statement of protest. He had recalled how, when he first came to Little Bee Bend plantation, Giles had told him to harness up Moses, and to plow the cotton very carefully.

"Wrop hit up like a baby in de cradle," Giles had said. "Hit ain't nothin' which make cotton grow like a little sweet fresh dirt wropped in betwixt de stalks."

Giles had told Zeno that nearly seven years ago, and Zeno had always caught old Moses and had always plowed his cotton exactly that way. Zeno knew the way for a man to get along was to do as he was told and keep on doing it until somebody told him to do something else.

And now, after three or four hours of fretting and sweating, his mind not only recalled the exact words the foreman had used seven years before, but his mind also stacked up against that statement the astounding fact that Judy was walking too rapidly for him to "wrop hit up" as Giles had instructed. These two ideas, rubbing together in his brain, generated a succinct conclusion.

"I WISH," Zeno said, "Giles wouldn't go changin' his mind on me like dat. Hit gits me wearied."

Judy kept walking and Zeno kept thinking. No more brilliant sparks of wisdom resulted from the process, but the thoughts kept him too busy to feel how tired he was. He remembered how the Bossman had advised everybody to save his money and how Zeno had done just that. He bought everything he used from the commissary which supplied, on credit, all the necessary food and clothing for the workers. Then, when the crop was sold in the fall, the Bossman paid everybody off in real money and advised them to save it. All the other young men went to town and spent their money, but not Zeno. He put his money in a tin can which he kept buried under a brick in the chimney.

The first year or two—Zeno was just getting to be a man then—he had wanted to spend some of his money. He would have enjoyed, he figured, some fancy clothes, and maybe a pair of patent leather Sunday shoes. Or, on one occasion, he had thought seriously of buying a few presents for Mamie T so she would marry him. Mamie T, even then, was the most promising cotton chopper of all the young women on the place, and a good cotton chopper was something worth marrying. As it turned out, Mamie T married up with Roosevelt and was not only a good cotton chopper but was handy about the house, too.

A twinge of regret stung Zeno when he thought of that. Before it had time to manifest itself in serious proportions, Judy wheeled down a new furrow and Zeno had to lift the plow into place quickly to avoid plowing up cotton.

"De mens don't friend wid me," he grumbled regretfully, "and de ladies pass me by like a breeze in de night. And now Giles gimme dis too-fast wawkin' mule and she might' nigh run me to death, keepin' up."

ROUND after round he almost trotted behind Judy. Time and again he nearly plowed up cotton when his mule lunged into a new furrow before he could get his plow set. At length, the dinner bell sounded and Judy stopped.

Zeno unhooked the traces. Then he climbed upon Judy's back.

Judy promptly whirled from under him and Zeno landed face down in the freshly plowed dirt.

By the time Zeno had regained his feet and cleared his eyes and mouth of dirt, Judy was trotting across the field, toward the barn.

Zeno gazed after her sorrowfully. "Dar, now," he grunted.

"Th'owed you, hunh?" It was Mamie T, who was taking a short cut through Zeno's field to her house.

Zeno sadly shook his head. "She jumped smack outn f'm under me," he explained. "I done a day's plowin' wid dat mule befo' de dinner bell rung. And den she jumped outn f'm under me."

Mamie T was tickled and she didn't try to hide it. Her laugh clearly was not sympathetic.

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"I show you who dat lady is!" Mamie T yelled. "Tryin' to take my man away f'm me!" She charged toward the car. Zeno slid cautiously from the seat and took a stand at a safe distance

Zeno felt abused, and Mamie T was somebody to talk to about it, even if she was making fun of him.

"I made tracks behime dat fool mule all mawnin'," he complained, "and now I got to make tracks plum to de barn to feed her."

Mamie T bent double with laughter. "You follow behime old Judy long enough," she told him between spasms, "and you won't make no tracks. You'll git so tired de seat er yo' pants'll drag out yo' tracks." Mamie T thought it a fine joke and she showed her appreciation with new gales of mirth.

ZENO ignored the joke. His mind was working a little better now. "I might," he said, more to himself than to Mamie T, "pass by my house and tote my dinner up to de barn. Den I c'd eat my dinner whilst Judy's eatin' her'n. And den I wouldn't have to wawk back."

Mamie T stopped laughing. "You means," she demanded, "you fixin' to eat jest a snack er cold victuals after you been steppin' behime old Judy all de mawnin'?"

"Sho'," said Zeno. "Hit's all I got to eat. I cooks at night, and heats in de mawnin', and takes hit cold at dinner."

"You can't hold up at hit," Mamie T prophesied. "You might c'd starve through dinner behime old Moses, but you can't do like dat behime a sho'-nuff mule like Judy is. You ain't got hit in you!"

Zeno looked around hopelessly. He hadn't thought about it but, since Mamie T had, Zeno realized that a good hot meal at noon would give him strength for the long afternoon. Yet there was no way for him to have a hot meal in the middle of the day. A man barely had time to feed his mule, eat hurriedly, and get back to the field in the brief hour allowed.

"I ain't got time to cook," he whined, "and I ain't got no old lady to cook for me."

"Hit ain't a lady on de place which'd take de pains," Mamie T snapped at him.

Zeno hung his head in shame. Automatically, he began to mumble his stock apology for the situation: "Things is *so* high and cotton *so* cheap—"

"And you is *so* whiney!" Mamie T broke in sharply. Zeno lifted an arm to ward off an expected blow.

"Aw, Mamie T," he begged, "don't fuss at me."

MAMIE T cocked her head and studied Zeno from tip to toe.

"Listen at me, little old mangy nothin'," she said. "Efn you gonter wawk behime dat Judy mule, you got to have hot victuals in yo' belly. And efn you don't wawk behime dat Judy mule, yo' cotton gonter git grassy, and I'm gonter have to come down hyar and chop you outn de grass, on account er me and Roosevelt's crop is cleaner den any yuther on de place. Ain't dat a fack?"

"Aw, Mamie T—"

"And jest cause I don't want to git sont down hyar to chop de grass outn yo' crop, I'm gonter feed you yo' dinner today."

"Aw, Mamie T—" Zeno hesitated.

"Don't 'aw' at me, fool!" Mamie T barked. "Git on up to de barn and feed dat jackass, and den git to my house and eat. I got plenty and I'd do as much for a dog!"

"Hit's a favor—" Zeno began. Mamie T silenced him with a scorching glance, and Zeno went to the barn.

Mamie T made no effort to be hospitable and Roosevelt even demanded to know, "How come I got to feed dis nigger?"

"I'm feedin' him, not you," Mamie T told him. "I'd druther feed him at dinner time den to chop out his cotton."

Roosevelt started to say something else, but years of living with Mamie T had demonstrated the uselessness of argument.

Zeno ate silently and heartily. When he returned to the field for the afternoon's work, he did not mind Judy's fast walk so much. He was sluggish at first, but after a few rounds he found strength in his legs and back to keep up. When night came, he was tired but not too tired to realize he had done twice as much plowing as he usually did with Moses.

"I kin plow over in two days, efn I kin keep up," he thought proudly. "And dat'll gimme more time to hoe hit out." He liked the idea.

Then the gossip started. Little Bee Bend is a small community, and small things that happen are all that the people have to talk about. The first word Zeno heard of it was at the barn.

"I hyars," Giles said jokingly, "dat Zeno is tryin' to take Mamie T away f'm Roosevelt." And everybody laughed.

"She jest feedin' me my dinners," Zeno protested. Everybody laughed at that, too. Everybody except Roosevelt. He just glowered at Zeno.

ZENO liked the joke. For the first time in his life he was connected with a joke which wasn't on him. He expanded warmly. "Roosevelt don't like hit much," he added, "but you knows how Mamie T is, once she git her mind sot on a man."

Roosevelt got up and walked over to Zeno. "You stay 'way f'm my house," he said menacingly.

Zeno was enjoying himself too much to be frightened. "I been aimin'," he told Roosevelt, "to git Mamie T to come to my house and do de cookin' so's I ain't got so far to wawk."

It was idle talk, just to make jokes and laughter for everybody, but it turned out exactly like that. Roosevelt went home and started a row with Mamie T. They argued and quarreled until they went to sleep, and the next morning the quarrel developed into a fight which Roosevelt lost when Mamie T had at him with a flatiron in one hand and a butcher knife in the other.

Before the dew was off the ground, Mamie T appeared in Zeno's field with her hoe. "Go right on plowin', son," she told him. "I got cabbages and collard greens on de stove cookin', and I jest thought I'd whup out a little grass befo' dinner time."

Zeno was wary. "What do Roosevelt say?" he wanted to know.

"Who keer?" Mamie T replied. "I done divo'ced him dis mawnin'."

Zeno did not know the details of what had happened, but the idea of Mamie T chopping in his field caused new sensations to sweep over him. "Dat's de way I likes to hyar *my* woman tawk," he said expansively. "Only," he added with a sternness heretofore foreign to him, "I likes a heap er middlin' meat in my collards, gal. Did you fix 'em like dat?"

It was Mamie T's turn to look surprised. Such big talk from Zeno was unheard of. She frowned, and then she laughed. "Zeno," she said with a

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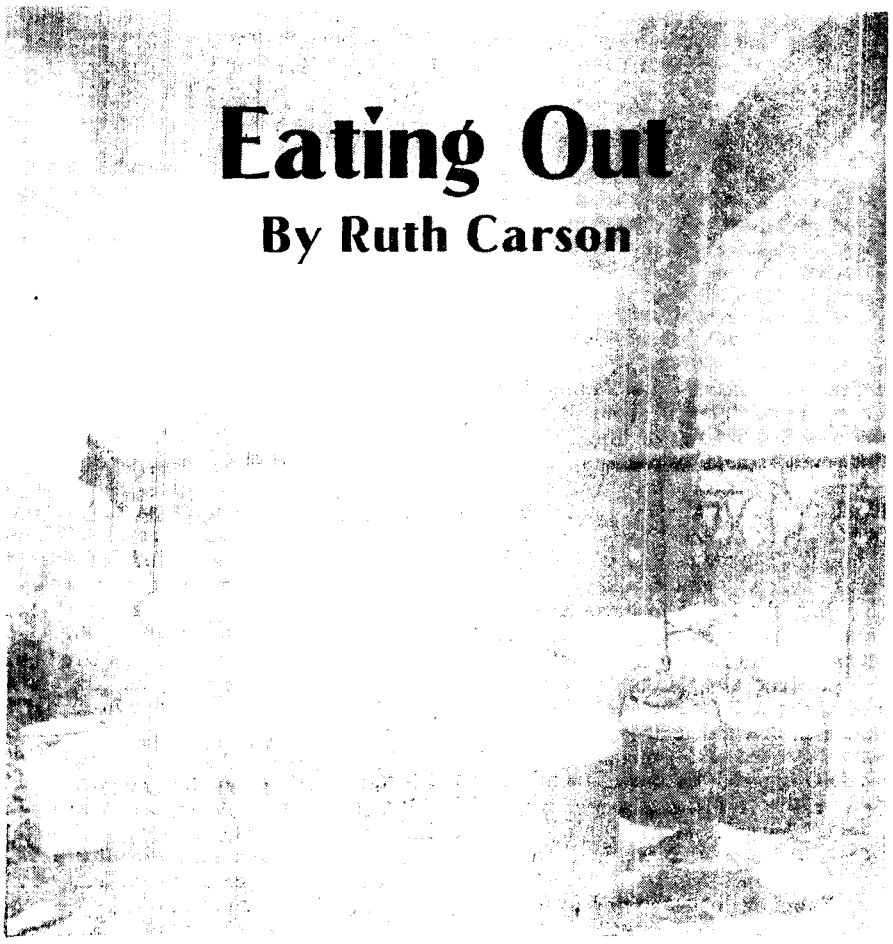
Eating Out

By Ruth Carson



Dinner in the making for a Hinman pack trip in British Columbia

There are two schools of thought about eating in the open. One considers it heaven; the other thinks less highly of it. The difference is usually due to knowing, or not knowing, what to do with a camp fire. Here are some recipes—good in the Maine woods or your own back yard—that will make anyone leave home

THERE is something about the out-of-doors that demands a fire. Maybe a bonfire on the beach under the stars; maybe a few blazing sticks on the river bank with your canoe drawn up under the trees; maybe an honest-to-goodness camp fire back in the woods. And there is something about a fire that demands food to be cooked over it, even if it's just corn in a popper or a wienie on a stick.

"Only before you put that wienie on the stick," urges Sally Clark, "split it the long way, do the same with your roll, toast them both till they are crisp, butter the roll, let the mustard pot stand by and munch between gulps of tea. With all the advantages of fresh outdoor air and an open fire—the best flavorings to be had—the outdoor cook should be spurred on to do something quite out of the way by even the lowly wienie.

"Oh, I'd rather grill a chop at home than eat in the swankiest restaurant in town, and I'd rather cook over an open fire than over the brightest chromium-plated stove in the whole world. It's such sport!"

And Sally Clark is pretty much an authority on sport, having led a riding, camping, hunting sort of life with her sculptor-explorer-big-game-hunter husband, James L. Clark, vice-director of the American Museum of Natural History. Mrs. Clark has brought down lions in Africa and taught her native cook how to make meat pie in his mud oven—loin of gazelle pie, it was. She has shot antelope in this country and cooked meals for the whole camp with her own fair but capable hands at the lodge of the Camp Fire Club, that man's club of big-game hunters of which Mr. Clark is a member and former president. For she gets as big a kick out of cooking as she does out of hunting or riding or the sculpture she has recently taken up, being a very feminine lady who delights in the arts of the home, especially when that home is in the field. And she can think up enough appetizing ideas to fill a good-sized cook book.

Mrs. Clark in Alaska. Time out for tea and toasted wienies

A Sure Antidote for a Grouch

"If you want a thing that doesn't appear over many fires," she suggests, "grind some fresh meat (round steak with a little pork is good), mix with finely chopped onion and green pepper, season with Worcestershire sauce and a lot of salt, and pat into cakes that are big around but very, very thin. Do all this at home so that at the camp fire all you need do is triumphantly produce your meat cakes, pop them into a wire grill, cook to a sputtering brown and lay between toasted, buttered halves of round beefsteak rolls. Consume with steaming coffee and top off with an orange. That's an outdoor lunch that will make the most confirmed picnic grouch ask for more—and be willing to cook it.

"More and more people are doing this sort of thing, cooking outdoors, and a very good thing, too. Why not make a picnic out of your Sunday dinner, spending the whole day under the open sky, feeling the air stirring in the trees and grass and smelling sweet woods smells, instead of eating a stuffy meal at home and then swallowing other people's dust and gas fumes in the afternoon traffic jam? Or have an outdoor fireplace at the summer cottage, or in the back yard at home for that matter, for al fresco meals? Or when you are motoring, pick an exciting view and build your fire opposite? Some people do. And some have the vacation of their lives camping, riding, hiking mountain trails, canoeing—and living very well on their own cooking.

Sally Clark with Dan Beard, head of the Scouts, who favors her cooking

"Anyone who gets indigestion from a week-end of reverting to nature ought to be ashamed to admit it. Grease-soaked food and general bad cooking are as inexcusable outdoors as in; the tricks of good cooking are always the same. The outdoors may challenge your ingenuity a little, but it's a stimulating challenge. And unless you are hiking or otherwise limited in pack, there's nothing you can't do. The cooks on mountain pack trips even go in for doughnuts and chocolate layer cakes! The meals I've cooked at the Camp Fire Club lodge are easy to throw together, and can be managed anywhere a car or a camp can go.

"Mulligan stew, that's something men always like in camp. You know the principle of mulligan—everything goes in the pot and keeps stewing. I use lamb and beef cut up for stew, small onions, carrots and white potatoes scooped into little balls, a whole can of tomatoes, paprika, pepper and salt and a pinch of sugar. Always a little sugar—it makes that subtle difference that men appreciate, even ravenously hungry men whom you would think an old shoe would satisfy. If I have a very big kettle of stew, I dump in as many as three cans of kidney beans at the end, let them heat through, and then we set to. That's a whole meal, though you might want to finish off with a coleslaw salad and fresh fruit. Shred your cabbage and green pepper together and use French dressing.

"And here's another whole-meal-in-itself dish that always makes a hit. I've cooked it for as many as eighteen hungry men who have been out skeet shooting all day and are ready for a solid meal. Dan Beard, head of the scouts, makes big inroads into this, and so do Carl Fredericks, crack pistol shot, Jack Hession, noted rifleman, Captain Reggie Ward, Sandy McNab, who was Morrow's attaché, and my husband, James Clark, who claims I can cook a good meal out of nothing—which is enough to spur any wife on to culinary achievements.

"In one of those big covered turkey roasters set on an open grill, I put venison steaks or bear steaks (some more domesticated meat would do) and surround them completely with small white potatoes, whole, and whole little onions. This requires basting every fifteen minutes, for it's that onion flavor cooked through and through that does the trick. Season well and cook fifteen minutes to the pound of meat.

The Picnic's Biggest Moment

"With this I serve a lettuce, cucumber and tomato salad—don't ever believe men don't like salads—tossed in a big yellow bowl which goes in the middle of the long picnic table near the fire. There's a moment of great silence till the edge is off our appetites; then story-telling and beer and plenty of hot coffee, and if we're feeling very festive we end with shortcake loaded with strawberries—wild ones if it happens to be June.

"Spaghetti is something we should eat outdoors more often. It's very easy to cook, just a kettle of boiling salted water and in it goes. The sauce is better made the day before, so that could be prepared at home if you're just out for the day, and heated over your open fire. A steaming plate of spaghetti, Italian bread cut off the long loaf and buttered as you want it, a bottle of red wine—what a feast after a strenuous day in the open; or what a preparation for a lazy afternoon of staring at treetops and blue sky when you're not dozing on the greensward! Grapefruit salad is good with this."

When traveling by car, canoe, horse or foot, veteran eaters-out urge you to live off the countryside—always, of course always, with due compensation to the farmer if a farmer is involved. If you are motoring, don't think you have to stock your car like a traveling grocery store. There are stores all along the way. And stop at roadside stands and farms where you can get fresh eggs, newly pulled corn, vegetables with that fresh-from-the-garden taste. In the springtime there's watercress to be found in the brook, dandelion greens (which grace Park Avenue's most elegant salads) all around you, all summer long wild berries to be had for the picking—almost anywhere.

If you want corn on the cob at its delicious best, buy it fresh from some

(Continued on page 34)

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"I'd Sooner Insure a Car with Hydraulic Brakes!"

☆ A CERTIFIED INTERVIEW WITH C. G. LANDRESSE, CAR INSURANCE MANAGER, SAN FRANCISCO

1 "Some cars are good risks and some are bad. Our records prove that. And Plymouth is way up at the top of the list. Naturally, it was the car we picked for our daily use."

"...and I certainly wouldn't drive a car without them"

INSURANCE MEN don't gamble on cars. They know what causes accidents . . . and what a car needs *to avoid them.*

"I looked at my records," says Mr. Landresse. "They showed there wasn't a single fatality in a Plymouth in our county during the past year. That convinced me that Plymouth's Hydraulic Brakes and Safety-Steel Body provide the best protection."

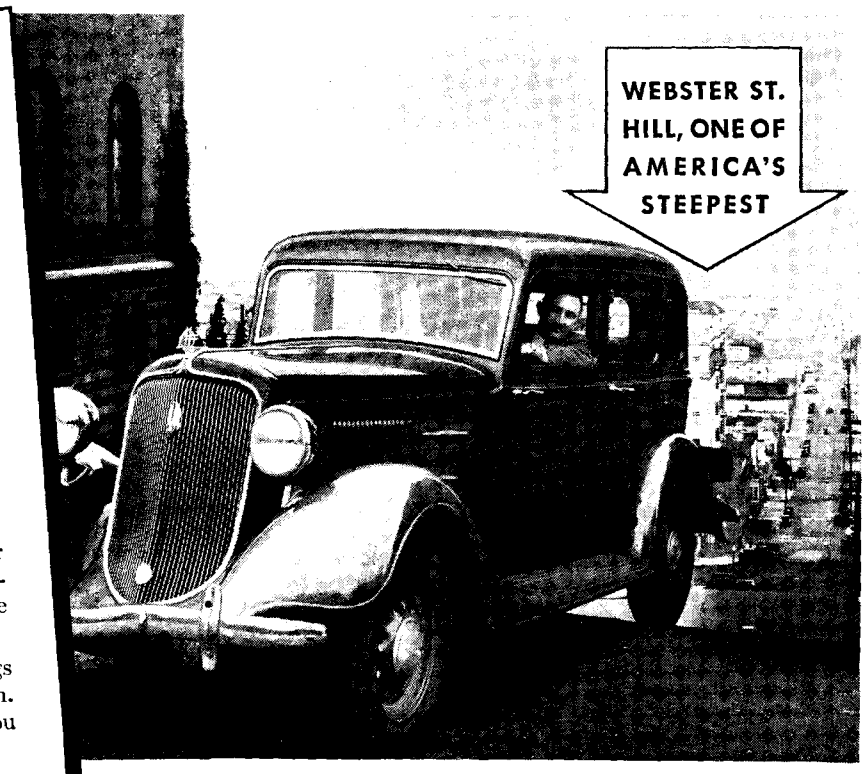
And it's just this protection that Mr. Landresse and six of his men get from the Plymouths they drive in their work.

But few people buy cars for their safety features alone. *Comfort* is important, too. So Plymouth engineers made Plymouth an *easier-riding* car.

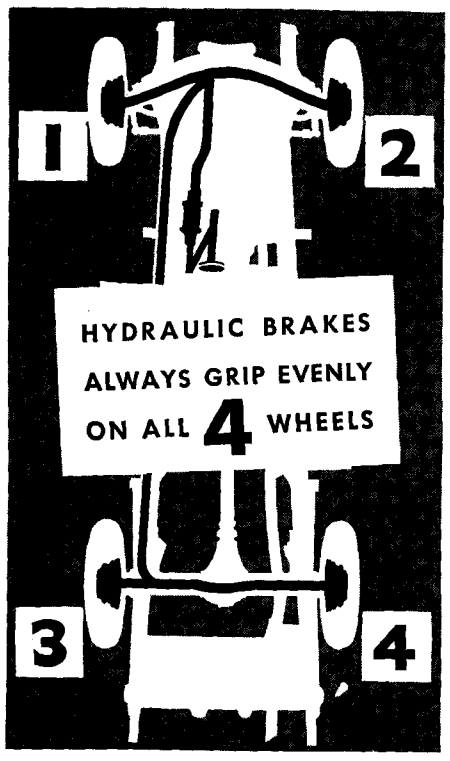
Its Floating Power engine mountings give you freedom from engine vibration. Its Individual Wheel Springing lets you forget that roads are rough.

• • •

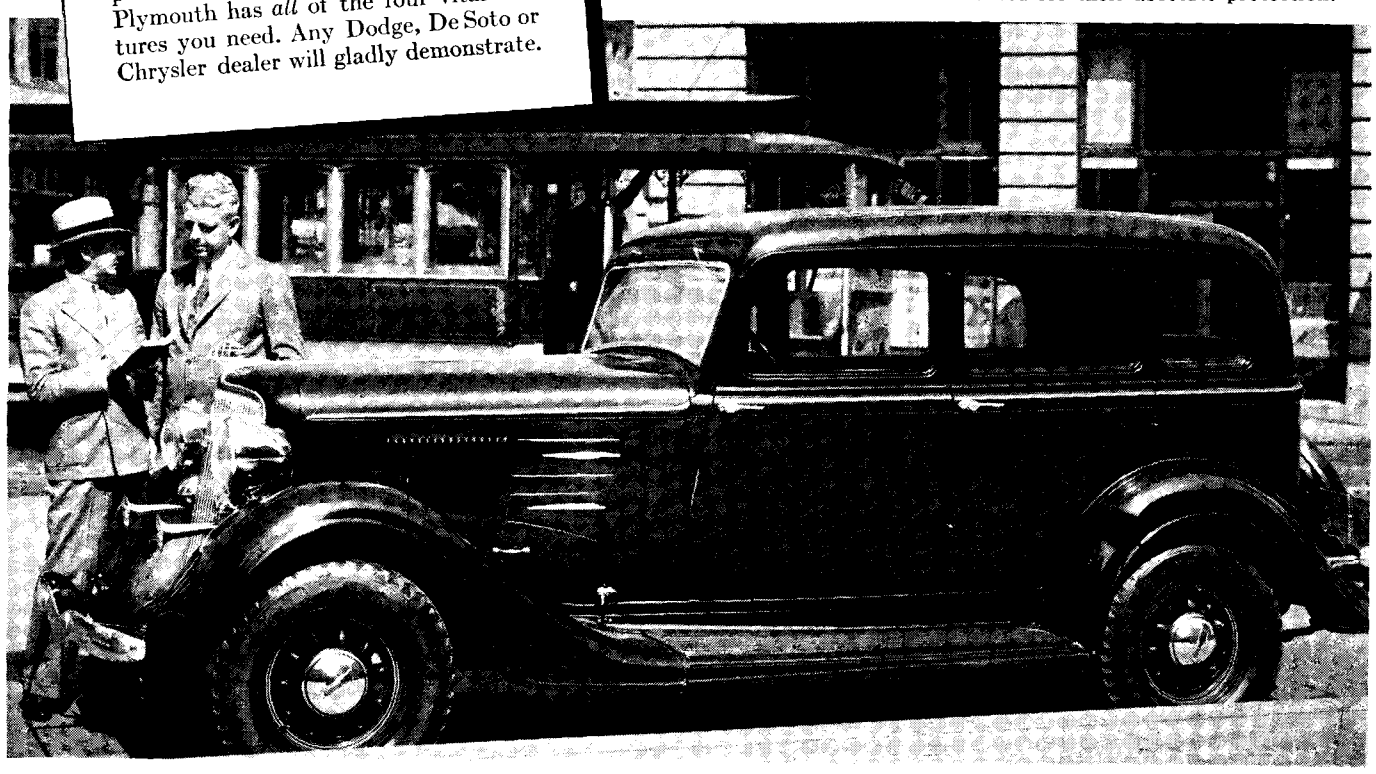
CHECK THE DIFFERENCES in the low-priced cars this year. You'll find that only Plymouth has *all* of the four vital features you need. Any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer will gladly demonstrate.



2 "There are a lot of steep hills in San Francisco. Good brakes are essential. That's why, in 1933, more Plymouths were sold in this city than any other car at any price. Plymouth's Hydraulic Brakes were the one kind that most San Franciscans wanted for their absolute protection."



3 "We'd have lower claims to pay if all policyholders had the extra protection these safer, self-equalized brakes assure. They stop you fast without swerving."



4 Mr. Landresse with the De Luxe Plymouth Sedan. All models have been substantially reduced in price . . . some as much as $45. Prices begin at $485 for the Standard Plymouth; $560 for the new SPECIAL Six; $595 for the De Luxe Plymouth—f. o. b. factory, Detroit. Convenient time payments. Ask for the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

NEW PLYMOUTH $485 AND UP AT THE FACTORY DETROIT

IT'S THE BEST ENGINEERED LOW-PRICED CAR

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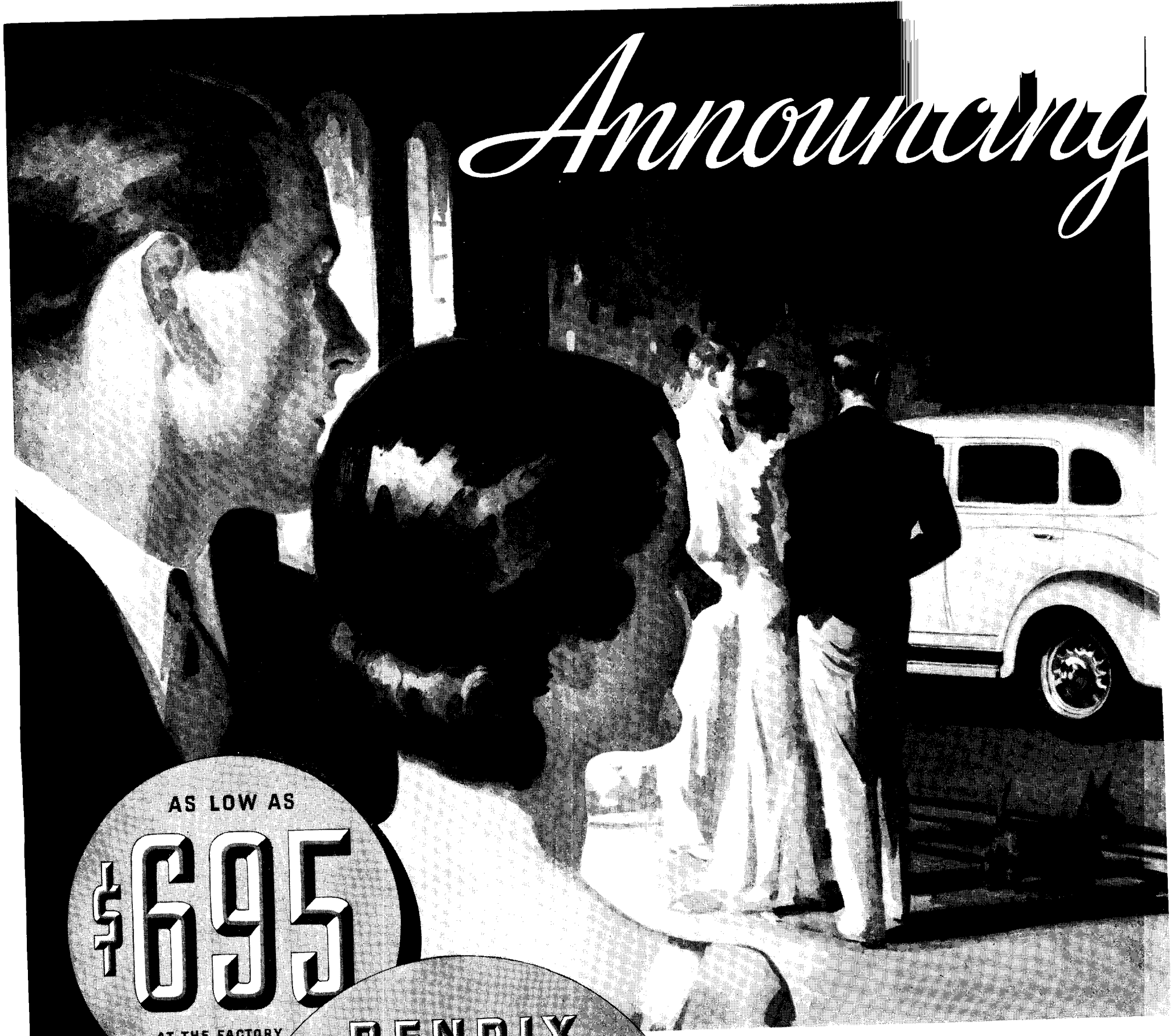

Announcing

AS LOW AS

$695

AT THE FACTORY

BENDIX

POWER

BRAKES

ON ALL MODELS

FROM THE SPEEDWAY
COMES THEIR STAMINA

FROM THE SKYWAY
COMES THEIR STYLE

Advanced skyway styl

Improved speedway stamin

Sensational new low pric

AGAIN Studebaker, sponsor of speed
stamina and skyway style, steps out first
the latest . . . announces new cars that are eas
year ahead in style, performance and advanceme

Studebaker now safeguards your ride with
world's surest, easiest stopping—gives you
super-safety and instant, toe-tip action of Be

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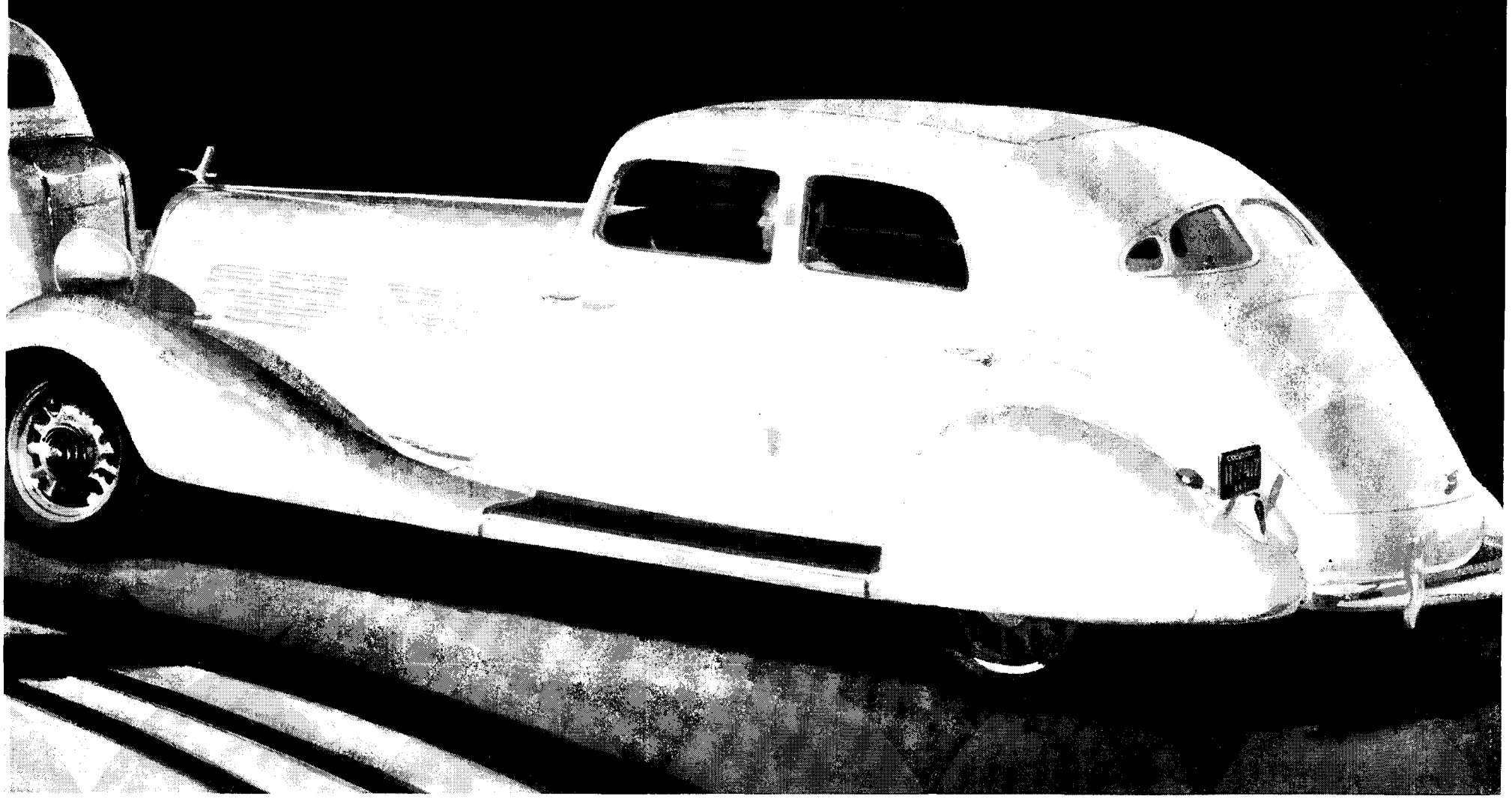
A SUPERB NEW LINE OF "YEAR-AHEAD" STUDEBAKERS



acuum controlled Power Brakes in all models.

Imagine it—not *another* car under $1000 has 'ower Brakes, but *every* car in the top price class as. And now Studebaker engineering vision pro-ides this great advancement for you without extra harge—even in the low priced new "year-ahead" Dictator that lists as low as $695 at the factory!

A year ahead in every way!

These brilliant new Studebakers bring you dra-natic new "year-ahead" design—advanced sky-vay style that stems straight from the proved treamlining of the fastest new transport airplanes.

They bring you tested "year-ahead" comfort vith Studebaker's own million-dollar Quadri-oise Suspension that scientifically cradles the ction of all four wheels and gives you the most estful rear-seat ride in America.

They are cars a year ahead in seating width—in fact, the front seats of the extremely low-priced new Dictators are exactly as wide as those in the magnificent new "year-ahead" Presidents. Three grown-ups easily fit in all the new Studebaker front seats with plenty of leg room, body room and shoulder room.

Extraordinary new performance!

These new Studebakers are built like battleships of seamless, sound-proofed steel reinforced by steel—the body construction all cars are coming to later and that Studebaker gives you now.

But it's when you drive one of these new "year-ahead" Studebakers that you get a real sense of their astonishing value—for they've been given "year-ahead" brilliance of engine performance, "year-ahead" gasoline economy, plus a responsiveness and smoothness under all conditions that surpasses anything you've known.

Lower Prices for Greater New Values!

You'll find that the prices are substantially lower than Studebaker prices of a year ago, although most other cars have advanced sharply in cost.

The new "year-ahead" Commander, for example, is now only $890 at the factory!

Be a year ahead and money ahead. See for yourself how these new "year-ahead" Studebakers show up the best that the rest of motordom offers.

DICTATOR .	**$695**
COMMANDER	**890**
PRESIDENT .	**1170**

Base prices at the factory. Bumpers, special equipment extra

LISTEN TO
RICHARD HIMBER AND HIS STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS WITH JOEY NASH
EVERY TUESDAY—9:30 E.D.T.
COLUMBIA COAST-TO-COAST CHAIN

See the giant Studebaker at the Chicago World's Fair —a huge movie theatre replica of a new "year-ahead" Studebaker—Travel and Transport Building.

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Woman of Honor

By James Warner Bellah

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

HER husband, Eric Cleed, American diplomat in Paris, too obviously interested in other women, Sandra Cleed leaves him, goes to New York. Months later, in *response to his frantic pleas, she returns* to him. He is, she learns at once, having an affair with the beautiful Sonja Bibescu, an intriguing siren. Two shocking experiences follow: someone (mistaking her for Bibescu) tries to shoot her; and a scoundrel—one Cottafavia, whom she meets at a lively party—inveigles her to his apartment, robs her of her ring and pearls.

Sandra reports neither episode to the police—to do so might jeopardize Eric's career. She does, however, confide in Philip Harden. Harden, a dear old friend, loves her. And in a weak moment she has told him that she loves him, has always loved him. Philip listens to the story, then confronts Cottafavia in his apartment, demands the ring and pearls. The man, furious, refuses to give them up. They fight. Philip secures a hammerlock. Cottafavia, in pain, reluctantly hands over the loot; then, attacking the American with a sword, wounds him severely. Realizing that he may die at any moment, Philip summons all his remaining strength, kicks the fellow on the chin—*breaks his neck!*

Then, pretending he is intoxicated (the police are sure to arrest him if they learn he is wounded), he returns the ring and pearls to Sandra. Not until he leaves and she is wondering why Philip has suddenly *taken to drink, does she observe a smear* of blood on the pearls. . . . Eric Cleed, also, encounters tragedy. Warned by his superior that he must drop Madame Bibescu or resign his post, he breaks the news to her, in her apartment. The woman is furious. Presently: "Go—*before I kill you!*" and she leaves the room. A few moments later Eric follows her. He finds her—dead. Someone, using a fine wire or horsehair garrote, has strangled her. Gazing, horror-struck, at the body, Eric hears a knock on the door. He slips down the fire-escape, makes his escape, goes to his apartment, tells Sandra what has happened. He is, he knows, in peril. For he has left incriminating evidence behind. His cigarette case! . . .

A taxicab passes Sandra on a street corner. It stops. "Sandra!"—it is Georgia Crail, an old friend—"Get in quickly. Something terrible has happened!"

Conclusion

GEORGIA was trembling.

"I had to see you, Sandra—I'm leaving for the South on the eight-thirty train if I can catch it. Listen to me—did the others come on to Cottafavia's apartment last night? The one they called Tony?"

"I don't know." Sandra looked at her. "I left shortly after we got there. Why?"

"What a fool I was!" Georgia pressed her gloved fingers to her lips. "But perhaps it isn't so bad. Toby and Anne and Charlie Martin can't really say I was there—for they didn't *see* me there. All they knew is that I got in the cab to go there with you and Rinaldi and Cottafavia. You see, Sandra—it isn't as if my decree were granted. Anne is all right for this sort of thing, but in my case Jack can still bring counter suit against me and do me out of every cent of alimony— Oh, Sandra—you haven't told anyone I was there—with Rinaldi alone last night?"

"Naturally not. Why should I? The subject hasn't come up. Do you mind telling me what this is all about, Georgia?"

"It's perfectly awful, Sandra." She looked out of the back window of the cab. "Awful! This morning—Rinaldi went into Cottafavia's apartment and he was—dead!"

Sandra turned quickly and looked at her.

"Dead, Sandra—there had been a terrible fight—the place was all torn up. I think both of them must have very shady reputations. Rinaldi was so scared he could hardly talk. He seemed to think that he would be suspected. We got out as quickly as we could, and we separated as soon as we got out. I cabbed to the hotel and packed. I don't know where he went and I don't care. But I'm so afraid of the French police—they never fail to trace things like that—and maybe Rinaldi did do it! Oh, Sandra—I never thought of that! Maybe he did. They'll catch him and he'll tell about me—"

"Did he know your name?"

"Only my first name—but the police are so clever here—"

"GEORGIA—I'm afraid you've been reading books. The police are no cleverer here than they are in Chicago."

"Sandra—this is serious—it means everything."

"It means your settlement from Jack—that's what you are trying to tell me?"

"You won't ever let it out that I was there—you won't, will you, Sandra? If I go to Cannes and stay there until the final hearing, it will have had a chance to blow over. If it does—you'll be the only person to know. You won't let me down, Sandra, will you? You won't, will you, Sandra?"

"No," Sandra told her. "I won't let you down."

"Oh, Sandra, thank you—thank you. I'll go right away—I'm taking the first train south—"

"Your opportunities should be greater on the Riviera— You won't have as much amateur competition there, Georgia—God, what a filthy little beast you are. You've been with a man, and you want to cover it up so you can hold a technical husband up for alimony."

Georgia stared at her.

"Sandra—are you crazy? I told you what happened—Cottafavia is dead."

"I expect I must be—stark, raving crazy," she said quietly. "I loathe you and all you stand for—all the rotten, grasping women who batten on men because the law allows them to—men they were once married to—and make them pay through the nose for something they no longer have. Some day you'll die, Georgia. I hope there's enough sawdust left in you to know how rotten you are just before you die. It ought to make you very comfortable. There's a word for you—but it's an honest word. I can't use it."

"I'D HELP you, Sandra—if you were in a mess like this—"

"I wonder—"

"But you're such a stick—you'd never get into anything like it."

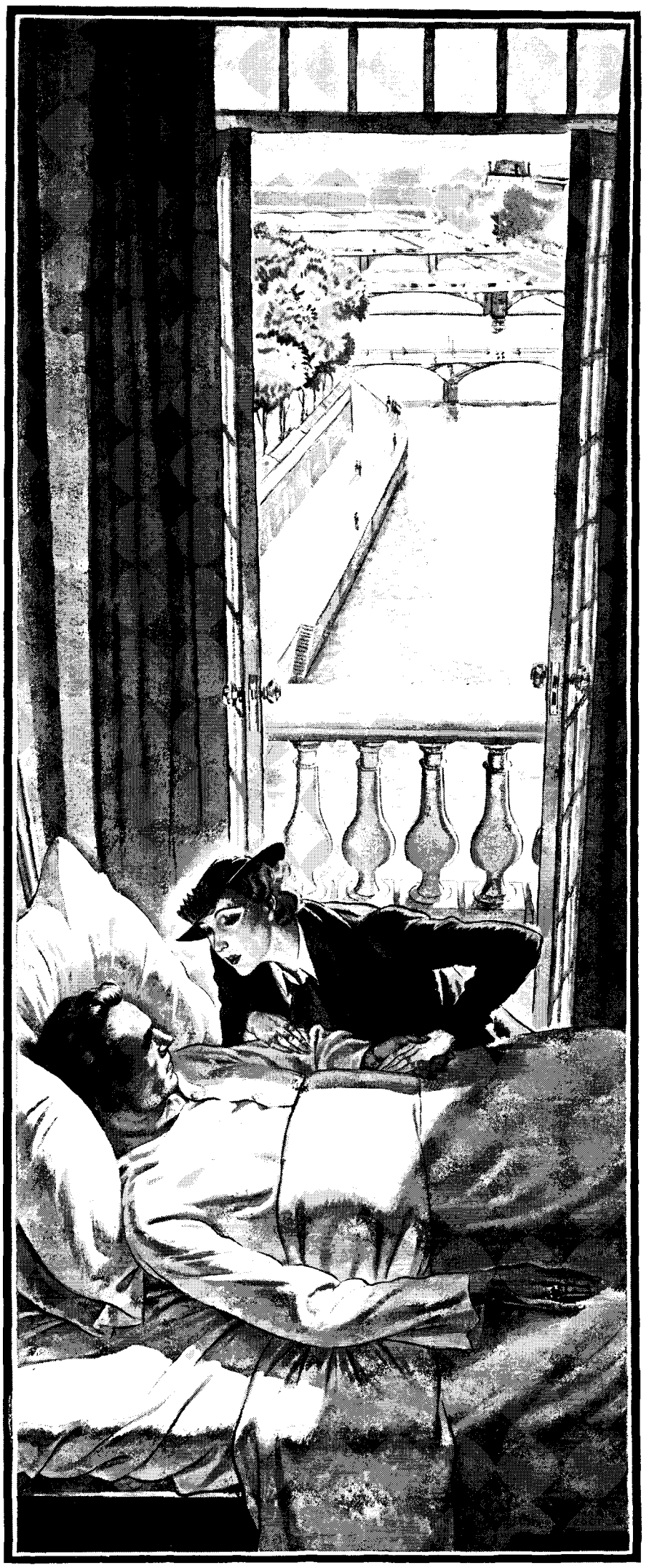
"Thanks," Sandra held her coat tightly around her. "I'll still do you a favor." And she got out. "You're perfectly safe, Georgia—" and the taxi rattled off again.

She stood there, numb to the ends of her fingers. *Cottafavia is dead. Philip* killed him. Oh, no—that can't be so. It can't be! Life isn't lived this way, in violence and death and despair. Life is a quiet business that is so dull actually that it has continually to be livened with artificial drama. But then it might be so. Such things do happen at times. It was half past eight by her watch. Time to call again. She went back and *up to her apartment.*

As she let herself in she could hear Eric's voice, beyond. He turned to her as she came in—and he put the telephone down, missing the rack with it because he was not looking.

"That was Gaston Millefleurs," he said. "He has asked me to call at his

(Continued on page 44)



"Yes," he whispered, "that would be the way of it, of course"

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Make up your mind that you will be financially independent —that's half the battle

PROFESSIONAL and business men often reach their highest earning period when they have passed fifty years. But in many occupations men and women reach their highest earning capacity in their forties.

The majority of men and women who earn more than their living expenses can make certain of future financial independence through Life Insurance. It affords an opportunity to slow down or to give up work completely at an age when many people want to enjoy more leisure.

The more years of probable earning ability a man has ahead of him, the easier it will be to arrange a fixed income sufficient for his needs. For example, as shown above, a man of 35 whose maximum will be $10,000 a year will probably have a rising income for about twenty years.

Among groups who reach their highest earnings in the forties, the annual decrease is less abrupt than that shown in the chart above. Determined to have future security, many persons arrange it during their still productive but less highly paid years.

Life Insurance lays down no hard and fast rules. First it asks, "When do you think you might like to stop work?" You pick the year yourself. Then, "How small a check paid to you each month, for the rest of your life, would furnish comfort and contentment with independence?"

Without placing yourself under the slightest obligation, you can find out how others are planning for their future financial independence and how you may be able to arrange your own. Send for a Metropolitan Field-Man or mail this coupon.

Have a well-rounded Program of Protection. The Metropolitan's contracts afford a means to

—*create estates and incomes for families*

—*pay off mortgages*

—*educate children*

—*provide income in the event of retirement*

—*establish business credits*

—*stabilize business organizations by indemnifying them against the loss of key-men*

—*provide group protection for employees covering accident, sickness, old age and death*

—*provide income on account of disability resulting from personal accident or sickness.*

Metropolitan policies on individual lives, in various departments, range from $1,000 up to $500,000 or more, and from $1,000 down to $100 or less—premiums payable at convenient periods.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. (C)

Without placing myself under any obligation, I should like to have information regarding Retirement Income insurance.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT · · · ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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LET A

CHEVROLET

You can't tell much about a new car by driving it only a few hundred yards. Any automobile can pass a test like that. To know *all you want to know* and *all you ought to know* about it before you buy—you've got to drive it *at least five* miles. Chevrolet is particularly anxious to have you make such a test. Because Chevrolet well knows, from experience, that no low-priced car can even compare with the Chevrolet Six in a 5-mile ride. Without Knee-Action wheels—without cable-controlled brakes—without a Blue-Flame Engine and all the other leading Chevrolet features, a car can't possibly do the things that Chevrolet does, in the way Chevrolet does them. Drive 5 miles—and prove this for yourself!

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms
A General Motors Value

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Save with a CHEVROLET

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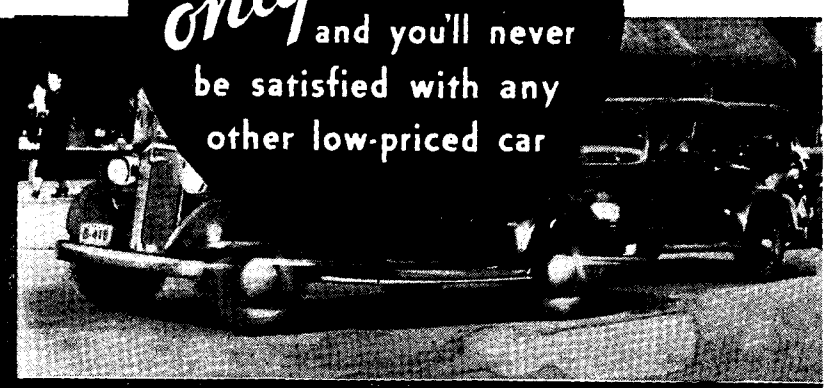
...LE RIDE DECIDE

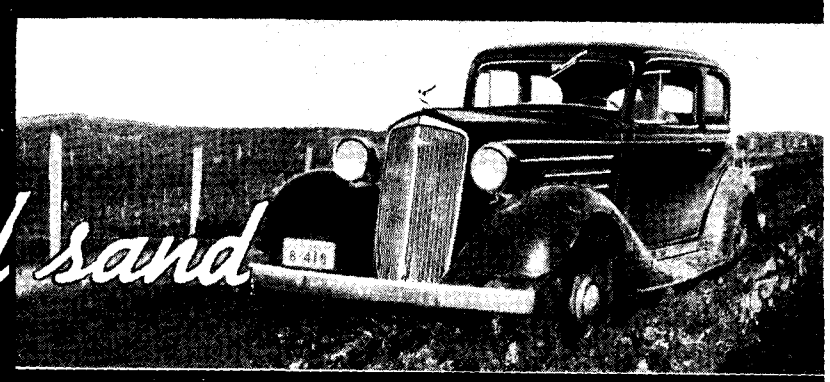
...on't merely make a traffic light test . . .
...on't merely take a spin around the block

GIVE THE CAR A *REAL* TEST . .

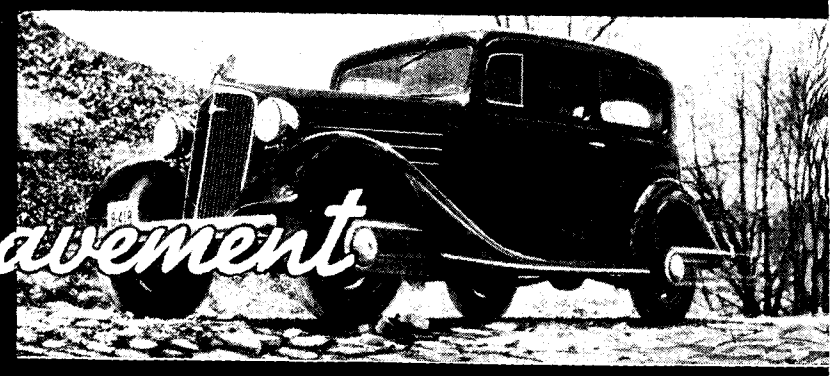
Drive it only 5 miles and you'll never be satisfied with any other low-priced car



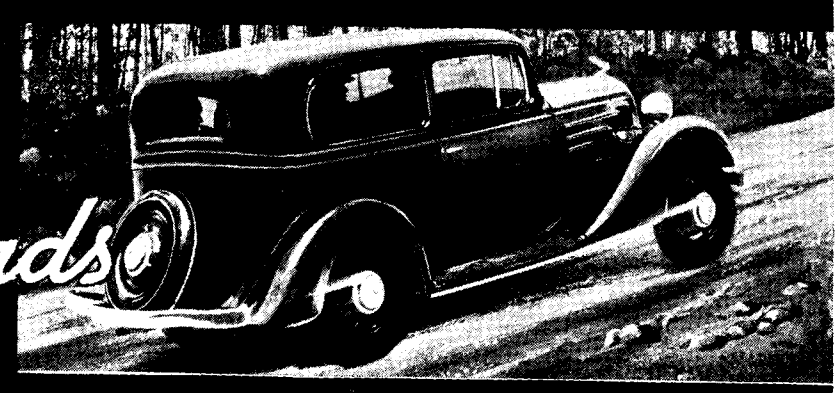
1ST MILE *Traffic*



2ND MILE *Mud and sand*

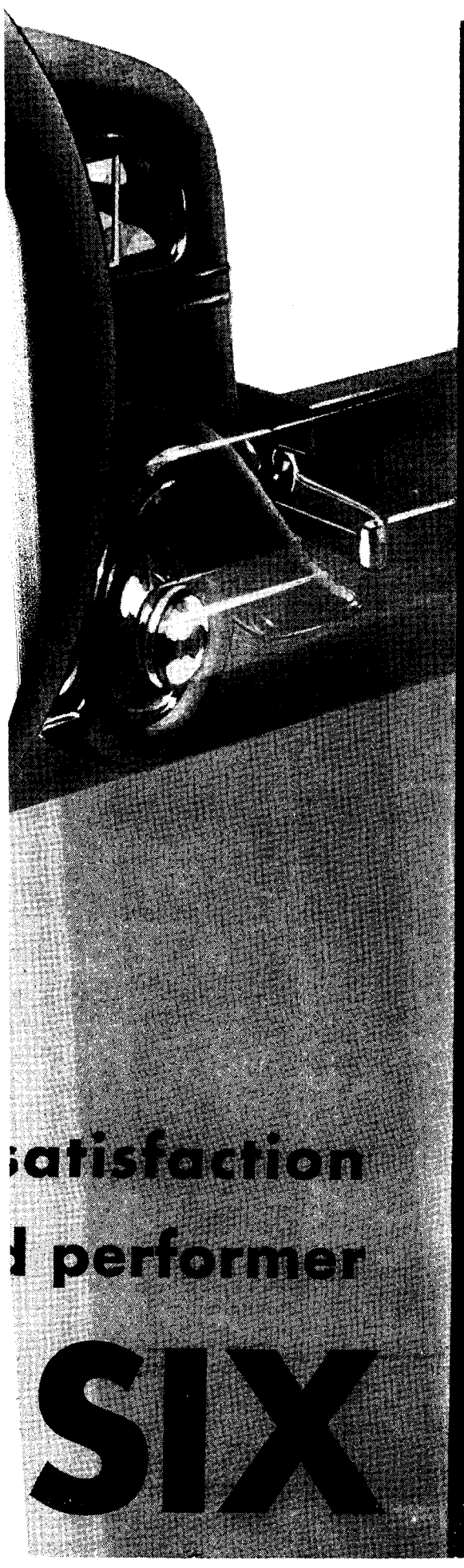


3RD MILE *Bumpy pavement*



4TH MILE *Hilly roads*

5TH MILE *Loose gravel*



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SIX

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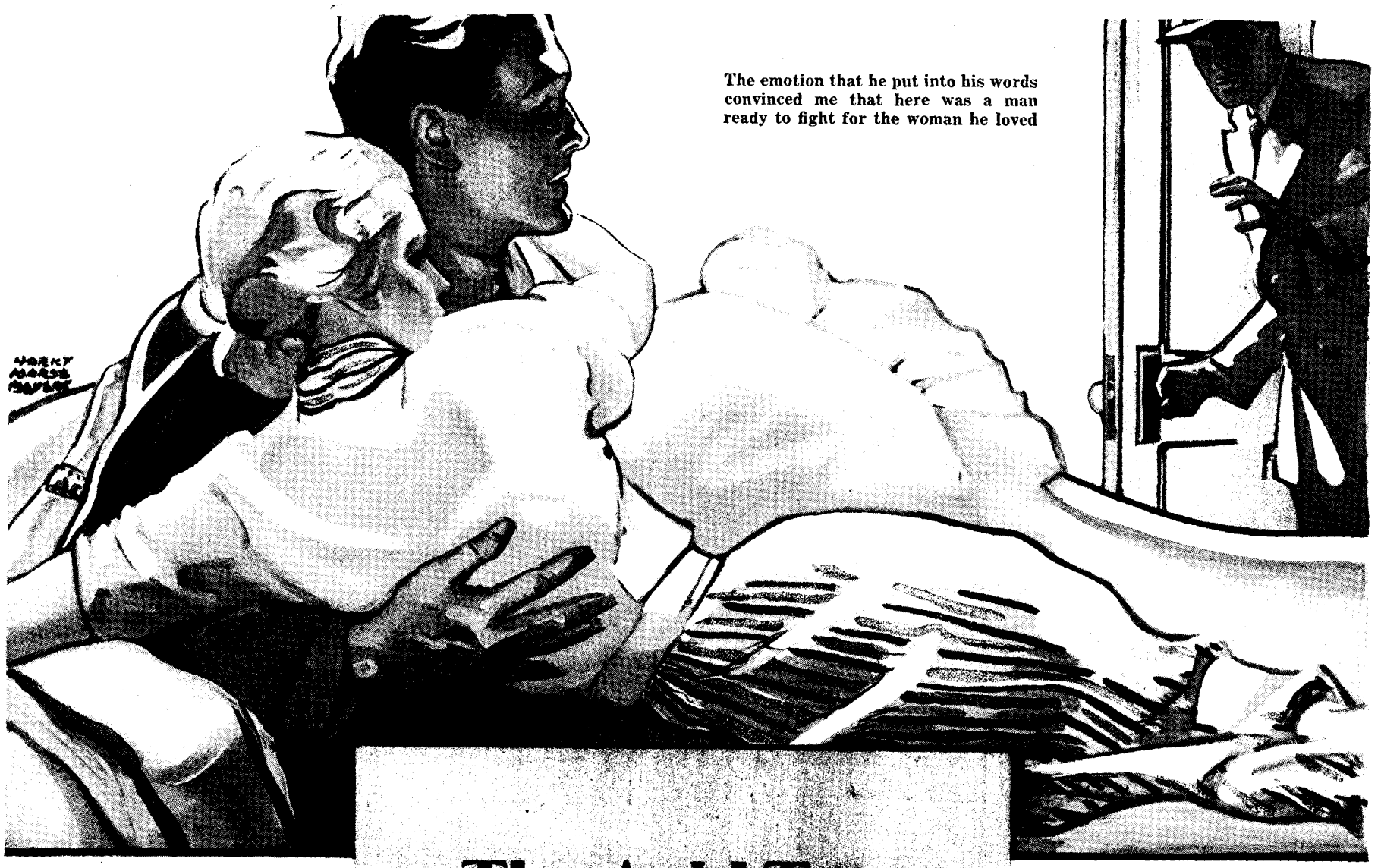

The emotion that he put into his words convinced me that here was a man ready to fight for the woman he loved

The Acid Test

What can a woman do who, loving her husband, finds him infatuated with another woman? The man who tells this story knows one answer, at least

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MYERS

FINDING Daney at that Long Island party was a welcome surprise. I knew, of course, that Ken was in New York, but Daney had said nothing about joining him, when, six weeks earlier, she and my wife, Angela, had come to Southampton to see me off. I gave her a high-sign and drilled through the crowd towards her, looking about for Ken. She told me that he was not there, and put both her absurdly small hands into mine.

"Oh, but it's good to find a friend," she said.

Something in the set of her mouth and the way she spoke told me that all was not well with her. I thought she might be just tired and suggested driving her back to her apartment. She agreed readily and almost gratefully, and went for her cloak.

In the car she seemed quite cheerful—asked after my business, told me this and that about Angela, and seemed surprised that I had seen and heard nothing of Ken. It was her first visit to the United States and I asked how she liked New York.

"Fine, Bob, fine! It has only broken my heart, that's all."

The reply was so startling that, had I been at the wheel, it is likely we should have mounted the sidewalk. Next thing I knew was that she had dropped her head in her hands and was crying inconsolably.

There is something about the tears that a woman sheds when her husband has been unfaithful that differs from any other kind. They are more poignant—more despairing.

I had always been fond of Daney and to see her suffer hurt me immeasurably. Her story, when she had recovered enough control to tell it, was any woman's tragedy. I do not think it possessed a single original feature. Ken, alone in a new country, had met and fallen in love with a woman—a married woman.

I asked if he wanted a divorce, but Daney did not seem to know, and doubted whether Ken himself had any very clear intentions about that. She thought that he was the victim of an obsession. But she did imagine that the woman would want a divorce, and in that I was compelled to agree with her.

American women differ fundamentally from English women in the conduct of their love affairs. They adopt towards them a far more serious attitude of mind. They are not content to love, tire and forget. They demand a complete disruption and reorganization of existing marriage ties. I have yet to determine to my satisfaction which of the two methods is the more immoral.

BUT the urgent need of the moment was to discover some means of comforting Daney—and that was not going to be easy. I told her that with Ken it was just a quirk—a passing fever. I foreshadowed the return of the prodigal, and declared that the madness would never last. I doubt if there is a single cliché to fit the situation that I did not employ with emphasis.

Daney told me that I was very sweet and kind and begged me not to take it to heart. But how could I help doing so? I had regarded her marriage as being every bit as secure as my own. That was why, risking and even inviting a snub, I called on Ken before going home to bed. Daney had given me his address, for since his betrayal she had refused to occupy the same apartment.

It was a late hour to call, but I ignored that objection. I was admitted by a Japanese boy, with one of those sad and tortured faces which probably conceal a very happy disposition.

Ken was on the couch, bracketed by a bottle of whisky and a woman with very dark hair. I imagine, of the two, the woman exercised the stronger influence over him. The expression they wore was exceedingly grave; indeed I never saw a more melancholy-looking couple. I thought: If this is love, deliver me from it! A dull red patch on his right cheek and her left gave rise to the impression that they had enjoyed a closer proximity before my arrival. Those telltale patches angered me unreasonably. I felt that they were traitors' seals—if traitors have seals, which seems rather improbable.

Ken did not rise to greet me. He uttered a vague "Hullo," and asked if I knew Mrs. Carister. I shook my head and replied that I once had the pleasure of meeting her husband and how was he? Apparently she did not know or care, for her answer was an indifferent shrug. After that her eyes sought Ken's again and held them unwaveringly.

Ken said:

"I suppose you've seen Daney?"

I replied, with significance: "Yes, I have."

"I thought so," he said—and offered me a drink, which I declined. Then he said:

"I'll look you up about breakfast time tomorrow."

And I said: "As you please."

That was all. Any message of confidence or criticism that may have passed between us was implied rather than spoken.

I WENT home, and the vision of Daney's grief paraded before me like a ghost. That was why, disregarding what it cost, I called up Angela on the transatlantic telephone and told her everything—at length. She must have wondered why I was ready to spend all those dollars telephoning to her about another woman when I had satisfied my conscience by sending her a night letter for our wedding anniversary. But whatever she may have thought on that matter she kept to herself. She was most sympathetic about Daney, but when I had finished the story she did urge me not to interfere. She said that I would only get myself into a jam, which I thought was rather foolish. I was on the point of asking her how she was, when the operator cut us off.

I am not as a rule a sentimental man,

(Continued on page 48)

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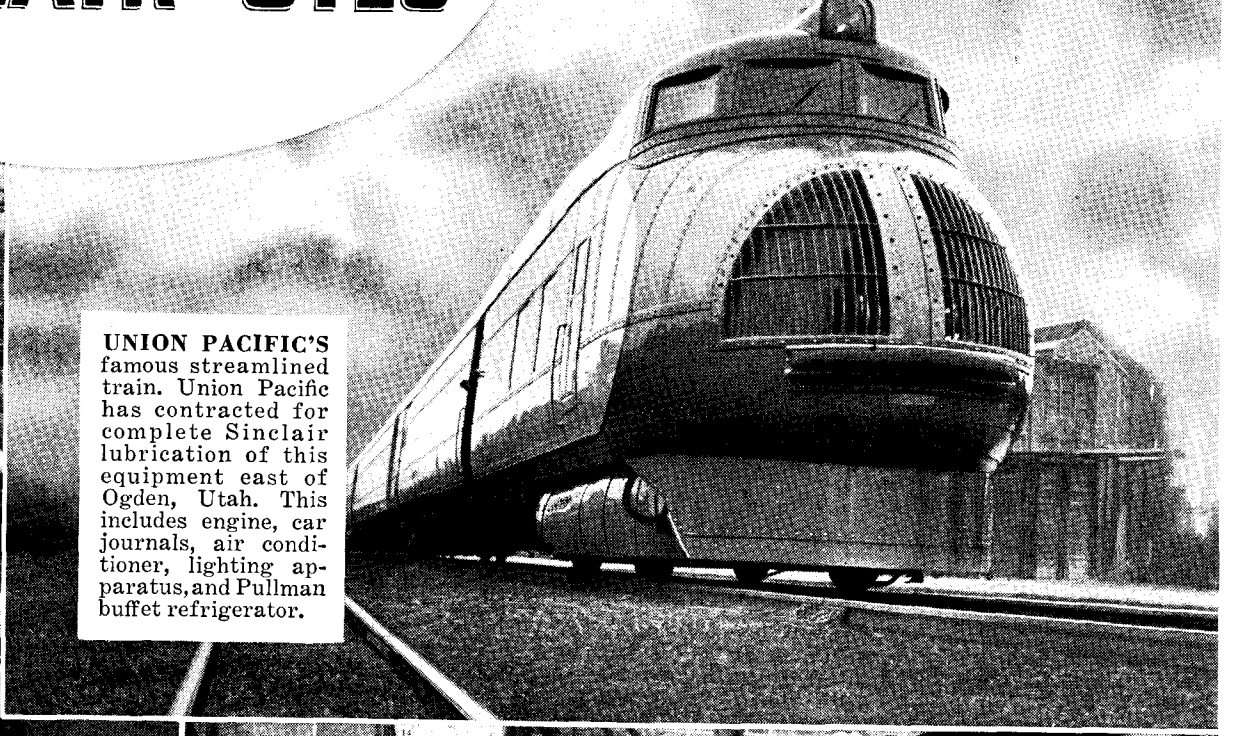
150 AMERICAN RAILROADS USE SINCLAIR OILS

ONE GALLON OF the powerful new Sinclair H-C Gasoline has enough energy, if fully utilized, to hoist the world's biggest tree 8 feet. Automobile road test shows that the new H-C has from 15% to 20% more *smooth* power. Ask the Sinclair dealer for his illustrated "99 Million" booklet.

150 AMERICAN RAILROADS, operating 25,000 locomotives and 500,000 cars, are constant users of Sinclair lubricants. In this list are six great transcontinental systems with many famous "limited" trains.

MINE LOCOMOTIVE hauling a coal train out of a mine. The manufacturer of this locomotive recommends Sinclair lubricants for his equipment. Sinclair oils are widely used in coal mines.



UNION PACIFIC'S famous streamlined train. Union Pacific has contracted for complete Sinclair lubrication of this equipment east of Ogden, Utah. This includes engine, car journals, air conditioner, lighting apparatus, and Pullman buffet refrigerator.

DR. BARNUM BROWN, who heads the American Museum-Sinclair Dinosaur Expedition into Wyoming, measuring the leg bone of Brontosaurus at the Museum. It was while monsters like these roamed the earth that nature was mellowing and filtering the crude oils which are refined into Sinclair lubricants.

SINCLAIR DEALER at Yonkers, N. Y., shows how a 1-quart Tamper-Proof can of Sinclair Opaline holds more than one quart of motor oil to insure full measure. The American Automobile Association says oil bootleggers steal $40,000,000 every year from the public on short measure alone.

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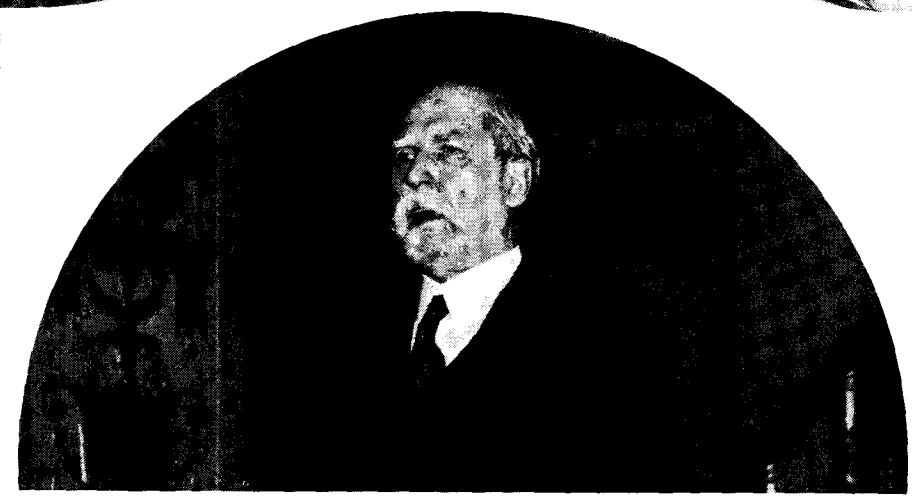
Top row, U. S. Supreme Court Justices Cardozo, Butler, Van Devanter and Sutherland. Lower row, Justices McReynolds, Stone, Roberts and Brandeis



Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes (below) is in a position to make history by widening governmental rule in the realm of social and economic control

The New Deal is edging up to its last and highest hurdle—the quiet deliberations of nine lonely old men. Not since John Marshall's day has the Supreme Court been in a position to exercise upon the country such wide and history-making power

Court of the Last Guess

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

THE most fateful question in Washington right now is: What will the Supreme Court of the United States say when it comes to pass judgment upon the so-called Roosevelt revolution?

The congressional snarlings have quieted. The professors are stowing away their charts and blueprints of a different social and economic order. Administrators are sitting up nights over unexpected practical problems. And, looking the place over, President Roosevelt says, "We are on our way."

But a peaceful revolution in the United States is not such a simple affair as all that. There must now be surmounted a barrier more difficult than mere political opposition and possible slip-ups in the program itself. During all these tumultuous months of legislative incubation and administrative initiation of new laws, nine lonely old men, who carry their noon lunches to work and munch their oranges, apples and sandwiches in a colonial chamber buried deep in the central gloom of the Capitol Building, have been sitting on the sidelines, watching and wondering.

The justices' black gowns of grosgrain silk, which cost $125 each unless, like the fastidious ex-Justice Holmes, they prefer richer vestments, shut them off from Congress and the White House. They are the hermits of Washington, living, except for sudden and sometimes devastating descents into your affairs and mine, in legal aloofness from the social and political whirl.

The court can, of course, say almost anything it pleases, for it is that kind of a court. Despite the popular and useful notion that it never changes its mind, and rarely reverses itself, it does react, slowly and painfully, to the needs of a new day. In fact, experienced lawyers and judges sometimes refer to it as "the court of the last guess."

Minds That Change Majestically

The late Chief Justice White sat on the bench long enough to see his minority view eventually become the majority opinion. Justice Brandeis, only a few months ago, might have permitted himself a characteristically gentle and understanding smile for the same reason. He heard a conservative colleague expound virtually the Brandeis doctrine on social and economic control, although that same justice, less than two years ago, read a majority opinion which outlawed similar experimentation.

Nevertheless, worry over the court's attitude has precipitated exciting discussions among some enthusiastic strategists. Some urge that test cases be hastened to trial, while others counsel delay. The hurry-up fellows argue that the court may be more responsive to a public opinion which now appears to endorse liberal experimentation; they also feel that the argument of an existing emergency will have more force now than when and if the emergency subsides.

Those who would postpone a judicial showdown believe that the successful operation of the new laws may incline the court to accept an accomplished fact and assent to further trial. On the other hand, if the Roosevelt program has not worked, whatever the court says won't matter. They even note the possibility that resignations may permit the President to name somebody more sympathetic toward his ideas than any of the conservatives are presumed to be. Extremists suggest that, as has been done in the past, the membership be increased from nine to eleven through the addition of two liberal- or social-minded men.

Those who count on resignations mistake both the health and temper of the court. Although Justices Sutherland and McReynolds have been diagnosed as ailing for some time, all nine members were never in better health, and if their devotion to routine and exercise is any indication, they are determined to stay that way. With historic decisions in their making, they would no more quit than a fireman would drop a hose in the midst of a blaze; passing upon fundamental questions raised by Mr. Roosevelt's brand of statesmanship will be their big moment.

More Than Meets the Eye

Both the "liberals" and "conservatives" presumably have settled ideas on the subject, and they naturally want a chance to express them. As to "packing the court," it has provoked such outcry in the past that nobody in a position of responsibility would like to attempt it. The suggestion's chief significance is to show the care and anxiety which beset some well-meaning people as the thing they have wrought edges up to its highest hurdle.

Legal experts place more dependence in a possible change in the court's philosophy, in another shift of emphasis in its interpretations. These often escape the casual student and the public which glimpses the court only in its most spectacular though most superficial moments. As the nine men move majestically into the small, monastic

(Continued on page 50)

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TED, YOU'VE BEEN DRIVING PRETTY FAST. AREN'T YOU AFRAID OF A BLOW-OUT?
WHY, THESE TIRES ARE ONLY FOUR MONTHS OLD. THEY WON'T BLOW-OUT!
1
BUT BANG! THEY DID HAVE A BLOW-OUT
2
THE CAR WON'T STOP! LOOK OUT!
3
EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED IN BLOW-OUT ACCIDENTS
4

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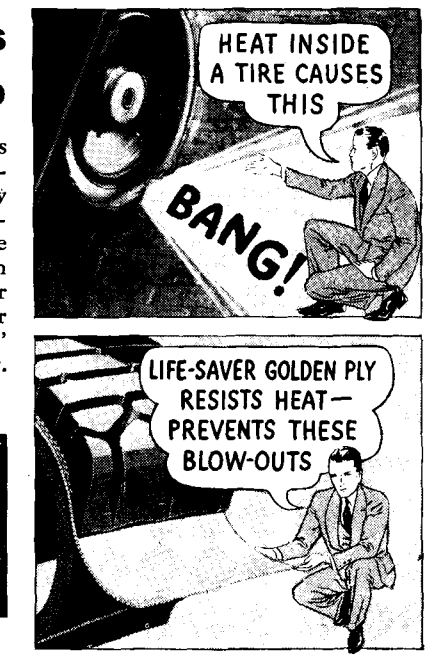

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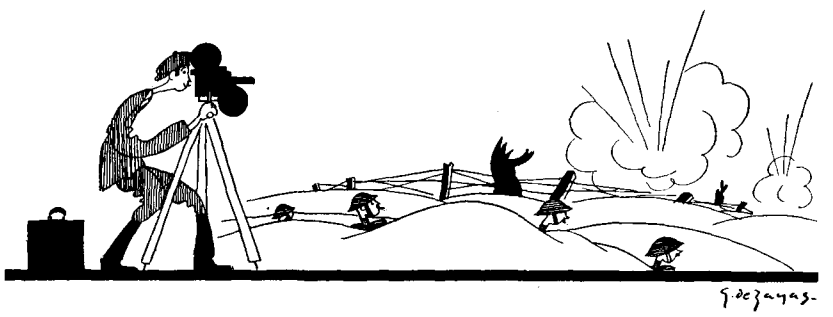


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

For the past 15 years, the British War Museum has searched in vain for the motion picture photographer who made the movie of the Allies firing the last shots of the World War in Maubeuge, France, on the morning of November 11, 1918. In the excitement, he walked away and no one knows who he was or what ever happened to him or to his famous film.

A man can be perfect—physically and mentally—yet not pass his examination for enlistment in the Army of the United States. He can be rejected when his face is characterized by "extreme ugliness."—*By W. R. Melton, Fort Huachuca, Arizona.*

A baby can have four nationalities. This unique situation arises when it has a Turkish mother and a French father and is born on a British commercial ship while in American territorial waters.—*By J. N. McConaha, San Francisco, California.*

In some of the remote villages of eastern European countries, the peasants, when a death occurs, immediately place a large tub of water outside the front door so that Death may wash his scythe when he leaves. —*By George Polhamus, Toledo, Ohio.*

The method of preserving food in tins is possibly one of the greatest inventions in historic times. It has permitted man to import and store his food in any quantity and at any time, thus relieving him of his dependence upon harvests and local supply. Canned food for his armies, it has been said, would have enabled Napoleon to conquer the world.

About 15 out of every 100 men and women in the world today have black teeth, the result of chewing betel nut, Asia's stimulating narcotic and masticatory.

Only the Japanese cultivate the unique art of growing dwarfed trees in pots for room decoration. Sometimes these little trees, even after hundreds of years, are less than two feet in height, yet their proportions of stem, branch and leaf are preserved with fidelity. Pots containing groups of six or eight fine ones, suggesting a forest, have been sold for thousands of dollars.

Certain fireflies emit a light that, although only 1-50th of a candlepower, is so penetrating that it passes through paper, flesh and wood. In fact, X-ray photographs of these substances have been made by this insect illumination.—*By J. T. Finbay, Emporia, Kansas.*

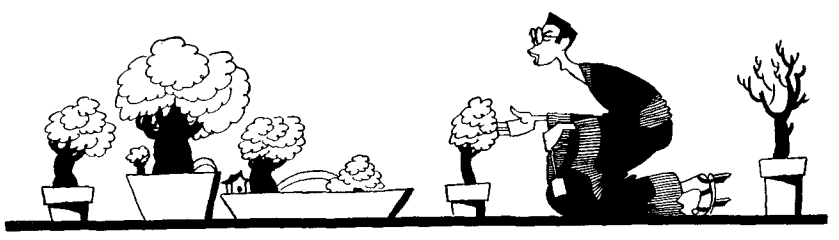
Between 1899 and 1920 in British Somaliland, a fanatic called "The Mad Mullah" carried on a one-man war with Great Britain. Finally one day, when he was in the desert with relatives and counselors, an airplane appeared in the sky. Never having seen one before, he told his party it was a messenger from Allah. The "messenger" dropped his message—a bomb—and killed nearly all of them. The Mullah escaped—but learned his lesson.

Deaf-mutes seldom use the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, except when communicating names and dates that must be spelled. They employ an indicative sign or symbol language which is faster than speech and generally understood in many countries, hence mutes of different nationalities can sometimes converse without any knowledge of each other's written language.—*By J. F. Regan, Lawrence, Massachusetts.*

The "Laundry File" of the Bureau of Missing Persons in New York City is believed to be the only index of its kind in the United States. It is a classified list of the individual markings or symbols of more than 6,000 laundries in the city that has proved extremely useful—when other means have failed—in identifying unknown dead and victims of accident, illness and amnesia.

The "Little House of Divine Providence"—a home for the sick and destitute—in Turin, Italy, is a monument to faith in humanity. It was started 107 years ago with four beds. Today it takes care of 10,000 inmates at a cost of more than $15,000 a week. Yet every cent that it has received in its history has been voluntarily deposited by benevolent souls in a money box stuck in the wall near its front door.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



Eating Out

Continued from page 22

farmer's corn patch and roast it in the ashes. And if you want it roasted but not scorched, make sure it is packed in hot ashes, not coals, around the edge of your fire where it will get heat but no burning. Or do this: Scoop a shallow hole in the earth and fill it with burning coals. Prepare the corn by taking off just the outer husk, tearing out the silk, breaking an inch off the tip of the cob and pulling the remaining husks tightly over the broken end. Rake the coals out of the hole, put the corn in and cover it with hot sand or hot ashes, then the burning coals and enough fire to keep the heat up. Cook thirty minutes or so, prodding with a long-handled fork to see how things are coming. Baked corn, potatoes treated in the same way (for an hour), grilled steak or grilled bacon and eggs (any style), and watermelon that has been getting cold in the near-by brook make a meal to remember that day by.

Fish fresh from the stream—that's an inducement for the outdoor cook. On the bank of the stony, splashing trout brook from which you have just pulled your speckled trophies, all cold and gleaming from the water, build a small fire and in the hot fat of your frying pan, sizzling to the accompaniment of the piping thrush and the merry warbler, cook the fish quickly, season lightly and eat joyously.

Or fish may be broiled, small ones whole and quickly over a hot fire, large ones over a slower fire, headless, split down the back and overlaid with strips of bacon. Or let a large fish baste itself quietly in its own juice, helped out with a sprinkling of olive oil or butter, in a reflector oven while the open fire puts on the browning touches.

The reflector oven was about the last word in cooking equipment in our great grandmothers' day, and is one of the first for the outdoor cook today. This little sheet-metal gadget, open toward the fire, sloping top and bottom to reflect the heat onto the baking shelf, will roast your fish or meat or fowl, bake pies, cake, biscuits, and then fold up into a compact, easily portable two-pound package.

Doing Right by Clams

Along the seacoast outdoor cooking means a clambake. There are specialists in clambakes, weather-beaten, yarn-spinning old seamen who have settled down to a steady business in the season, so do your booking early. Or if clambaking on your own, make a hollow in the sand and line it with stones, so that you have an open-topped oven. Build a very hot fire in this and let it burn all day if possible—the hotter your stones the more successful your clambake. Now to test your speed. The old-timers do this in one minute flat—rake out the coals, cover the hot stones with wet seaweed, put in your clams done up in cloth bags, add corn in the husks, cover and pack around the edge with more seaweed, cover with several layers of canvas weighted around the edge with sand. Then go play ball on the beach while the clams steam—about forty minutes, the time depending on the heat of your stones. The clams are done when they "hunch" or slip in the shells. Season with melted butter, salt and lemon juice, with salt air and running white-capped waves and the sun slipping below the sea—and a bonfire blazing up as night comes on. Let bright red tomatoes be the salad course, and crackers and cheese the dessert—if there's room. And brew coffee by pouring boiling water over a cloth bag of coffee in a hot pot and setting it to steep for about ten minutes beside the fire.

We haven't even mentioned the things you can do out of a can. Baked beans heated and served as is (but don't be like the scout leader who set an unpunctured can over the fire and is still picking the beans out of his ears), or made different by adding bacon, onion and green pepper; salmon to be made into cakes; shrimps to be creamed; entire meals, chow meins, meat stews, done in tin or glass. And the whole school of canned soups; a good thick soup, mulligatawny or clam chowder, is a meal in itself, served with plenty of crackers toasted and hot from the grill. There are bouillon and other clear soups for the hot food you want on even the warmest day, and a great delicacy, cream of mushroom soup. Soup is even made into sausage rolls out of consideration for the hiker. Hack off a bit of bean soup, or pea or asparagus and cook it for fifteen minutes or so in hot water, adding half-inch pieces of Vienna sausage if you've brought a tin of those.

What to Take with You

There's no limit to the equipment you can use. You can depend on nature as the gypsy does, coat your fish or fowl with clay and bake it in the coals—and very delicious it will be, too; or be like the gentleman who travels with a complete china closet in the back of his limousine and a neat little alcohol stove, over which his chauffeur cooks the fish catch of the day.

Just to get an idea of what would be most useful on, say, a cross-country automobile trip, we consulted Mr. Anthony Fiala, who has made camp himself everywhere from the Arctic Circle to the Mexican border and who has outfitted Byrd, Lindbergh, the week-end hiker, every sort of outdoor person. And a very compact, simple little outfit he suggests—an iron frying pan, aluminum pots that nest, with an aluminum coffeepot in their midst and enamelware cups in the coffeepot; paper or wooden plates, unless you like to wash dishes; the necessary cutlery; a reflector oven; maybe a Dutch oven; a metal icebox that fits on the running-board to hold perishables and such salad delicacies as raw carrots (eat them out of hand, sliced the long way), cucumbers to be sliced as wanted, tomatoes, things like that; and whatever you fancy in the way of grill or stove. Maybe a folding grate that stands on its own legs over your fire; or a gasoline stove, or a canned-heat stove, or a charcoal broiler, if firewood is scarce in the country you are exploring.

And just to make sure your fire is the best kind of one-match fire, we've consulted authorities on that subject. They agree on the wigwam technique—a little, open-air wigwam of dry, hardwood sticks (if you know hardwood when you see it) built over a small, loose wad of tinder—paper, small twigs, shavings, etc.—in a spot that is shielded on two or three sides. Light the tinder at the bottom, windward corner, add small sticks, always on end, as the fire burns. When it is well under way bigger sticks may go crosswise.

The tricks of cooking out are all this simple—you'll be thinking up more of your own right along. Just try it, on a hilltop, beside a stream, on the beach, in your own back yard—the taste of the out-of-doors cooked into your food is enough to drive you often away from home.

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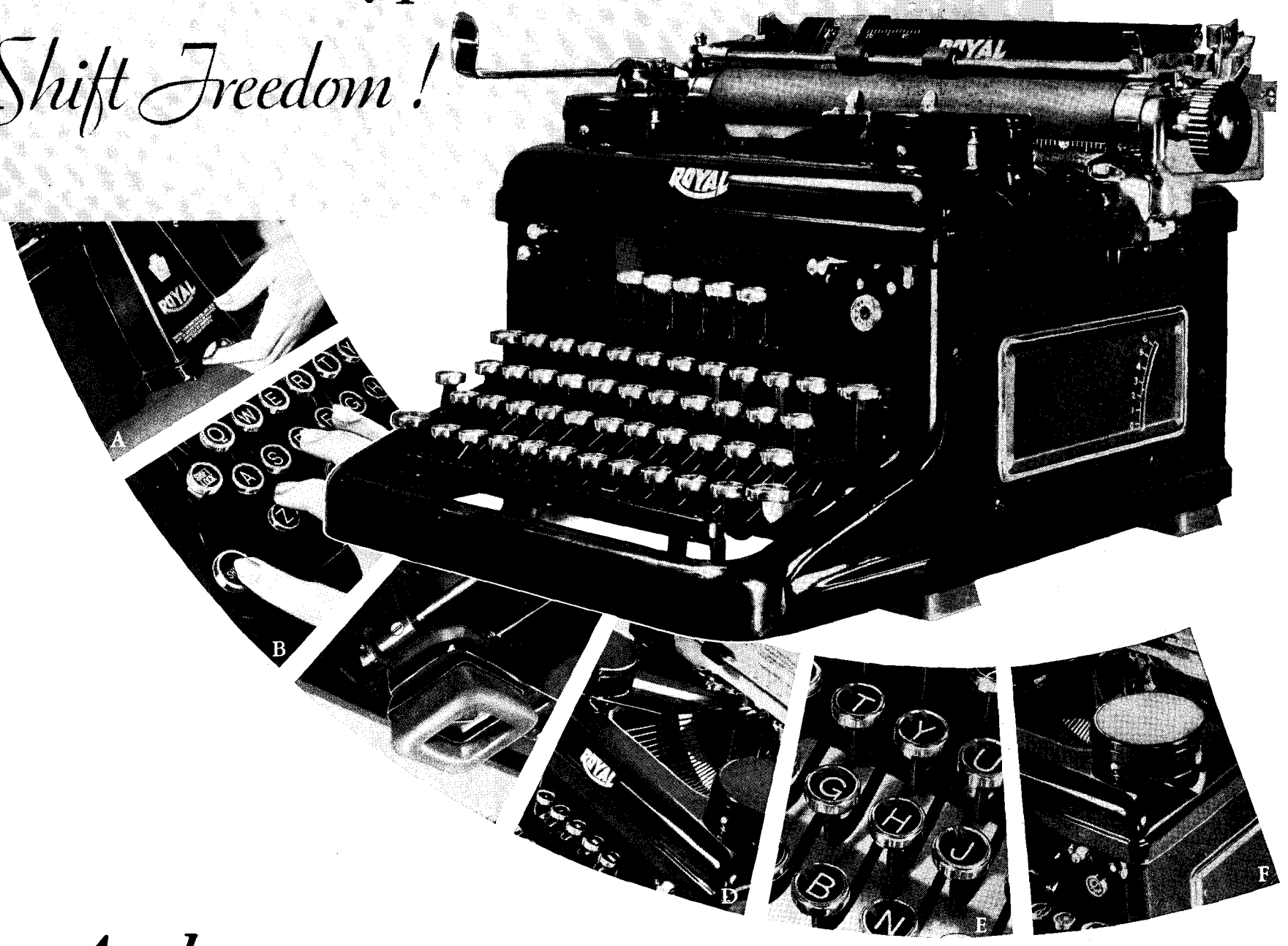

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Take a Chance

Continued from page 15

from this field again!" We just drove off.

Up to this time, as I think I've mentioned, Francis was a diminutive specimen of the perfect male. But two of his front teeth were crooked. However, when I met him at Dartmouth that fall he had the evenest, whitest front teeth in America. He didn't give me a chance to ask him about them—he explained it before I could greet him. His own front teeth, he said, had been knocked out that summer in a fight—one of a number he'd had. I gathered that he enjoyed fighting.

With those sparkling new front teeth and all his other perfections it wasn't strange that he was able to have a few quick fights the first month in college. It may be true that women don't like pretty women; it's certainly just as true that men don't like beautiful men. And Francis was dazzling by this time. You see, he had developed that literary quality that he now has. We'd see him walking across the campus with his eyes focussed ahead, and some big book in his hand, with his thin fingers marking the place where he'd been reading. He was a curious guy—just like two people: one of them a quiet, studious, modest, artistic soul; and the other a knock-down-drag-'em-out, no-holds-barred, rough-and-tumble fighter. It's no wonder the newspapers have said so much about him the last year or two.

Well, anyway, after he had made the mistake of letting people see that he was not only absolutely fearless, but that he actually enjoyed a good fight, he wasn't able to get much excitement. He lived a life that must have been too quiet for the turbulent side of his nature.

He would walk along, all alone, looking classical, with one of those tomes in his hand, lost in thought; but now and again he would glance up sidewise hoping to find somebody criticizing him, whereupon he would have popped him rapidly on the jaw; but, unfortunately, everybody treated him with profound respect by this time, and called him Francis.

When they learned to know him as I did they liked him, too. He was generous and kind, and unfailingly pleasant. He was always helping some poor boob with his studies, or reading to a fellow who was sick, or doing a good deed. His mother had taught him to do good deeds, and it had become a habit.

His mother still wrote him every day —special deliveries—and he wrote her every day, too. Once she wrote him that she had always dreamed of him being a harpist—he could sing like a lark but he didn't very often—and since he enjoyed music and his mother wanted him to do it, he bought a harp and began to study. He was getting deeply interested when that ski business caught his fancy. He distinguished himself in many ways at Dartmouth, but probably the most spectacular was his jumping.

HE WAS tinkling away on his harp, all absorbed in some music, one winter day when I came in to get a cap.

"Where you going?" he asked casually.

"Gonna watch 'em ski jump," I said. "Come on."

"I don't want to see it." He tinkled away for a bar or two. Then he dropped his hands, closed his eyes, and began to look about the same way he did before his solo flight.

"You can't hope to find a more dangerous winter sport," I said.

He reached for his mackinaw.

"O. K.," he said. "Let's go."

To me there isn't a more thrilling sight in the world. It was a brilliant winter day, and we arrived at the jump just in time to see a tiny figure poised at the top of the slide. We saw it move off, rush down with fearful speed, growing larger and larger, and go hurtling off into space.

It caught Francis right away.

"What's the most dangerous jump you can make?" he wanted to know.

"Well, it's possible to somersault off the jump."

"O. K.," he said, looking around. "Let's get at it. Who's the head man of the ski jump?"

WITH all his past record before me, I expected him to hurl off into a somersault the first time. But he didn't. Freshman year he just learned to ski. The second year he went off the jump. The third year he did some of the most hair-raising somersaults you ever saw. He was just getting ready to try a double somersault when the school authorities put a stop to it.

After that, he never again put on skis while we were in school. Apparently, the only way he liked it was to make it as dangerous as possible.

But in our senior year I came to the conclusion that Francis was afraid of something, after all.

I decided that he was afraid of women.

And the way this fear manifested itself was in a rushing flush that went over him from his collar line to his hair. Afterward, his face would drain of color and his lips start to move—probably because even this danger intrigued him a little.

He had always been so busy taking wild chances that I had naturally supposed he didn't have time for dates. But I made this discovery about him during the Winter Carnival in our senior year. In the midst of the hilarity I realized with a shock that Francis was plugging away in his room, just as he had done at carnival time for the past three years! Isn't it odd I didn't realize that before? I was always so busy with some dizzy beauty I'd had shipped up from somewhere that it had escaped my attention.

I went over to the rooms to stir him up—but nothing would move him. I talked for an hour. Now and again he would go to the window and look out, watching the girls in sleighs, or studying them as they walked by with the men; but he refused to join the party.

One night when we were sitting around, talking with an alumnus who was now a family man, with four kids, Francis made quite a speech about the fearful responsibility of looking after a woman, and raising children. He said a man with any imagination and judgment, who realized what that business involved, would never do it, in this day and age. He was almost violent on the subject, and waved his arms and got red in the face—and then pale. Of course, what it revealed to us was that he didn't know the first thing about women, or how nice they could be, or how helpful, or that it's practically impossible for a man to go through his life without one. I remember that his strange talk stunned me, because I was trying to figure out where I could scare up enough money to buy a ring.

"All winter I dreamed of this—then she forgets the sardines!"

CHON DAY

Well, anyway, I decided that it made him seem more human to discover that he was afraid of something, even if it was only women.

MANY things happened in between those days and our next meeting. Our paths didn't cross for quite a while, though I was always hearing about him. Someone must have told him how dangerous the game of polo could be, because he distinguished himself on a championship team in the East. In fact, the sports writers called him Fearless Francis Pearl, saying that it had been his nickname in school—which wasn't true.

Then there was the summer when, for some reason, there were a lot of airplane disasters. These must have renewed his interest, because I heard he was flying again. That wasn't until his mother had passed away, though. I wrote him a note about his mother, and he answered it at once. He was pretty low, because his mother had always been so close to him. I didn't hear directly from him again for a while.

In the meantime, I got the ring all right, and a newspaper job, and the girl; but it all turned out rather sadly —the girl and I found out we were the wrong types. She took the house and the furniture and the car, and I took a vacation. I came out here to Hollywood and thrust my neck into a publicity office—and there I hang to this day.

But about Francis.

Over my breakfast one spring morning, when the air was heavy with the scent of orange blossoms, and the spring sun was causing me to think of Malibu Beach and pretty girls, I read a news story about Francis on the sports page. Driving down to the office I thought about him, and his curious fear of women, and when I sat down to dictate for a panting public the latest madness of Miss Diana Laird, I wrote to Francis, instead. It was a crazy letter and went something like this:

Dear Francis:

Polo and flying and somersaulting on skis—that's child's play, boy! Here it's spring and I'm in Hollywood, writing publicity about the most dangerous woman in the world. It takes courage to be in Hollywood in the mating season. . . . Scent of orange blossoms and peach and lemon blossoms, and the smell of sage in the air, and moonlight on the Pacific unsettles the mind. . . . Only careless, or mad, or brave men are here, now that March has come. . . .

And a lot of stuff like that.

Well, sir—he came!

HE WALKED into my office one day looking as shapely and as elegant as a little Apollo Belvedere, in well-fitting sports clothes. His blond hair curled in tiny ringlets no longer, but waved back from his forehead in a sort of radiance. He moved with the graceful stride of a lithe, small athlete, and he was as brown as I was. He seemed very glad to see me and shook hands with a crushing grip.

"When'd you get in?" I asked.

"About a week ago."

"Fly?"

"Sure. I always fly."

"Alone?"

"Sure."

"*Over the mountains?*" I said.

"Umhum."

He sat down on the edge of my desk. In the outer office I could see my stenographer slowly returning to consciousness. She was looking for her lipstick, and settling the collar of her dress, and combing her hair—one after another, as fast as she could.

"I'd be scared stiff, flying over the mountains alone," I said.

He sat very still, his hands folded, looking at me with what I suppose was as near scorn as his beautiful face could manage.

"You can't live and be frightened," he said. "My dad used to say that before he died. Never let anything frighten you. Take my advice," he said. "Life isn't worth living if you're afraid."

That was all right for him to say, born fearless; but I'd be scared flying over the mountains alone and I don't care who knows it. I'm even afraid of elevators, and I don't care who knows that, either.

"Where are you stopping?" I asked.

"Took a house—here in Hollywood."

"Didn't believe me when I said it was dangerous?"

"What if it is?" he said, giving me a funny look.

I didn't know when to stop.

"How does it happen you aren't married yet?" I said. "Afraid of it?"

He looked me right square in the eye. He was angry.

"I had some other things to do first, that's all. You can't be afraid of women."

"How would you like to meet a few?" I said tauntingly. I was pretty sure he was afraid of women.

He picked up his hat.

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"O. K.," he said. "Let's go."

As he walked out ahead of me I thought he looked older, but I didn't know in just what way.

He didn't notice my stenographer and she was so disappointed that I patted her on the shoulder as I went by. It was like giving her a raisin when she hoped for an orange.

I took him to a celebrated restaurant. It was lunch time, on a Saturday. When I walked in with Francis the people thought I was parading the latest find from New York. Francis created a definite stir. Even in that place where handsome men were the rule, not the exception, he was the most ornamental model of the male sex anyone had ever seen.

"How would you like to be an actor?" I asked, hopefully, visualizing a fortune.

He made a wry face. He didn't like actors.

It was while we were having our soup that I motioned with my thumb:

"If you want to see a dangerous woman—there's the most dangerous woman in Hollywood."

He turned around in his seat like a flash.

"Where?"

"Not so fast," I whispered. "When you stare here, stare *subtly*."

"Pardon me," he said, all excited. "But where?"

I WAS referring to Diana Laird, of course. Everybody knows about it now. But if you've missed the details: Diana was a society girl athlete until the Olympic Games in Los Angeles. She won a half dozen women's events and stayed on in pictures. Several of the girls from the games that year lingered in Hollywood, but Diana was the most arresting personality of them all.

To begin with, she was a striking figure of a woman, five feet ten inches tall, beautifully modeled, alluring and lovely, but supple as a young colt. Still, there are hundreds of beautiful women in Hollywood; Diana stood out because she was exotic and because she was so coldly ruthless with men.

She had a mysterious, semi-hypnotic power over men—and she scorned them all. It was said around the studio that she was looking for a *man*, not a leading man; and leading men are most numerous in Hollywood, as you know. You'll remember how much talk there was after poor little Gregory Land committed suicide, and wrote her that pitiful note about how he couldn't live without her?

"The little fool," Diana said about Gregory.

No sentiment, no pity, no concern. . . .

Francis studied her covertly. She was wearing a large, black hat that shadowed her eyes and made them mysterious. Her tanned fingers were toying nervously with a table knife, and she looked as aloof and distant there as she did in the movies.

Francis turned back to me.

"All right," he said. "What about her?"

So I told him.

"And what's more," I said, "she's a cinch to write publicity about—she won't take a dare."

"What do you mean?"

"She won't take a dare. Somebody dared her to jump off the night boat to Frisco."

"Yes?"

"She did it."

"Good," he said.

"What's more," I said, "I don't think any man can escape her charm. I used to think that stuff was the bunk, but I don't any longer. I feel it, myself, when I talk with her. She doesn't pay much attention to me—but I feel it."

"Well," said Francis, rubbing his palms together. "Let's meet her. Let's go."

I stared at him.

"Come on, come on," he said impatiently.

"Look here," I protested. "She won't go for you. There's a rumor around Hollywood that she's looking for a man six feet four inches tall."

He was already on his feet. He is only five feet five with his chin up—but he looks taller.

Diana was alone, and I was full of misgivings. She had an imperious way about her when she didn't want to be disturbed. But Francis was marching in a straight line to her table and I had to keep up.

She had just ordered a drink.

"Sit down," she said.

She regarded Francis with brief interest, and then noticed how short he was; yet, after he was opposite her, I could see that his beauty impressed her. She studied him. She had a cold-blooded way of looking at a man.

"What do you do? I've forgotten your name. An actor?"

Francis turned slowly to me and in the coolest, most self-assured tone imaginable, he said:

"She's rather rude, don't you think?"

They measured each other like a couple of animals.

The waiter brought her drink.

Without taking her eyes away she reached for the drink and raised it to her lips.

"No, no," said Francis, in a very soft voice. "Girl athlete—mustn't touch!"

He reached over and took the glass out of her hand.

She went after him in a voice that was hung with icicles.

He interrupted.

"Is this the man-eater you were telling me about, George?" he said to me.

He was so cool about it, so kind of humorous, so self-contained and downright brave, that she threw back her head and laughed.

"Tell me about him," she begged me.

I talked rapidly, but Francis stopped me.

"You do all those things?" she said to him, leaning across the table.

He narrowed his eyes and looked her up and down. "I'll just dare you to run around with me for a week," was all he said.

WELL, the rest of it has been in the papers; I don't need to go into that. He kept her in a state of jitters for three weeks—riding western horses, and flying in his airplane, and trying to swim to Catalina (you'll remember that they nearly drowned), and skiing at Arrowhead, where she broke her collar bone. She was a wreck when he got through with that courtship. Oh, certainly, it was a courtship—though I was the last to realize it.

After he married her he made her leave pictures. He moved her to an unexciting, suburban town named Monrovia. He's living there with her now—a very quiet life. He has taken up the harp again, and he's studying for a doctor's degree, or something. The other side of his nature is coming out—the quiet, artistic side. They've sold the airplane and they drive around in some kind of a family car, I've forgotten the name. But you know all about it. Even the approaching blessed event has been in the papers.

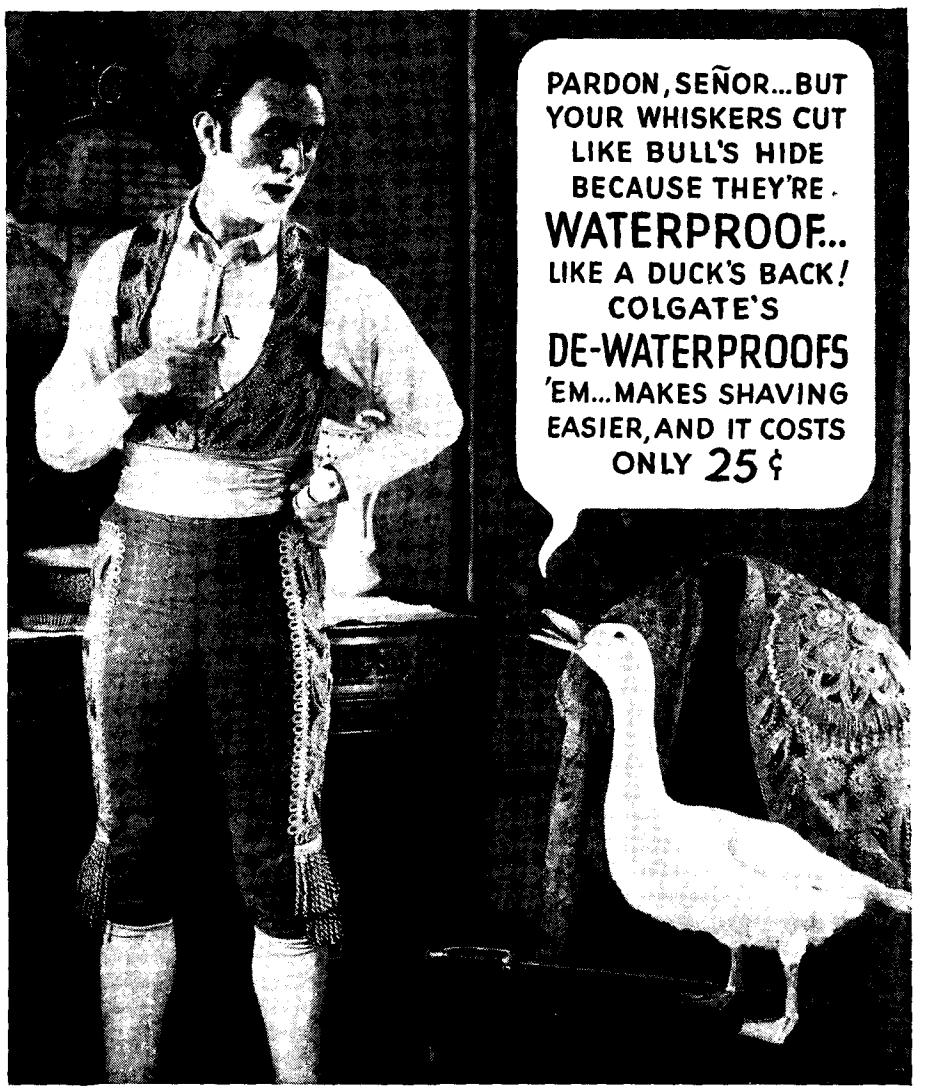
"What'll you name it?" I asked him one day.

"Francis or Frances Pearl," he said. "That's what my mother would have wanted." Then he said: "Francis or Frances F. Pearl."

"What's the F for?" I asked him.

"Fearless," he said.

Well, it will be. Imagine me thinking he was afraid of women!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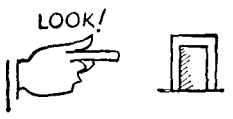

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Don't Send Flowers

Continued from page 11

"I'm sorry," he said.

"I'm sorry, too."

They reached the house with no further conversation.

"I haven't a key," she said.

"What'll we do? Ring?"

She entered the garden. She sat down.

"You make me sick," she said.

He sat beside her and put his arm slowly around her. She leaned back and he kissed her.

"I have an impulse," he said, "to make violent love to you, to spank you, and to hurry away in order to begin forgetting you."

"This is all ridiculous," Betty said, and added irrelevantly: "Why do you like that washed-out Evelyn?"

"She's very nice."

"You're engaged to her."

"Not at all. She's one of five or six girls any of whom may some day become my wife."

"Oh. I suppose you merely have to ask them?"

"Sure."

"I just remembered that there was a key to the house in my bag. I think we ought to go in."

"Not when you're so hostile."

"Why shouldn't I be hostile? Do you think I let men trifle with me like this every night?"

"I'm sure of it."

She picked up a whitewashed stone from a garden path and threw it through a kitchen window. The resultant crash awoke remote echoes and many people. Betty's mother appeared among the foremost.

She was frightened.

"What—! Why, Betty! Mr. Jackson! What on earth—"

"Explain it," Betty said coldly.

"We heard burglars," Bill said. "Independently. We came out to look." Several guests were listening by now. "We locked ourselves out. Betty threw a stone through the window. She said she always did that when she locked herself out."

"Really, Betty—" her mother began.

"I saw a man run out on the porch with two suitcases," Bill continued. "Probably full of silver—"

Betty hissed in his ear, "We could have sneaked them in, you fool!"

"I know it," he whispered back. "We're even, now."

THEY went into the house and somebody made coffee.

The last stragglers were in bed before dawn.

And Bill went home early on the next afternoon. Betty drove him to the train.

"Thanks for a pleasant week-end," he said.

"Give my regards to Evelyn."

He wanted to kiss her again. She was wearing a linen suit and a straw hat. She looked exquisite, but her expression annoyed him. He saluted and boarded the train.

Bill sat in his club after lunch with a client. The client was both deaf and testy. He was reluctant to turn over to so relatively young a man as Bill the contract for the designing he required.

"You look trustworthy and reliable," the old man half shouted.

Bill smiled agreeably.

"Suppose we make the figure fifteen thousand?"

Bill shook his head. "Twenty."

"Eh?"

"Twenty thousand would represent my lowest bid, Mr. Ferguson."

"Can't hear you."

Club members were looking irritably over the tops of their newspapers. Bill's mind kept jumping away from the transaction in which he was engaged. He had suffered all during lunch from the annoying habits of his client. His nerves trembled inside his body. "Twenty!" he suddenly yelled.

"Don't shout! I'm not deaf! Twenty's too much."

Bill glanced around the lounge and bent over the old man as if he would like to choke him. "Twenty or nothing," he thundered. "Write me a letter about your decision." He stalked from the room.

AN HOUR later he sat in the office of an eminent nerve specialist. "I'm shot," Bill said agitatedly. "Nerves all gone. Just insulted a client. Kicked an ash can outside your door. No control. I'm going to pieces."

"In these days of bad business—" the doctor began.

Bill jumped up. "Nonsense! My business is fine."

The doctor nodded soothingly. "Well, then. Perhaps your—shall we say—romantic relationships—"

"My what?"

"I mean—that is—may I ask—if you are in love in any way with—"

"Love?" he laughed. "No. I wish I were in love. It might put a stop to this nervous upset. Calm me down. No. No love in my life—"

The doctor prescribed, with some misgiving, rest and a bromide.

Betty walked slowly back and forth in the chic front chamber of her catering shop. Dainty parcels filled several glass cases, and trays of sample *hors d'œuvres* were spread on a circular table.

Mrs. Bentley Gordon-Trail swept into the establishment.

"Betty! My dear! So glad to see you. I suppose you've read the announcement of Barbara's engagement? I came straight to you—"

Betty donned a mechanical smile.

"Just a simple supper, dear. About four hundred people. Now, what would you suggest?"

"Beer and pretzels," said Betty acrimoniously.

Mrs. Bentley Gordon-Trail lifted her lorgnette in surprise and defense.

Betty burst into tears and fled toward her gleaming kitchen.

An assistant began to make peace with the ruffled dowager.

On the following morning Bill rose from his bed after a restless night. He called up his office. "I'm sick," he shouted at his secretary. "Brain fever, I think."

"Oh, my," said the girl.

He hung up.

He summoned his Jap. "Horace," he asked, "how does it feel to be in love?"

"Good," said Horace.

"Like hell!" Bill said.

Betty's mother came into her boudoir and found her slowly tearing into strips a fine lace handkerchief. "That odd Mr. Jackson carelessly left his pajamas at the shore house," she said. "I brought them down. I suppose—these days—it's quite all right to tell him?"

Betty viewed the pajamas. They were made of blue and orange silk. "Hideous," she said. "Burn them."

"But—"

Betty grabbed the telephone and dialed. She had learned the number by heart, having looked it up no less than a dozen times with the intention—always denied—of making a few barbed comments upon Mr. Jackson's behavior to Mr. Jackson himself.

"It's nothing, Officer—he gets whims"

"Yes?" said a voice.

"Mr. Jackson."

Another voice said, "Mr. Jackson's office."

"Mr. Jackson."

"I'm sorry. He is ill."

"Ill?" Betty's voice staggered. "What's the matter with him?"

"I believe he said brain tumor."

"Good heavens! What hospital is he in?"

"He's at his home."

"At home? Alone? With a brain tumor? Oh, my—!"

IN THE taxicab Betty saw him dying in agony, by himself, with no one to care—no one, even, to summon surgical aid. She burst into his apartment building and rushed to the superintendent's desk.

"There's a very sick man upstairs," she said in trembling tones. "I doubt if he can come to the door. If you'll just lend me the master key—"

"Who?"

"Mr. Jackson."

The superintendent opened the door. Betty flung herself in, groggy with fear.

Bill, in a flaming dressing-gown, had just sat down on the piano bench. He heard a sound. He pivoted.

"Hello," he said, as if Betty were always bursting into his apartment.

All emotion but cold rage slipped from her. She said to the superintendent, "Thank you. There must have been a mistake."

The superintendent looked from Bill to Betty and, sensing a storm, he withdrew.

"I came down here—" said Betty.

"So I see," said Bill.

"—to tell you in person that I want to have nothing to do with you. I was afraid you'd call. I became so angry thinking you might, that I phoned your office and determined to forbid it in person."

"What a lot of unnecessary trouble you put yourself to."

Betty's cheeks were raging red. Her eyes flashed.

"I thought of phoning, and I thought of writing a note. I preferred to come myself."

Bill nodded.

"Possibly," she continued frigidly, "you feel that the act is a trifle ridiculous."

"Very ridiculous."

"Anyway—it's accomplished."

"Quite."

She tottered toward the door.

"Wait," he said. "You didn't by chance call my secretary and receive information that I had a brain tumor and rush down here to get me aid—or some such thing?"

"Most certainly not! Are you sick?"

"It must have been someone else," he murmured. "My secretary said that she'd distressed somebody by mistakenly saying that. I'd thought it was you." It was time for him to rise and make dewy and fond small speeches. He wanted to. He wanted to with all his heart. But something still vociferous inside himself made him vow he would not do it if Betty were the last girl on earth. He turned back to the piano.

BETTY went to the door, twisted the knob, and relinquished it. She walked over and sat down beside him.

Tears gathered in her eyes. She sniffed a little. He paid no heed. She poked him.

He faced her, coolly polite. "Something?"

"I give in," she said.

"Oh." Bill recommenced playing. "If you do it once—it will mean that you're completely licked."

"Yes."

"For the rest of your life."

"All—all right."

"Good. It's all right with me, too." He ignored her and played vehemently. She waited with what forbearance she could muster until he had finished. "I—" she said. But he played another selection.

She went over and sat down in a chair. Horace appeared, emptied an ash tray, and was about to depart. Bill nodded toward Betty. "Take her wraps. We're going to be married this afternoon. Prepare the guest chamber."

"Aren't—" Betty swallowed "—aren't we going on any honeymoon?"

"Next month. Got a job in France."

"Oh. That'll be nice."

"Very." He began a third and lengthy sonata. Betty listened politely. He was a good pianist—superb, that morning.

He finished. He turned. "By the way, I have lunch at one."

"Do you?"

"Yes. Satisfactory?"

"Oh, yes. Any time. That is—"

"Lunch at one, Horace. It's my impression that the future Mrs. Jackson usually eats two desserts."

He played. She rose and lightly touched his shoulder.

"Yes?"

"Aren't you going to kiss me—or anything?"

"Oh." Bill rose and picked her up off the floor. A beatific expression had come into his eyes.

He kissed her.

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The Trail of Fu Manchu

Continued from page 19

caps, a hot place filled with savory smells. His appearance created mild surprise.

"Who's in charge here?" he demanded sharply. "I am a police officer, and I have some questions to ask."

A stout man, whose cap was higher and whiter than the others, came forward.

"I hope nothing's wrong, Inspector," he said.

"Something *is* wrong, but it's not your fault. I only want to know one thing. You are of course acquainted with Fey, Sir Denis Nayland Smith's man?"

"Certainly."

"Did he order dinner to be prepared for a party tonight?"

"He didn't. He ordered some sandwiches just before seven o'clock and they were taken up."

"You are sure?"

"Certain."

"Thank you."

Gallaho lounged back to the elevator.

The outrage must have taken place shortly after their departure. Otherwise it was almost certain that Fey would have made arrangements with the chef for dinner. It seemed probable, but not certain, that no stranger had gone up to the top floor, or come down from it. But although the sergeant major claimed to be acquainted with all those who had visited other floors, Gallaho realized that the evidence on this point was not conclusive, and:

"Have you been on duty all night?" he asked the man running the residents' elevator.

"I came on at six o'clock, sir."

"Have you taken any strangers up or down during the evening?"

"Strangers, sir?"

They had reached the top floor, and the man opened the door, and stood there, considering.

"There were guests came to dinner at Number Fourteen, and a gentleman I hadn't seen before went up this evening with another resident, but they went out together about half past seven."

"Nobody else?"

"Nobody at all, sir."

When Sir Denis opened the door to Gallaho, the latter could hear Fleurette singing in the inner room.

"I'VE adopted somewhat unusual methods, Smith," said Petrie, with the ghost of a smile, glancing up from where he sat beside the unconscious Fey.

"I hope to heaven they succeed," replied Smith. "He may or may not be able to throw some light upon this business."

"During the time that I was a guest of Dr. Fu Manchu"—Petrie was obviously talking with the idea of distracting his mind from the sound of that sweet voice singing snatches of song in an adjoining room—"the doctor was good enough to impart to me some particulars of his preparation, Mimosa 3—probably the most remarkable anesthetic ever invented by man. He claims for it that there are practically no evil after-effects, and of this you yourself have had evidence in the past. The patient may also be readily revived by those means which you have just seen me adopt."

And even as he spoke the words, Fey raised his drooping eyelids, staring vaguely from face to face.

"How are you, Fey?" said Petrie. "Feeling better, I see. Let me help you up. I want you to drink this."

Fey sat up and swallowed the contents of the glass which Petrie held to his lips. Looking about him in a dazed way, he began sniffing.

"Funnily enough," he replied, "I feel practically all right. But I can still smell that awful stuff. Miss Fleurette?" He jumped to his feet, then sat down again. "She's safe, sir? She's safe?"

"She's in her room, Fey," said Nayland Smith shortly.

Fey's glance wandered to the large clock on the mantelpiece:

"Good Lord, sir," he muttered, "I've been asleep for two hours!"

"It's not your fault, Fey," replied Dr. Petrie. "We all understand. What we are anxious to hear is exactly what happened."

"Yes, sir," Fey replied. "I can understand that—" He paused, listening.

That light-hearted, sweet voice had reached him from the inner room. He glanced at Dr. Petrie:

"Miss Fleurette, sir?"

"Yes, Fey. But please go ahead."

"I'd just made up my menu, sir." He glanced at Nayland Smith, who had begun restlessly to walk up and down the carpet. "I mean, I had worked out a little dinner which I thought would meet with your approval, and gone to the telephone in the lobby to talk to the chef down below. I was about to take up the instrument when the doorbell rang."

"STOP, Fey," ordered Nayland Smith. "Did you hear the elevator door open?"

"No, sir—of that I am positive."

"Go ahead."

"I'm beginning to see light," growled Gallaho.

"One moment, Fey," Nayland Smith interrupted; "this would be, I take it, some ten to twenty minutes after our departure?"

"Exactly, sir. I thought it might be one of the staff who had come up in the service elevator, which can't be heard from here, or old Ibrahim, Mrs. Crossland's butler—"

"You know this man, Ibrahim?" said Gallaho.

"Yes, sir. He's an Egyptian. He's traveled a lot, as I have. He's a funny old chap; we sometimes have a yarn together. Anyway, I opened the door."

"There was a tall man standing outside the door, sir. He wore an overcoat with the collar turned up, and a black felt hat with the brim pulled down. The only light in the lobby was the table lamp beside the telephone, so that I couldn't make out his features."

"How tall was this man?" asked Nayland Smith.

"Well, unusually tall, sir. Taller than yourself."

"I see."

"He held what looked like a camera in his hand, and as I opened the door he just stood there, watching me."

"'Yes?' I said.

"And then without moving his head, which he held down, so that I never had more than a glimpse of his features, he raised this thing and something puffed right out into my face."

"Something?" growled Gallaho. "What sort of thing?"

"Vapor, sir, with a most awful smell of mimosa. It blinded me—it staggered me. I fell back into the lobby, gasping for breath. And the tall man followed me in. I collapsed on the carpet where you found me, I suppose. And I remember his bending over me."

"As he bent over you," said Dr. Petrie eagerly, "just before you became quite unconscious, did you form no impression of his features?"

(Continued on page 40)

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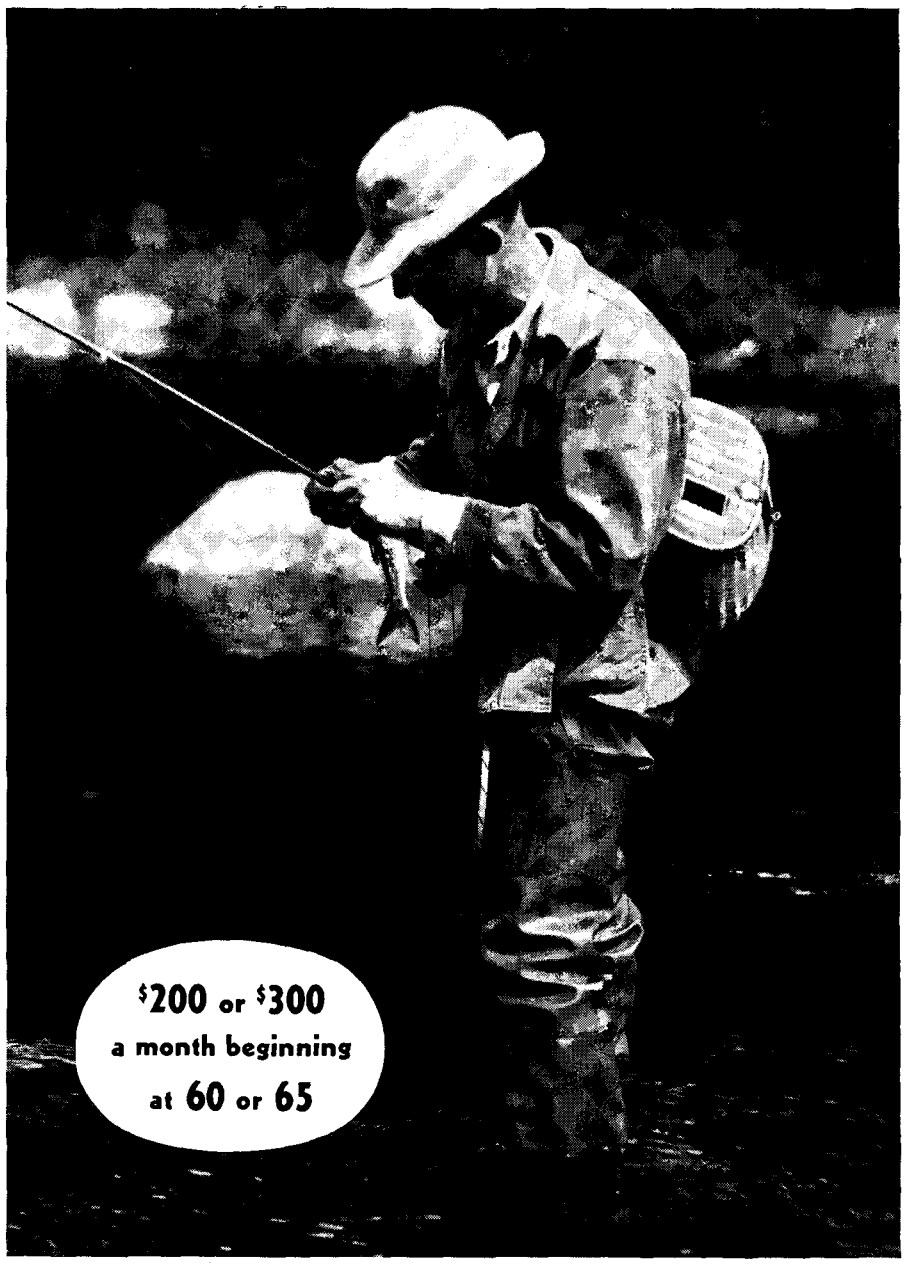

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(Continued from page 39)

"Yes, sir, I did. But I may have been dreaming. I thought it was the devil bending over me, sir. He had long, green eyes, that gleamed like emeralds."

"We know, now," said Sir Denis, continuing to walk up and down, "roughly what occurred. But I don't understand . . . I don't understand."

"What don't you understand, Smith?" Dr. Petrie asked sadly.

"Either this deathless fiend, who is harder to kill than an earwig, has employed one of his unique drugs or he has hypnotically dominated Fleurette. Whichever is the true explanation, what is his purpose, Petrie?"

There came a moment of silence. Fleurette, ceasing to sing, might be heard moving about; then:

"I think I see what you mean, Smith," Petrie replied, slowly. "He could have taken her away or he could have—"

"Exactly," snapped Sir Denis. "Why has he left her . . . and in this condition?"

"Who are you talking about, sir?" growled Gallaho.

"Dr. Fu Manchu."

"What! Do you really mean *he* has been here tonight?"

"Beyond any shadow of doubt."

"But what for?"

"That's what we are trying to work out, Gallaho." Nayland Smith was the speaker. "Frankly, it has me beaten."

"THERE'S one line of inquiry," Gallaho replied, "which, with your permission, I propose to take up without delay."

"What's that?" Petrie asked.

"This tall lad, with the box of poison gas, according to the gentleman with all the medals downstairs, hasn't come into Westminster Mansions tonight, and hasn't gone out. You say yourself, Fey"—he stared at the man, chewing vigorously—"that the elevator wasn't used. My conclusion is this, sir." He turned to Nayland Smith: "Dr. Fu Manchu is somewhere in this building."

Smith glanced at Petrie.

"Go and take a look at her," he said. "She's been quiet for some time. I am very anxious."

Petrie nodded and went out.

"If the evidence of the watchman we interviewed tonight can be relied upon," Sir Denis continued—"and personally, I have no doubt on the point—"

"Nor have I, sir."

"Very well. All the men who were in that place called the Sailors' Club at the time of the tragedy escaped by some means we don't know about. But, evidently, into a main sewer—"

"*One* seems to have been missing!"

"Yes!—and I'm glad he is!" said Nayland Smith viciously. "The Burmese killer evidently met his end there. But that the tall man described by the witness is Dr. Fu Manchu, personally I cannot doubt."

"It certainly looks like it. But how did he get into this building? And where is he hiding?"

Dr. Petrie returned. His eyes were very sorrowful.

"Is she all right?"

He nodded.

"That yellow conjurer has got her under control," he said between clenched teeth. "I know the symptoms. I have suffered them myself. God help us! What are we going to do?"

"What I'm going to do," Gallaho growled, picking up his bowler from the armchair where he had thrown it, "is this: I am going to step along to Mrs. Crossland's flat and have a serious chat with your friend"—he glanced at Fey—"Ibrahim."

"I have never met Mrs. Crossland," said Nayland Smith irritably, "nor her husband. One can live in a block of London flats for years and never know one's neighbors. But I am acquainted with them by sight, and also with their Egyptian servant, Ibrahim."

"What do you think of him, sir?" growled Gallaho.

"Perfectly normal, and probably very trustworthy. But it doesn't follow that he hasn't been for all his life a member of the Si-Fan."

"This Si-Fan business, sir, is beyond me."

"It has proved to be beyond *me*," said Nayland Smith, shortly.

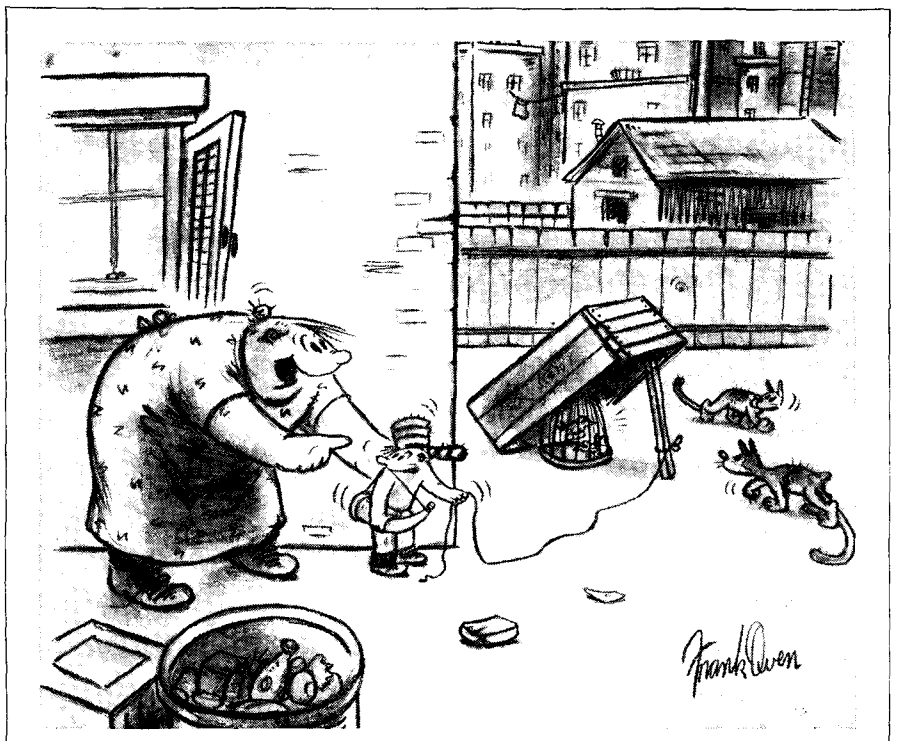
They reached the door of Mrs. Crossland's flat. Gallaho pressed the bell.

An elderly Egyptian in native dress opened the door. He was a very good Arab type and a highly ornamental servant. He stared uncomprehendingly at Inspector Gallaho, and then bowed to Sir Denis.

"This is Mrs. Crossland's flat, I believe?" said the detective.

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Crossland is abroad."

"A crime has been committed in this building tonight," Gallaho went on, in his threatening way, "and I want to ask you a few questions."



"See—you're Daniel Boone, out trapping bears—but only gray ones, or Mamma's coat won't match!" FRANK OWEN

The Egyptian did not give way; he stood squarely in the doorway. It was a type of situation which has defeated many a detective officer. Gallaho knew that his ankles were tied by red tape; that he dared not, if intrusion should prove to have been unjustified, cross the threshold against the will of the man who held it.

NAYLAND SMITH solved the situation. Stepping past Gallaho, he gently but firmly pushed the Egyptian back and entered the lobby.

"There are questions I want to ask you, Ibrahim," he said in Arabic, "and I wish my friend to be present." He turned. "Come in, Gallaho."

The lobby of Mrs. Crossland's flat resembled the entrance to a harem. It was all mûshrabîyeh work and perforated brass lanterns. There were chests of Damascus ware, and small Persian rugs upon the polished floors. Ibrahim's amiable face changed in expression; his dark eyes glared dangerously.

"You have no right to come into this place," he said in English.

And Nayland Smith, noting that he spoke in English even in this moment of excitement, recognized an unusual character; for *he* had spoken in Arabic.

Gallaho entered behind Sir Denis. He knew that the latter was not trammeled as he was trammeled; that he was strong enough to trample upon regulations.

"Close the door, Gallaho," snapped Sir Denis; and, turning to the Egyptian: "Lead the way in. I want to talk to you."

Ibrahim's expression changed again. He bowed, smiled, and indicating with an outstretched arm an apartment similar in shape to Nayland Smith's sitting-room, led the way.

GALLAHO and Sir Denis found themselves in an apartment queerly exotic. The bay window, which in Smith's room admitted waves of sunlight, here was obstructed by a mûshrabîyeh screen. Dim light from shaded lanterns illuminated the place. It was all divans and brassware, rugs and cushions; a stage-setting of an Oriental interior.

Nayland Smith looked about him.

Ibrahim stood by the door leading into the room in an attitude of humility, eyes lowered. But Sir Denis had sized up the man and knew that the task before them was no easy one.

"You have a Chinese friend, O Ibrahim," he said in Arabic—"a tall, distinguished Chinese friend."

Nothing in Ibrahim's attitude indicated that the words had startled him, but:

"I have no such Chinese friend, effendîm," he replied, persistently speaking in English.

"You belong to the Si-Fan?"

"I do not even know what you mean, effendîm."

"Tell me. You may as well speak now"—Sir Denis had abandoned Arabic—"since you will be compelled to speak later if necessary. How long have you been in the service of Mrs. Crossland?"

"For ten years, effendîm."

"And here, in this flat?"

"My lady and gentleman live here for five years."

"I suggest that Mrs. Crossland or her husband has a tall, distinguished Chinese friend, who sometimes visits here."

"I am not acquainted with such a person, effendîm."

Nayland Smith tugged at his ear, while Gallaho watched him anxiously. It was a situation of some delicacy; because, always, there was a possibility that they were wrong.

The sinister visitor with the camera case might have been working from some other base.

"There are no other resident servants?"

"None, effendîm."

It was an impasse. Failing some more definite clue, Nayland Smith recognized the fact that, despite his contempt for red tape where a major case was concerned, he could not possibly force this perfect servant to give him access to the other rooms of the apartment.

He stood there tugging at his ear, and staring from object to object. The very air was impregnated with pseudo Orientalism. It held a faint tang of ambergris. He wished, now, that Petrie had been with him; for Petrie sometimes had queer intuitions. But of course it had been impossible to leave Fleurette alone.

He glanced at Gallaho.

The latter took the cue immediately, and:

"A mistake, sir, I suppose?" he growled; and to Ibrahim: "Sorry to have troubled you."

They returned to the lobby: Gallaho had actually gone out into the corridor, when:

"This is a very fine piece, Ibrahim," said Sir Denis.

He stood before an Egyptian sarcophagus half hidden in a recess.

"So I am told, effendîm."

"Has Mrs. Crossland had it long?"

"No, effendîm." At last the Egyptian's deadly calm was disturbed. "It was bought by Mr. Crossland in Egypt, recently. It was delivered less than a week ago."

"Beautiful example of late eighteenth," murmured Nayland Smith. "Shipped through to London, I suppose?"

"Yes, effendîm."

They were bowed out by the Egyptian. The door was closed.

"Call to the Yard the moment we reach my flat!" snapped Nayland Smith. "Have this entire block covered."

"Very good, sir. I was thinking the same thing."

"We weren't wrong—but our hands are tied."

"My idea exactly, sir."

FEY opened the door in response to their ring.

"How is Miss Petrie?" Nayland Smith asked.

"The doctor is with her, sir."

They went in and Gallaho took up the telephone. Sir Denis walked on into the sitting-room, pacing the carpet restlessly.

Gallaho's gruff voice could be heard as he spoke to someone at Scotland Yard. Presently Dr. Petrie came in. He shook his head.

"No change, Smith," he reported. "She declines to leave her room. She is packing, methodically, but refuses all assistance. The idea has been implanted upon her mind that a call to leave here is coming shortly. God help us if we can't find the man who imposed that thing upon her!"

"What would it mean?" said Smith.

"It would mean, I fear, that she would remain in this condition to the end of her life."

"The poisonous swine! He is very powerful!"

"He has the greatest brain in the world today, Smith."

Gallaho completed his directions at the telephone and came into the room. All idea of dinner had been brushed from their minds. There was a moment of awkward silence. Sounds of faint movement reached them: Fleurette was still engaged in her packing.

Then the telephone bell rang.

There was something in this call coming at that moment which seemed to possess a special significance. All three waited. All three listened to Fey's voice, out in the lobby.

And presently Fey came in.

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He had quite recovered his normal self. There was nothing in his appearance or in his behavior to suggest that he had passed through an amazing ordeal. He bowed slightly to Dr. Petrie.

"Someone wishes to speak to *you*, sir."

"What name?"

"Dr. Fu Manchu was the name, sir."

AS PETRIE crossed the lobby, Nayland Smith turned to Gallaho.

"Do you realize, Inspector," he said, "that the greatest menace to the peace of the world who has come on earth since the days of Attila the Hun is at the other end of that line?"

"I am beginning to realize that what you say about this man is true, sir," Gallaho replied. "But I think we can trace him by this call."

"Wait and see."

He kept glancing toward the door which communicated with Fleurette's room. There was silence there. He wondered what she was doing. In this, perhaps, the incomprehensible plan of Dr. Fu Manchu reached its culmination. Nayland Smith walked to the lobby door and listened to Petrie's words.

These did not help him much, consisting principally of "yes" and "no." At last Petrie replaced the receiver, stood up, and faced Smith.

His features were very drawn. Smith recognized how the last year had aged him.

"What am I to do?" he said, speaking almost in a whisper. "What am I to do?"

"Come in here," said Sir Denis quickly. "Gallaho wants to use the line."

Gallaho sprang to the telephone as Dr. Petrie and Nayland Smith walked into the sitting-room. They faced one another, and:

"What are his terms?" said Smith.

Petrie nodded.

"I knew you would understand."

He dropped into an armchair and stared straight before him into the embers of the open fire.

"He wants something," Nayland Smith went on evenly, "and he demands acceptance of his terms, or—" he pointed in the direction of the door beyond which Fleurette's room lay. . . .

Petrie nodded again.

"What am I to do? What am I to do?"

"Give me the facts. Perhaps I can help you."

"It was Dr. Fu Manchu at the end of the line," said Petrie, in a monotonous voice. "Any doubts I may have had disappeared the moment I heard that peculiar intonation. He apologized for troubling me; his courtesy never fails except in moments of madness—"

"I agree with you," murmured Nayland Smith.

"He admitted, Smith, that you had made things pretty warm for him, assisted by the English and French police. Access to agents of the Si-Fan in England was denied to him—his financial resources were cut off. Of this he spoke frankly."

"Dr. Fu Manchu is always frank," said Smith dryly.

"Finally he reached the point at which he had been aiming. He regretted that it had been necessary to make a clandestine call at this apartment; but Fleurette, the woman he had chosen for his bride"—Petrie spoke in almost a monotone—"had been torn from him. Matters of even greater urgency demanded . . ."

He paused, staring into the heart of the fire.

"Demanded *what?*" Nayland Smith asked quietly.

He was listening—but no sound came from the room occupied by Fleurette.

"He has an exaggerated idea of my powers as a physician. He is a man of great age—God knows what age; and it appears that he is cut off from a supply of the strange elixir by means of which, alone, he remains alive. His offer is this: I am to bring him certain ingredients which he has named, and assist him in preparing the elixir, which apparently he is unable to prepare alone; or—"

"I fully appreciate the alternative," said Nayland Smith. "But one thing I don't quite understand. I am wondering if something else underlies it, why his need of *your* services?"

Petrie smiled unmirthfully.

"It appears that he is in a situation—he frankly admits that he is hunted—where the attendance of any physician attached to his group would be impossible. Also, it appears, the pharmaceutical details require adroit manipulation."

"What does he want you to do?"

Gallaho came in from the lobby.

"That was a Westminster call, sir," he reported. "The caller was in this area. I expect further details later."

"Excellent," murmured Nayland Smith. "Listen to this, Gallaho. Go ahead, Petrie."

"He assured me," Dr. Petrie went on, "and neither you nor I, Smith—" he looked at Sir Denis appealingly—"has ever doubted his word, that Fleurette would remain mentally his slave in the state in which she is now, unless he chose to restore her to normal life."

"If he said so," said Nayland Smith solemnly, "I don't doubt it."

"Your job is to go, sir," said Gallaho, with a faint show of excitement. "I'll have you covered, and we'll get this yellow devil!"

"Thank you, Inspector," Dr. Petrie smiled wearily. "Where Dr. Fu Manchu is concerned, things are not quite so simple as that. You see, my daughter's sanity is at stake."

"You mean that no one but this Fu Manchu can put her right?"

"That's what I mean, Inspector."

Chief Detective Inspector Gallaho picked up his hat, looked at it, and threw it down again. He glanced from Sir Denis to Dr. Petrie.

"Sir Denis and I know this man," the latter went on; "we know what he can do—what he *has* done. You would be entitled officially to take the steps you have mentioned, Inspector; I can only ask you *not* to take them; to treat what I have told you as a confidence."

"As you say, sir."

"I am ordered to assemble certain drugs; some of them difficult to obtain, but none, I believe, unobtainable. The final ingredient, the indispensable ingredient, is a certain essential oil unknown anywhere in the world except in the laboratory of Dr. Fu Manchu. A small quantity of this still remains in existence."

"Where?" jerked Nayland Smith.

DR. PETRIE did not reply for a few seconds. He bowed his head, resting it in a raised hand; then:

"At a spot which I have given my word not to name," he replied. "I am to go there and get it. And when I have collected the other items of the prescription, and certain chemical apparatus described to me, I am to join Dr. Fu Manchu."

"Where are you to join him?" Inspector Gallaho asked hoarsely.

"This I cannot tell you, Inspector. My daughter's life is at stake."

There was another silence, and then:

"He is, then, *in extremis?*" murmured Nayland Smith.

"He is dying," Dr. Petrie replied. "If I can save him, he will restore Fleurette to me—on the word of Fu Manchu."

Nayland Smith nodded.

"Which in all my knowledge of his execrable life he has never broken."

(To be concluded next week)

An artist friend volunteers a message—

Gentlemen:

All my life I had wanted to wear a necktie.

The herd instinct, probably.

But until Arrow Shirts came along, the thing was simply impossible. I had a necktie. And I had a neck. But my shirts just wouldn't play ball.

I'd buy 'em too big, allowing for shrinkage, and they'd fool me. I'd buy 'em right, and they'd shrink two sizes in a heavy fog. They either hung around my neck like an Hawaiian lei, or they wouldn't button at all. Naturally, I couldn't wear my tie with shirts like that.

And so I became an Indoor Man. Rather than display my cravatless, Byronic shame, I never stirred from the house. At one time, so morbid did I become, I even thought seriously of destroying my necktie!

But all that, as I say, was previous to Arrow Sanforized Shrunk Shirts. Nowadays, all I need do is prance into a shop -- buy some Arrow Trumps or Gordons in the exact size I wear -- and not only do they fit like a dream -- they stay that way. Forever and ever! So they let me wear my necktie.

As to their durability, of course, I can't say. I've only had mine three years.

Sincerely,

GARDNER REA

NRA

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Fortune's Toy

Continued from page 21

friendly grin, "you ain't such a fool."

"Sho', I'm a fool," Zeno came back smartly. "I'm a fool about a heap er middlin' meat in my collards. And I'm a fool about de gal which cooks 'em like dat."

"Aw, go on wid yo' plowin'." Mamie T was slightly embarrassed. "You git to tawkin' big at me and change my mind all over de place."

"De way you cooks," Zeno told her, "makes me tawk big. And de way you swings dat hoe, baby—" Words failed him, and he shook his head. "Git up, Judy," he ordered his mule. "Let me git some plowin' done so's dat gal er mine will get some place to swing her sweet hoe in."

Before noon, Zeno discovered that, by being just a little quicker, he could set his plow as accurately with Judy's fast gait as he could with Moses' poky walk. Before night he found himself clucking to Judy, urging her down the furrow a little faster. And by the end of the week he was asking Giles if he might not trade Judy for old Lightning himself!

Giles roared with laughter. "Zeno," he shouted to everybody in the lot, "done gone hog wild. He tuck de best woman on de place away f'm Roosevelt, and now he hollerin' for old Lightnin'!"

Zeno liked to have Giles make noise about him. His chest swelled, and he added to Giles' statement: "De best ain't too good for me. I got de best woman and I needs de fastest mule."

SPEED in the field was not the only change that came into Zeno's life. Mamie T wanted a few things for the house which were not to be had in the commissary, and Zeno decided that he and she should go over to Shreveport on Saturday to buy them. The plantation truck left every Saturday morning and returned late in the evening. The workers who needed supplies which could not be bought at the commissary obtained an order for their purchase in the supply stores in the city.

"I'm gonter buy you a present, too, baby," Zeno promised Mamie T.

"Aw, Zeno," Mamie T giggled. "I wisht you could. Only Mist' Dave won't sell you nothin' which ain't writ down on de order, and you know de Bossman ain't puttin' no present for me on no order."

Zeno's grin indicated a superior knowledge of the situation, but he said nothing then.

Shortly before they left to catch the truck for town, Zeno, on some pretext, had Mamie T leave the house for a few minutes. While she was gone, he lifted a brick in the chimney and pulled out a big, rusty baking-powder can. He ran his hand into the can and drew out a fistful of money—bills and silver—and then carefully hid the can again.

When they reached Shreveport they selected with care the articles Mamie T wanted for the house: a new cookstove, some cloth for curtains, and a few odds and ends. These were charged to the account of the Bossman, who in turn charged them to Zeno's account. Zeno had money in his pocket, but people never spent their money for things they needed. Those they could get on credit. Money was something to buy presents and things with.

After an hour of walking up and down the streets, looking at shop windows, and exchanging talk with the Negroes from other plantations, Zeno announced: "I'm gittin' hongry, baby. How you feel about hit?"

"I et a heap befo' I left," Mamie T said, "'cause de truck won't git back to dark."

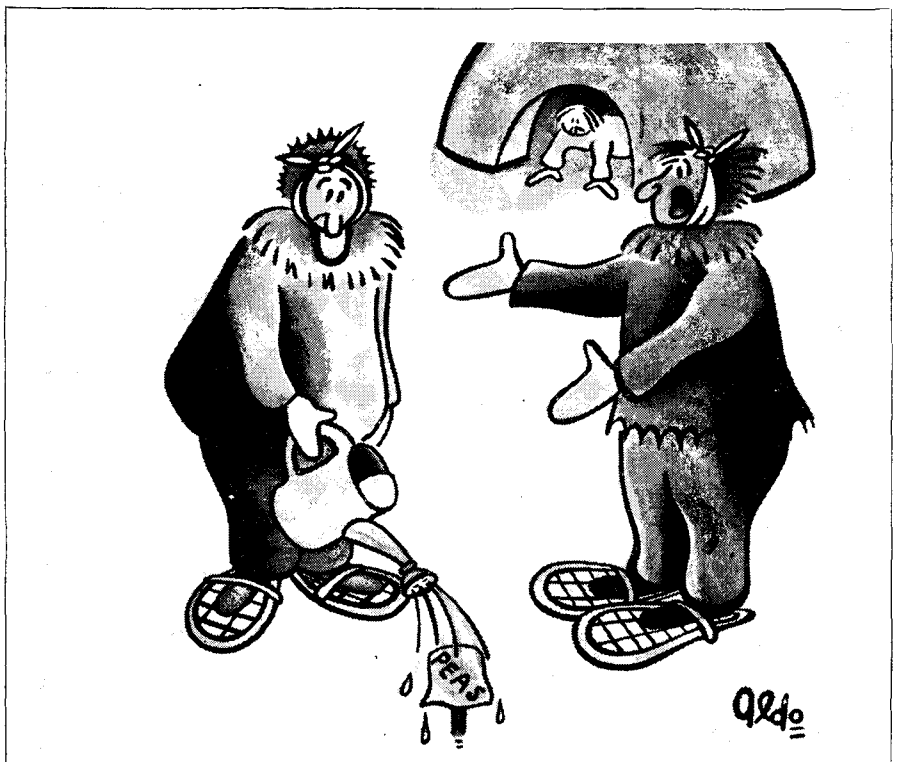
Zeno laughed. "Who said somethin' about de truck?" he asked. "I feels like a bait er sardine fishes outn cans."

Mamie T looked pained. "Hush, fool," she told him. "I ain't et me no sardine fishes outn cans since last fall when I had some money. I'd give my sweet soul for jest one sardine fish."

"Den set yo'se'f right hyar and wait," he ordered, and he disappeared into a store. He returned presently with two tins of sardines and a bag of crackers.

"Ain't you de beatenest man!" There was pure admiration in Mamie T's voice. "Saved yo' money! Well, dadgum my soul! I thought you was a fool, and hyar you been savin' money, jest to buy me sardine fishes endurin' de summer time!"

Zeno glowed. "Dat ain't all I'm fixin' to buy you, too," he told her. "I been savin' money a long time, and I got a heap. I'm fixin' to buy you some striped socks and high-heel shoes. And efn I got any left I'm gonter to buy you de reddest dress in town!"



"Yeh! But if they grow you win two bucks!" ALDO MARCUCCI

For once in her life Mamie T was speechless. She simply grabbed Zeno in her strong arms and hugged him.

It took Mamie T hours to find what she wanted. Zeno grew restless and finally downright bored. But he stayed with her and paid for each purchase, though Mamie T's squeals of delight had ceased to thrill him. At last Mamie T was through and Zeno was glad when she decided to retire modestly to the cotton warehouse and change into her newly acquired finery.

WHILE waiting for Mamie T, Zeno wandered up Texas Street and began to see things he had heard the other men on the place tell about. The streets were cluttered with catch-penny stalls and Zeno feasted his lonesome soul. He ate hot fish sandwiches and drank red soda pop out of bottles until he could swallow no more. He paid a quarter for a "solid gold ring set with diamonds." For a dime, he acquired a large horseshoe pin studded with more diamonds.

It was fun beyond Zeno's wildest imagination. But the things that had happened to him before he went into the fortune teller's tent were drab compared to what happened after he got in there.

The "tent" was a dirty canvas arrangement set on the sidewalk, and a sign said it cost twenty-five cents. Zeno went in. It was dark, but when his eyes became accustomed to the gloom he saw a woman. She was, Zeno guessed, a heap prettier than Mamie T, and she was used to these plantation workers who came to town with no money and spent their time "looking."

"WHAT you want?" the fortune-telling woman asked gruffly.

"You tells de fawchunes, hunh?"

"You got two bits?"

Zeno laughed derisively. Did he have two bits? "I got me so many two bitses, lady," he declared, "dat I'm all weighted down."

The woman was not impressed. "Lemme see," she invited.

Zeno reached deeply into his pocket and brought out a handful of money. "Do dat look like two bits?"

The woman laughed pleasantly. "Dat's a heap er change for a field hand to be totin' dis time er de year."

Zeno swelled with pride. "Dat ain't nothin' to what I got," he boasted. And he demonstrated by shoving a hand into another pocket and bringing forth a wad of bills.

"Frog skins," he announced.

The woman's eyes bulged. She saw at least one twenty-dollar bill in the uneven wad. There were some tens, too. She thought rapidly.

"Lemme see," she begged.

Zeno shoved the bills back into his pocket. "You wants two bits," he said. "Well, tell my fawchune good, and efn I likes hit, I'll give you two bits."

The woman went to work. She did not follow the regular procedure, but she guessed correctly that Zeno was not a regular customer in fortune-telling booths.

"What's yo' name?" she asked.

"Zeno Yates," he answered. "And yo'n?"

"My workin' name is Modom Alikazam," she told him, "but amongst my friends my name is Judy."

"Judy?" Zeno repeated. "I plows a big mule named Judy!"

From then on it was easy for Judy. A word of encouragement here, a little praise there, and Zeno told her his life history. He told it simply and without a bit of imagination. He had always loved Mamie T but he never could get her. He worked hard and saved his money, but it did no good. Then Giles took Moses away from him and gave him Judy to plow. And the first thing he knew, Mamie T had divorced Roosevelt and moved over to Zeno's house. He did not even have to ask her. And right then he was over town, buying her presents with money he had taken from the can in the chimney.

"So hit was Judy which brang de good luck, hunh?" the woman asked, purposely avoiding mention of the money in the tin can.

Zeno considered. "I don't know," he admitted.

"You's had good luck ev' since you been plowin' her?" Judy insisted.

Zeno dropped into a whine. "I works *so* hard, and things is *so* high and cotton is *so* cheap—"

The woman riffled a deck of cards and spread them out before her. "De cyards say Judy is yo' luckiest name," she disclosed.

Zeno was interested but unenthusiastic. "Dey do, hunh?"

Judy rearranged the cards and frowned seriously. "Hit say," went on Judy, "dat Mamie T is bound to do you dirt, too."

"I didn't hyar 'em say dat," Zeno objected.

She appeared not to hear him. "You know a man name Roosevelt?" she asked. And without waiting for an answer, she added: "De cyards say Mamie T gonter quit you for a man name Roosevelt quick as she gits a few presents offn you."

Zeno thought hard for a minute and he realized Mamie T might do just exactly that. It hurt him to think of it, but he was too practical-minded not to see the possibility of such a move.

THE fortune-telling process continued for some time. The woman, at first, had hoped to wheedle the wad of bills from Zeno, but when she learned of the baking-powder can in the cabin she played for bigger stakes.

She decided not to take any chances on Zeno; he was so simple-minded about it. She determined to get to his cabin as quickly as possible.

"How much money you got on you, Zeno?" she asked abruptly.

Zeno grew wary again, and it required all of a minute's smooth talk on her part to invent some excuse which would get him to empty his pockets on the table. "De cyards," she explained, "don't tawk good unless hit's money on de table."

"Two bits," Zeno insisted, "is all you gits."

Judy laughed. "I ain't even gonter charge you no money a-tall. I don't charge my friends. I jest want de cyards to see de money."

Zeno spread it out. There was one twenty-dollar bill, three tens, a five and some ones. And the bills were the outdated, large variety, which showed they had been in hiding for several years.

"You rid to town in a truck wid all er dat money?" she asked.

"Sho'," said Zeno. "Hit beats wawkin'."

"Whyn't you git a T-model automobile?"

"I can't drive."

"I kin drive," Judy offered.

"I don't need no T-model."

"I likes to drive around in 'em," Judy said. "Whyn't you go buy one, right now, and le's I and you git started."

"Git started doin' what?" Zeno asked dumbly.

"Git started takin' me home wid you."

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"How come I got to take you home wid me?" Zeno wanted to know.

Judy explained carefully, once more, that, because her name was Judy, she would bring him good luck, whereas the cards indicated Mamie T would quit him as soon as she got presents from him.

Zeno was not convinced, but with a little urging he yielded.

For twenty-eight dollars a second-hand car dealer sold Zeno a rickety old flivver, with a tank full of gasoline. And Judy, following Zeno's directions, drove off toward Little Bee Bend plantation.

Judy figured the money was as good as hers, and she even began to wonder on what pretext she could drive off in Zeno's car and take that, too. There was no use, she calculated, wasting anything on a simple fool like Zeno.

AS FOR Zeno, he was mixed up emotionally. He did not like the idea of quitting Mamie T, and he hated to believe that she would quit him, as the cards said. But he knew in his soul that Mamie T might do just that. And then, too, it was pleasant to sit by a good-looking girl like Judy and go whizzing along in his own automobile.

He did not have much time to worry about the future, nor to enjoy the present. A mile after they crossed the bridge a tire went flat.

Zeno did not know what to do, but Judy did. There was no spare tire, and there were few tools. She directed Zeno while he removed the flat, and made him walk half a mile to a service station to get it fixed. That took time.

They had gone seven miles farther when the radiator cap blew off, shooting steam high into the air. Zeno had to carry water in his hat to refill the radiator. Halfway between Bossier and Vanceville another tire went bad. It was too far to walk to either place. Fortunately, a man drove by with a wagonload of cottonseed hulls and a heap of experience with T-models. The casing was removed, packed with hulls, and the journey resumed.

It was sundown when Judy and Zeno drove up to the gate in front of the barn. Zeno was tired and Judy was in bad humor.

But Judy was not in nearly so bad a humor as Mamie T. She was waiting. She had missed Zeno in town, had come home in the truck and had seen him in the automobile driving down the road.

"Whar you been at, fool?" she demanded.

Zeno gulped. "I been—I been buyin' you a T-model, honey," he stammered.

Judy turned viciously on Zeno. "You been buyin' who a what-model?" she snapped. "Who dat lady, anyhow?"

"I show you who dat lady is!" Mamie T yelled. "Tryin' to take my man away f'm me!" She charged toward the car.

Zeno slid cautiously from the seat and took a stand at a safe distance. A dozen or more Bee Bend workers, hearing the row, sauntered up to watch.

The fight did not last long. Mamie T was handicapped by her high-heel shoes and her new red dress, but she was big and strong from swinging a hoe. She grabbed Judy by an arm and yanked. Judy clung desperately to the steering wheel with one hand, and kicked at Mamie T.

"You try to steal a man f'm me, hunh?" Mamie T shrieked.

"He ain't yo' man no more," Judy yelled back. "I and him done tuck up together."

Judy's grip gave way and she fell out of the car, on top of Mamie T. They rolled on the ground to where Zeno was standing.

"Y'all ladies," he replied, "quit dat quar'lin' and goin' on."

Giles came up and stopped the fight. He yanked the two women to their feet and shook them.

"Did you bring dis woman out hyar, Zeno?" he demanded.

"Yassuh," Zeno admitted.

"Den send her on back to town," Giles snapped.

Zeno was so frightened he imitated Giles' authoritative voice: "Git on back to town!"

"And send Mamie T on home," Giles directed.

"Git on home, Mamie T," Zeno ordered.

Mamie T sensed the iron in Zeno. "All right, darlin'," she said meekly, "but don't fuss at me."

ZENO waited until Mamie T had started for their cabin. "I'm gonter leave my T-model hyar," he said, "efn hit's all O. K., Mist' Giles."

Giles laughed.

"A man good enough to git de ladies fightin' about him," he decided, "got a right to leave what he wants whar he wants to, I reckon. I swear, Zeno, you better mind out or I'm gonter take old Lightnin' away f'm Newman and give him to you, yit."

Zeno grinned, and shook his head. "Judy," he stated, "brang me good luck. I better keep her."

"Well, Pop, today I learned how to make fire by friction!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

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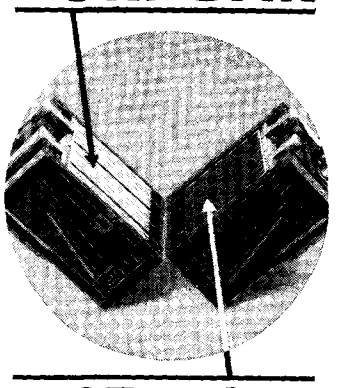

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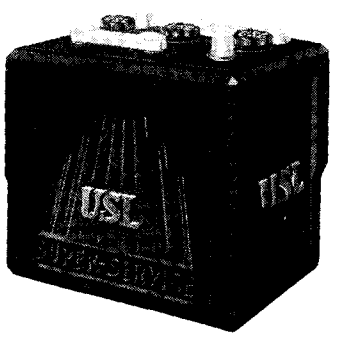

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office. Sandra—what the devil does one do in cases of this kind? Millefleurs is the deputy inspector who handled the Stuart Milbank business. I mean—that going down the fire escape last night was simple instinct. Nothing could have stopped me from doing it at the time. But it's a devil of an awkward thing to explain now."

"And is that what he wants you to do—explain it?"

"I've been asked simply to call at his office. Sandra—I'm in a jam. There's no reason why they can't indict me for this thing. Whether they found me there or not I was there with the body and there is evidence that I was there—that *verdampft* cigarette case—and unless they find the man who did the job it's the most logical deduction in the world that I did it."

"Has it occurred to you that there are other ways your cigarette case might have gotten there?"

"Oh, don't talk nonsense—it's there—that's all that interests them. There's only one thing to do—tell them my part and let them work the job out themselves. I didn't do it and I didn't have anything to do with it."

"I wonder how many people have tried to prove exactly those same things."

Eric wiped his lips with the corner of his handkerchief.

"Of course you can't very well stand up and say you went down a fire escape to avoid talk, can you?"

"Millefleurs made his request pleasantly?"

Eric nodded. "Very breezily—very too damned breezily—just drop by, old chap, you know. That sort of thing. Oh, well—let's face it." He went down the hallway to his room and she heard him yank open his closet door and start dressing. She could see him in Millefleurs' office, tall, arrogant and angry. Take it or leave it and go to the devil. Eric Cleed. Indict me and be damned to you, if you think I did it. Why didn't I report it? That would be my own business. At the time, it suited me not to.

HE WAS back, standing in the doorway, buttoning his waistcoat.

"How could that damned cigarette case have gotten there, Sandra? If it could have gotten there without my bringing it—"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do any good for me to tell you—Eric—you can't carry those things off. You're not built for—"

"Diplomacy?"

"Eric—this call on Millefleurs. It is to be casual—you are just to drop by? You could be on your way anywhere, when you do drop by? You might be with your wife?"

"I expect so. Why?"

"I'll go with you."

He smiled. "So? But I thought you had other plans for the morning."

"I had," she said evenly, "but there is no way of carrying them out. No earthly way until—" She picked up the telephone and called Philip's number. After an eternity Georges' voice came back across the wire to her.

"No, Madame Cleed—no news. I have heard nothing."

Eric crossed to her.

"Sandra," he said, "why do you want to go with me? I'm afraid you'll have to tell me that."

"Would you rather I didn't go?"

"No—I would like you to be with me."

"Suppose you don't question my motives, then."

"I don't have to," he said, "I know them. This other man—he's real, as real as anyone else will ever be to you, but you've tried to magnify his importance from a romantic interlude to an actuality in your life—and that can never be done. Romance has no permanent part in life. If you loved this man, you'd be with him now—you would never have left him last night— *Sandra*—look at me! But you don't love him. You've proved it. At the first sign of trouble—your loyalty returns to me. And you laughed at me for telling you I'd do the same thing! Sandra—you're a gentleman and you can't escape it. You have to stand by—your code won't let you do otherwise. Even though he's hurt—"

Woman of Honor

Continued from page 26

"ERIC," she said, "if you are ready—"

"Sandra—you're marvelous!"

"Oh, no—just tired, Eric. Tired of so many things. Tired of things being as real as anything has been to me. Eric—good God—don't you know that nothing has been real to me—ever? Nothing but the rather ghastly job of carrying on with you, because of what it would mean not to?"

"No—you're wrong there, Sandra—there must be something else—don't give it the lie."

"There would have been, if you'd wanted it—but you didn't. Now there is nothing left but my own pride. I *could* have been your wife—it's your fault I'm not. People can share the same bed for a lifetime and never be husband and wife. Ministers don't make marriages. Men and women make them—" She stopped for a moment, but as he came toward her, she held out her hand. "No—don't touch me. I don't blame you for the life you've led. Perhaps I could have stopped it—perhaps it doesn't matter. But the book is closed. You and I never existed. I'm sorry but that's the only absolute thing I know. You and I never existed!"

"Sandra," Eric said quietly, "I'll never let you go."

She looked at him.

"Eric," she said, "you have no choice, you see. For you have never had me *to* let me go. All you have had is pride in a job because it was a job."

"I can't sleep. I keep hearing that Tarzan yell!" ROLAND COE

The dirty, yellowish walls of the high-ceiled room seemed to nod owlishly, bending formally at the white calcimined line that ran around them six feet above the baseboard, and straightening up again with mock courtesy.

We know all this, but it is new to you. It happens here every day—every day. Only the faces are different. The stories are always the same. You had best sit quietly and wait, for you cannot help yourself. Crude, perhaps, and bare, but what would you? Curtains and carpets? Ah, no—dark floors, swept each morning with damp pine sawdust, sprinkled with a carbolic disinfectant. Walls of faded yellow with finger marks here and there, and notices pasted across the once white line. Spots, crusted with dried paste, and shreds of paper where old notices have been.

A tall, deep-set window with a scarred sill and plaster chipped from the edges of the embrasure—a window barred against the pale, blue sky of Paris. Not a pleasant place, but this is not a pleasant thing. This business belongs to France now—the right to search and ask and uncover. You must conform. All here are equals. The high walls bowed and stood erect, bowed and stood erect.

Beyond the pine rail with the creaky gate—the words droned on, and the pens scratched through the silences between them, page after page of depositions.

The chasseur's hands twisted and twisted, turning his cap round and round.

Behind the desk, Punchinello of the pink, bald head, inordinately wide between the ears, pinched the tip of his nose and scowled fiercely over his glasses at the dusty litter on his desk top. The pens of the scribes scratched harshly on, filling page after page of formal depositions.

THE gate creaked and the chasseur backed his way out to a chair on the opposite side of the room, still twisting his cap and bobbing his head toward the desk. The walls bowed and nodded. You see how we work—thoroughly, completely. Yes, yes—we know— This chasseur—later—he will go to the little room below and beyond, hidden neatly away so you would never suspect—the little room where people are kept who have ceased to be alive. But it is all very systematic—a shelf so, with a covering—a basket here for those things found on the person—the attendant takes him now. There, you see, he goes out with him. The chasseur's eyes know what he will see. His heart beats a little faster, but he enjoys it really. It will give him conversation for months, years. How the police brought him here. How they did this and that. How he was taken below and beyond to the cool little room, and the rubberized sheet was lifted for him to look at the quiet face and identify it. And after he had looked his fill, "Yes—that is Madame Bibescu."

Scratch, scratch.

"I went to the apartment of Madame Bibescu," droned the floor waiter. "There was no response to knocking. I entered. There were no signs of disorder."

Scratch, scratch, scratch.

The clock over the door ticked on.

The attendant took Eric's card.

"*Mais mon, M'sieur*—this is not for you. There—opposite. The bureau of M. Millefleurs."

They crossed the corridor, the attendant sidestepping before them and opening the door for them to pass through.

"M'sieur Cleed."

Gaston Millefleurs was on his feet automatically, bowing briefly over his desk with the exact official punctilio required. "And," he bowed more deeply, "Madame Cleed?"

"Madame Cleed," Eric said.

Millefleurs switched quickly to a rather more than schoolbook English as if to say—behold, the complete police official. A bow so, to the gentleman—a bow so—to the lady. See me, the man of manners. French for the greetings, for this is France—but English for the conversation, for that is your language and I give you the courtesy of the accomplished linguist. He folded his short, pudgy fingers before him on the desk top, still pleasant with brief, emphatic little head noddings and a smile flashing so—and so—and so, for emphasis. A man of sharply starched linens, severely pressed suitings, smoothly pomaded hair. The outward and visible signs of a keen police intelligence.

"YOU are very kind, M'sieur, to waive approach through the proper diplomatic channels and to come in person in answer to my note. I will be brief. Last evening, Madame Sonja Bibescu was murdered. There is rather an interesting dossier on the lady in our files so the fact should not shock you, Madame Cleed. Madame Bibescu was, shall we say?—a lady who courted death."

"We knew that," Sandra said evenly.

"We, Madame Cleed?"

"My husband and I."

Gaston Millefleurs nodded several times and quietly pinched his lower lip together between his thumb and forefinger until the lip became white. There seemed to be a certain jovial relief coming to life within him.

"You both knew her?"

"Yes," Sandra nodded.

"Perhaps, then, she confided certain recent fears she may have had? Fears which may have involved certain definite individuals here in Paris?"

"Madame Bibescu was rather reticent concerning her personal affairs," Eric said.

"You were her close friends? Friends of long standing?"

"Not at all," Eric said. "Very recent friends, I should say."

"I see—and you saw her last—when?"

"At breakfast," Sandra pulled at the cuff of her glove, "yesterday morning. She crossed from Southampton on the same boat I came from New York on. My husband was in England. He met my boat in Southampton."

"Quite so," Gaston Millefleurs nodded precisely. For a moment he toyed with a severe brass paper cutter, tapping its

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point lightly against the metal top of his inkwell. "I am extremely sorry to have caused you the inconvenience of coming here. You see the government has suffered considerable embarrassment over the presence of Madame Bibescu in France. Attempts have been made to extradite her on several counts, all of them so palpably trumped up as to be ridiculous when considered in the cold light of legal reason. She has been, in effect, a political refugee, and from certain indications we have had every reason to believe that she would not be with us long. The indications did not fail.

"She was not with us long. If it were not for one small item, the inquest would be a mere formality, for it has been my experience that it is almost impossible to catch the political murderer. Of all murderers, he thinks most clearly and plans most perfectly. For murder in his own country, he can be caught. But with Europe what it is today, it is seldom that he can be apprehended for operations beyond his own frontiers."

"What is that one item?"

"The fact," Gaston Millefleurs leaned back in his chair, "that Sonja Bibescu entertained someone in her apartments last evening. Someone who may or may not have been there at the time of her murder. Someone who had an opportunity, if not a motive, for murdering her."

"I see," Eric crossed his hands on the head of his stick, "and is that why you have sent for me?"

"Your cigarette case was found open on her table, beside a wineglass, with American cigarettes in it—and there were stubs of American cigarettes in the ash trays. Will you please explain how it got there?"

"I don't believe he can," Sandra was smiling slightly. "You see it isn't really his cigarette case."

Eric stared at her.

"I BEG your pardon, Madame Cleed," Millefleurs leaned forward. "If it is not his case, please, whose case is it?"

"Mine."

"But his name is on it—"

Sandra turned to Eric. "It's the case," she said, "that Tim Outerbridge gave to his crew members in the Bermuda Race in '26, Eric." She looked back at Gaston Thousand-flowers. "I've carried it for years," she said, "because it is an especially tight-fitting case and it keeps the cigarettes from getting that powder flavor they usually get from compacts in a handbag."

Millefleurs was looking at her intently.

"Yesterday—on the boat," she said, "Sonja had none of her own cigarettes. We both smoked mine from that case. I was called to see the Immigration man and left the case with her. She put it in her own handbag when she left the table. In the confusion when we parted on the quay, she called to me that she had it, but the crowd was so thick that I called back and asked her to keep it for me until I saw her in Paris."

Millefleurs laughed.

"Permit me," he said, "to be immensely relieved—and also to be profoundly grateful. It is always the simple things that look so involved upon first investigation, M'sieur Cleed—and Madame—so involved that the longer one remains in the profession of crime investigation, the more one learns to distrust the obvious. It is invariably misleading—invariably. Behold—from the simple explainable item of a cigarette case, it might quite erroneously have been inferred that M'sieur Cleed was the gentleman Bibescu entertained, whereas, undoubtedly that could not be the case, Madame having just returned from America." He bowed to Sandra.

Eric looked at him.

"You have, then, no idea who killed her?"

"A very good idea." Millefleurs smiled. "But not one that we shall pursue too strenuously. It is sufficient to us that we are satisfied it was a political and not, shall we say?—a personal murder. We shall rest there unless fortune throws the murderer at us with no expense to the Republic." He rose.

"Thank you—profoundly—both—for your coöperation and your courtesy, M'sieur, in coming in response to my request. I appreciate it sincerely." He came around the corner of his desk and clicked his heels before each of them. "Most sincerely," he said, "most sincerely."

THERE was a paper being shouted on the streets as they came down the corridor into the blinding sunlight. Sunlight that was like sunlight on a thousand bayonets. Raucously shouted until the street rang with its echo.

"Wait, Sandra—" Eric fumbling in his pocket for a coin—tossing it to the boy.

"Echo of Bibescu Murder—
Left Wing Agent Killed in Rue Foyat
Suspected Companion a Fugitive."

But there was a telephone booth beside the door. Again Georges' voice on the wire—eager this time.

"But, yes, Madame! He is at the Hôpital Saint-Roche. It is just this minute that I have finished trying to get you. The Doctor Harrington has called me not fifteen minutes since. He fences here with M'sieur. He is at the hospital, you see, for this morning's operations when they have brought M'sieur Harden from the ambulance."

"The ambulance—"

"But yes, Madame—he has been found unconscious and placed in an ambulance by a police officer. It is an injury to the stomach somehow that the doctor has not fully explained—"

Eric outside the glass—reading his paper, looking at her, tapping the paper with a quick forefinger, to attract her attention.

"Sandra—" as she came out, "here are the people who did it. Two Italians—Rinaldi and Cottafavia. Sandra, look here, Young Fellow. One of them killed the other apparently, and got away. They found papers in both their apartments from Von Karlish's headquarters. Well," he shrugged, "I suppose the authorities here will let this Rinaldi get across the border and close up the whole case—Sandra!"

He heard her say, "Hôpital Saint-Roche," to her driver, and he caught her arm.

"Please, Eric—it makes no difference. Follow me if you want to but don't come with me."

The square frame of her cab window held a flowing river of house fronts and streets that cascaded past with trees and lamp-posts and faces and other cabs caught in the swirling flood of its passage. And there was no thought in her. There never is at such times. All thought dies under the gnawing void of human loneliness.

Somewhere the faint echo of song wound onward through the empty silence, but it was only an echo. The living fact of it was gone from her—Philip is badly hurt!

But you must not think of that. Anything—anything else until you get there and find out—and see him.

Think of Cottafavia—dead. Of Sonja Bibescu—dead. Of all the petty ambitions of men and women. Of Georgia Crail fleeing from herself to the Riviera to hold up a husband for alimony. Think of Rinaldi fleeing blindly from Cottafavia's murder, with the police convinced that he did it, but not following him because—as with gang wars in

(Continued on page 46)

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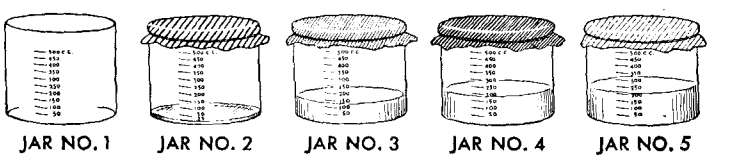

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See them in colors that would run a chameleon ragged—in 1934's new styles and fabrics. See the Weissmuller touches that give them speed and guarantee their comfort — and the new *"seamless backs"* that make perfect fit a fact—*not a phrase.* The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City.

TRUNKS—A smartly snug high-waisted trunk with the swank and comfort of English cut trousers, to be worn alone or with contrasting top.

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WRAP-A-ROUND—an anatomic marvel—two-toned braided straps and contrasting wrap-a-round belt.

ALSO MADE AND SOLD IN CANADA.

B.V.D.
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SWIM SUITS
Copr. 1934, The B.V.D. Company, Inc.

(Continued from page 45)

America—unmolested, such people eliminate themselves and Gaston Millefleurs is wise enough to know it.

Even though I know that neither Cottafavia nor Rinaldi killed the Bibescu, Millefleurs hopes blindly that they did because then, if it is not disproved, he can close two murder cases with one sweep of authority and write "political" below them and wash his hands. And all the time, it must be Philip who killed Cottafavia—but that is such a small thing. So—back again to Philip. Everything leads me back to Philip. He is all around me—all within me. . . . Philip!

Think of Lila Sashe. Lila with the riptides of her life behind her and terribly glad of it. Time to rest now—for an hour before dinner. Time for a quiet leisure—for Lila. And yet all she has learned through all of her life is of no use to anyone she may tell it to, for each of us lives a separate life, different from all others and the only laws we can abide by are the laws we make ourselves. Lila with the laws of position. Eric with a schoolboy code and his senses. Toby Macintyre with the laws of drink. Georgia with the laws of piracy. Philip with the laws of manners. But I—Sandra Cleed—I have no laws. I love a man. That is all law and all life to me—and that man is hurt—perhaps terribly hurt. Oh, no—dear God—don't let him be!

From very far away she felt fists hammering on her knees, and they were her own fists, and the cab was stopped under a low stone archway that hung over her like a sullen mood. Eric was right behind her—getting out of another cab, not speaking to her—but following.

THERE was something wrong with Doctor Harrington. No American could be as French as Doctor Harrington was, no matter how long he stayed in France. The tips of his polished shoes were French—his trousers were French. His hands were French, and the sleek, smooth thinness of his hair was French.

"Madame Cleed? How do you do? Yes, I see. Yes, Madame. Of course, we met last year at one of Mr. Harden's *galas d'escrime.* You do not recall, perhaps, because I was in fencing clothing. It is indeed fortunate I was here when he arrived. There was nothing in his pockets to identify him. Simply another emergency case from the streets. I had him brought to my own table. He has lost an alarming quantity of blood. We transfused at once."

Harrington frowned slightly. "There was some evidence of his having had a drink or two. Almost anything can happen in Paris these days. Of course there is a regulation which requires all such wounds to be reported to the local prefecture, but in Mr. Harden's case," —he spread his hands—"I have hesitated to comply with it. Mr. Harden is my friend and I know him for a reticent man. Here, he is my private patient—under my personal care. If there is no police charge that he cares to bring himself when he becomes conscious, the matter rests. It occurs to me that the injury was entirely accidental. We shall leave it that way unless he cares to change it—

"—to see him, Madame?" He spread his hands again. "But then—I shall see. That might be an excellent thing for him. Will you wait for me a moment?"

He bowed to her, looked curiously for a second at Eric beside the doorway of the tiny waiting-room and went out. Curiously, because there was something rather dead and done in Eric's eyes. But it was there only for a second.

"Sandra," he called softly across to her and he was smiling slightly. She looked at him, not quite seeing him for a moment. "Goodby, Young Fellow," and he raised his fingers to his forehead and snapped them out at her in a funny little salute. Apparently she didn't hear him, for she stared at him as if she was waiting for him to say what he had to say.

"It was pride, Sandra—wasn't it? Your own pride. You had to finish one job completely before you could leave it? You are a grand person."

Still she was looking at him—not quite seeing him.

"No," he shook his head, "don't. Look there, beside you instead—in the mirror. You are beautiful—more beautiful than you have ever been in your life—I am glad that has happened to you. Don't look at me any more. I—never—existed." And he was gone suddenly from the doorway. Nor did she notice his going.

Doctor Harrington led her down the corridor. He chattered. "The name confuses people. My grandfather was from your town of Boston. He married a Frenchwoman when his business brought him to Paris. He stayed." Harrington spread his hands in deprecation. "So you see sometimes I am American, sometimes French. As a result I have schooled myself to have no opinion on the war debts whatsoever. *Alors.*" He hesitated before pushing a door open. "Please now, Madame, cheerfulness when you see him—be casual—we must be careful of him today."

"I will—oh, I will," she whispered. Then she was standing above Philip, and he was smiling up at her.

Their heads were together, pressed cheek to cheek, and she was kneeling beside him.

"Sandra," he whispered, "is everything quite clear in your mind? I've come back a long way to you."

"Quite clear, darling—quite divine, the whole thing—no ghosts, no thoughts, no doubts of any kind. It's all rather absurd and childish, but I refuse to be grown up about it—ever again."

"Sandra." There was a long moment. "There has been a little boy always in my life—my little boy. I've been terribly careful of him. I'm afraid he's been something terribly sacred to me—a definite part of me, going wherever I go, climbing up on my knee at twilight and putting his curly head down against my chest. At other times he runs in the sunlight on sturdy legs and swings his arms cleanly from the shoulders. My son. He looks up at me when I speak to him, and his eyes are open and unafraid. He walks ahead of me on forest paths at night—secure in the certain knowledge that I am behind him to protect him. He's my godhood—Sandra—it's because of him that I've never married. I thought I had lost him this morning."

He looked at her suddenly. The slow tears were wetting the coverlet under her arm.

"Oh, Philip—don't talk any more. I know him. His eyes are blue—a very pale blue, and he has golden hair, and he is a divine child. His body flashes like a pale arrow when he dives into water. He grows older. One day he is suddenly grown up. His dinner jacket is beautifully cut, for he knows the worth of fine tailors—he puts his opera hat on so—with a little pat—and he is off—to the races. But always he is still that little boy around your knee, playing with simple things—smiling when you smile—"

HE PUT his arms about her gently. "Sandra, my darling."

"I have loved you faithfully, Philip—for so long—so faithfully that it was necessary to lie to you and pretend I didn't. But I don't have to lie to you any more, do I? For we both know now. He has blue eyes, Philip—and his body flashes like a pale arrow in the sunlight when he dives into cool waters. And his hair, Philip, is golden."

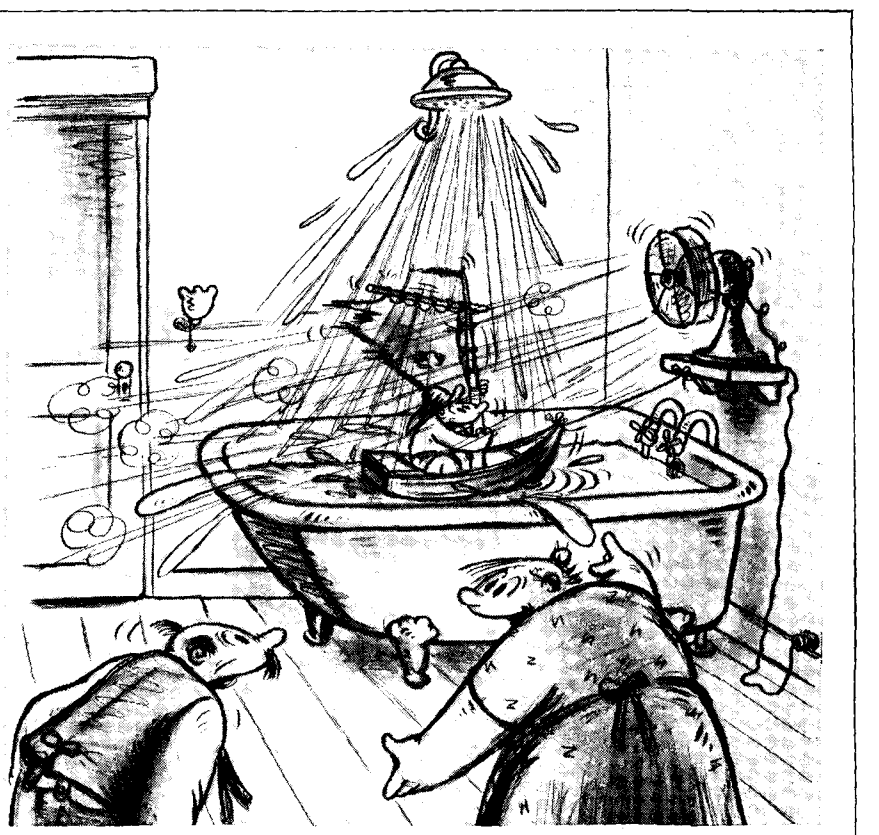
"Oh, my darling." He held the palm of her hand to his lips.

"For all my life and for all the time before and all the time that will ever come after—always."

"Yes," he whispered, "that would be the way of it, of course. We have waited so long, and I have been coming up out of the shadows to you for so many, many years."

"Don't talk, Philip—just feel—it's all around us like the springtime or like the evening shadows in a country chapel. Nothing will ever matter again—ever. Nothing but—us—"

THE END



"Come, look! He's out to sea in a storm!" FRANK OWEN

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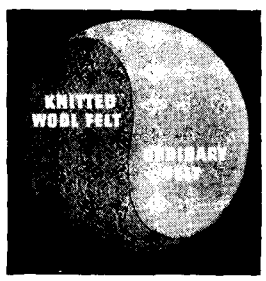
WONDERS NEVER CEASE!

A TENNIS BALL THAT GROWS a new crop of NAP!



Unretouched photo of a "test" ball. After 83 games the half covered with the new felt is fuzzy and "nappy"; the other half has worn smooth and is unfit for good play.

As the original fuzzy covernap of a Pennsylvania Tennis Ball is scuffed off by contact with the court *a new nap* comes in—and keeps coming in! Like the constant growth of hair! So you don't have to toss aside a tennis ball any more because the cover has worn smooth and the ball ducks and sails. A Pennsylvania "First" idea, as usual—and an amazing new cover felt with a knitted weave is responsible for it all!

Benefits? Many! Here are two .. double the ball life and accuracy to the last lob.

So this season say to your dealer . . . "A can of Pennsylvania Pressure-Packed Tennis Balls"—and you've said it all!

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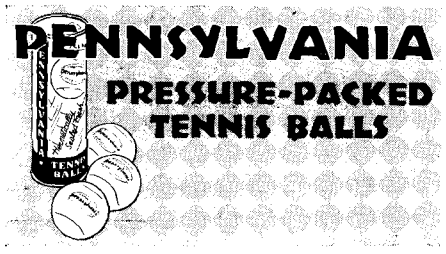

How's your Ground Stroke?

Continued from page 12

left. It sounds complicated but grab a racket and you'll see that it makes sense. By twisting your grip one quarter turn you are still able to present a flat racket surface to the ball when you hit it. When you use the Eastern grip you hit the forehand and backhand with different faces of the racket. Try this out and if it doesn't feel comfortable shift to the Western grip.

"Just drop your racket on the ground, racket head flat. Merely reach down and grab the handle and you'll find that you are holding it with the so-called Western grip. Now when you hit a backhand shot you don't shift your grip, and you hit the backhand with the same side of the racket with which you hit the forehand. This means you do a lot of wrist movement. The whole thing is in the wrist, and I imagine most beginners will find the Eastern grip easier.

"The Continental grip is the Western grip with a quarter turn of the wrist for a backhand shot. But grips don't have to be labeled. Just fool around until you find the one that is most natural to you—and stick to it."

"How about service?"

"We're not quite up to that yet," Sutter admonished. "By now if you have been listening and have done lots of practicing you ought to have your two most important ground strokes down all right. That is the forehand and the backhand. One more point as to them: Never lean over from the waist to hit the ball if it doesn't bounce high enough. As you make your stroke bend your knees and bring your whole body down closer to the ground. That prevents you from getting off balance."

"Go on from there."

"I will, indeed. If the ordinary player has good backhand and forehand shots and if he just remembers one important thing about position, he'll do pretty well for himself. Usually when a beginner hits a ball he stands right there where he's hit it, waiting for his opponent's return. If the ball is hit back some distance from him he'll have a tough job getting over there in time to return it.

X Marks the Spot

Here's what he should remember: As soon as he hits the ball he should hurry back and take up his position about three feet in back on the baseline directly in the center. Now he's ready for either a forehand or a backhand shot. He can run up if his opponent's return falls short. It's easier to run forward than to run backward.

"When my coach, Mercer Beasley, was teaching me he used to mark a big X three feet in back of the baseline. After each shot I'd run back there. After a while I got so I did it unconsciously and then he took the X away. You know what's good for a tennis player?"

"Spinach," I suggested hopefully.

"Boxing. Boxing is the best training that a tennis player can have. Boxing teaches you footwork and teaches you to keep from being off balance. It also teaches you to be constantly on your toes. You can't get caught flat-footed at either tennis or boxing, or you'll get your ears knocked off.

"Now we come to service. Everyone tries to copy Bill Tilden's cannon-ball service, the kind of service Stoefen and Shields use today. It's a big mistake to start in learning that service, not only because you'll burn up a lot of energy but because it's so hard to keep it under control. You should start off with the spin service. This is the second service of most experts but it's the service you must learn first. This spin or twist service is good because it makes the ball drop quickly and you stand a better chance of seeing it land in the service court instead of the grandstand. This is like the 'drop' kids used to pitch. It goes along until the ball stops spinning, then it loses momentum and falls. Accuracy in service is more important than speed. The European players believe that the service should be only a means of getting the ball into play. Cochet seldom tries a cannon-ball.

"You get this twist or spin on your service this way. You throw the ball up and then sort of slice it with your racket. You don't just hit it squarely—your racket will hit the ball obliquely on the side and set it to spinning. It takes a lot of practice to control this but once you get it—you've got it.

Don't Overdo It

"Once you have your twist service down good, so good that you seldom have to serve two balls, you can work on a fast service. Of course a tall man has an advantage here but power alone won't give you a good flat service. Yes, it's called flat because you don't put a spin on it. Sidney Wood, for instance, is rather slight, yet through practice he has developed a first service that is tremendously fast and very effective. It's more a matter of timing and hitting properly than it is brute strength.

"As a matter of fact, service is often overemphasized with beginners. They invariably try to speed. Even if a young player manages to develop a cannon-ball service that drops in the service court consistently, he is foolish to rely upon it alone. Did you ever try to keep on serving cannon-balls for five sets?"

"I wouldn't even try to serve cocktails that long."

"We were not talking about cocktails," Sutter explained acidly. "When you serve those fast ones you've got to lean on the ball and no player ever lived who could keep that up for five sets. Even when Tilden was younger he didn't depend on that bullet serve throughout a five-set match.

"Now we have neglected only two departments of the game—overhead play and volleying. In hitting an overhead shot you mustn't wait too long. Hit the ball before it goes over your head—not after. Hit it somewhere definitely too, don't just slam it.

"Volleying is something you've got to pick up yourself through practice. Remember just one thing: Don't stoop over for the ball. Bend your knees and never allow the head of your racket to get below your wrist. Again take a look at a picture of Borotra or Gregory Mangin when they are volleying. Note their position. Volleying depends upon quick reactions and almost instinctive action. You can be a good singles player without being a great volleyer, so don't worry too much about this part of the game. Bitsy Grant isn't much of a volleyer, yet he's beaten about every ranking player at one time or another. The best way to learn volleying is by playing doubles. Then you've got to volley."

"And in conclusion, Mr. Sutter . . . ?"

"In conclusion, the youngster should remember that the chief thing in tennis is keeping the ball in play—not murdering it. Lacoste had a great system. Someone once asked him the secret of his tennis success and he shrugged his shoulders. 'I just keep hitting the ball back,' he said. And that isn't a bad idea at all."

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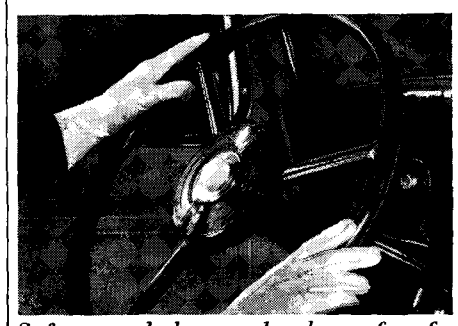

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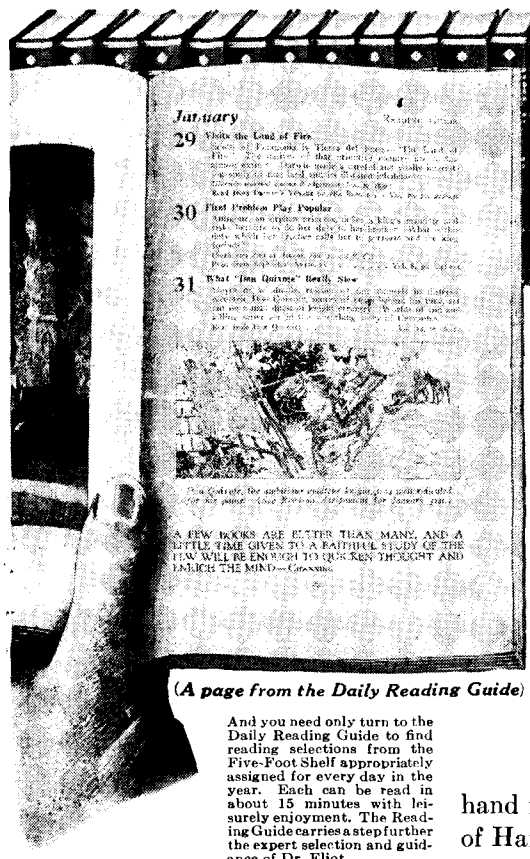
Your reading problem solved 365 days in the year


January
29
30
31
A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND—Conning

(A page from the Daily Reading Guide)

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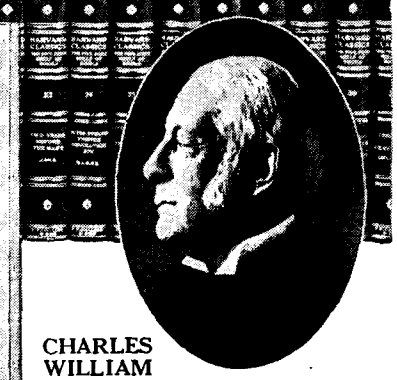

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Editor of the Five-Foot Shelf

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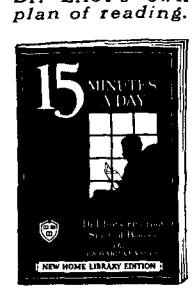

The Acid Test

Continued from page 30

but I could not get Daney's broken-hearted confession out of my head. It was still haunting me at breakfast next morning when Ken arrived. He came in unannounced, for I had left a message with the porter that he was to come right up. He came into the room with a firm step, looking not only as if he had eaten the canary, but was proud of having done so.

His arrogance was unbearable and I gave it back to him with the eyes. But he refused to be abashed.

"Think what you like, Bob. Scowling won't alter anything."

Like an ass I reminded him how many years we had been friends and was at a loss to find a suitable answer to his question as to what that had to do with it. He added, somewhat offensively:

"I had dinner with an archbishop once, but it hasn't prevented me falling in love with Leora."

"Leora!" I said. "Love!" I said. "Have you forgotten that you're no longer a child? You're old enough not to talk a lot of romantic bosh."

BUT it was a waste of breath to talk to him—as it is to any other man who believes himself to be in love.

He shook his head at me.

"You haven't an emotion in you that is stronger than what you feel when you miss a putt."

"Is that so?" I replied. "Then let me tell you this. When I saw Daney in tears last night I had the strongest desire to punch your head, not once but often."

He turned and looked from the window at the traffic stream below.

"Yes, I'm sorry about Daney," he said. "It's a terrible thing that happiness generally must be paid for by the one who doesn't get it. But I don't know why she should care that much. Life at home hasn't been so fiercely exciting these last few years. We had struck a pretty level rut, y'know."

"Level rut my eye!" said I. "What do you expect after twelve years of married life?"

"I expect a great deal, Bob. I'm young—I don't want to miss any happiness."

"Then, I suppose, you are willing to accord a similar freedom to Daney? After all, she's younger than you are."

He frowned at that and became sententious.

"These things don't play the same part in a woman's life."

No doubt I should have resisted the temptation to ask. "Does your Leora agree with you about that?"

"We are not all temperamentally the same, Bob."

I nodded contemptuously.

"The old cry, a special law and providence for our own weaknesses and indulgences. You make me sick!"

That roused him.

"Nobody asked for your opinions, and I've yet to learn that anybody wants to hear them."

But I was not going to be browbeaten.

"That's true, and nobody asked you here to spoil my breakfast by strutting up and down like a young cockerel that has managed to crow for the first time."

He swung round as though he had been struck by a bullet. His hands and teeth clenched.

"If anybody but you had said that there would have been a fight."

He turned his back on me and picked up his hat. At the door he said he pitied me. I believe he meant it.

I hardly know why I rang up Daney, for nothing had occurred between Ken and myself worthy of being recounted. Our meeting had degenerated into a vulgar squabble, reflecting no credit on either party. I suppose I felt that she had a right to be informed of all the developments, however insignificant, and I did guess she might be glad to hear that I, for one, had failed to find a single attractive feature in her rival to Ken's affections.

We lunched together at the Renton, beneath some huge mural paintings, which had the effect of making Daney look very small and lost. She looked unusually fit, save for two little dark patches on her cheek bones and a pink fringe to her nostrils—the result of pinching them with a handkerchief in her effort to stifle tears. Her courage was admirable and she contrived to talk about her empty future as though it was full of events worth looking forward to.

She was so pretty, so fresh; everything a man might desire his wife to be. It was inconceivable that Ken could have thrown her over for a woman that even an ignorant schoolboy would have recognized as a man-eater. It was inconceivable that he could have forgotten and brushed aside all that he owed her for the happy years of married life which she had given to him.

Daney had taken the knock and was up before the count. I fell to wondering, as I looked at her, how I had ever cared to number Ken among my friends.

I had some business appointments that afternoon, but decided to let them go. Sympathy for one's fellows is of greater importance than business.

I meant to telephone to my business associates, but somehow it slipped my memory, for we went to a matinée.

Perhaps Butterfly was not the happiest choice to have made, since the story reveals the sorrows of a rejected woman. However, I do not think Daney could have sat through a slapstick comedy that afternoon. Butterfly was, at least, in tune with her own mood. During the song—well, if it has a name I don't know it—where the deserted girl laments her lover (at least that is what I imagine she is doing, but cannot be sure, for I speak no Italian), I saw a tear running down Daney's cheek and her fingers plucking at the arm-rest of her loge. It gave her a sense of having somebody to rely on when I took her hand in mine and held it until the lights came up.

MANY years had passed since I had sat in the dark holding hands, and, absurdly enough, it gave me the sensation of being almost a boy again. I remember thinking how much of our real selves is stifled by needless repressions, and how much fuller life can be if we are not ashamed to be governed by our instinctive emotions. In cold print all that looks heavy stuff, but I know that it was nice to come out of my shell and be natural.

After the matinée we strolled round to my apartment. Daney walked with chin high and her eyes on the lance-like buildings. She reminded me of a child listening to the song of a lark. Since the sidewalks of New York are not the safest place for any Daney-head-in-air, I put an arm through one of hers.

"Surely the loveliest city in the world," she said. "It should be impossible to be unhappy here."

She asked me when last I had heard from Angela and supposed I missed her terribly—which I did.

"Angela is the grandest person—a divine sense of humor—and so lucky," she said.

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"Why lucky?"

She smiled at me.

"Need you be so modest, Bob? You aren't such a bad sort, you know."

Few of us are insensible to a compliment from anybody whose opinion we esteem, and I expect my protest was not very convincing. She said:

"In times like these one discovers what one's friends are really worth."

At the entrance to my apartment she held out her hand and said "Goodby."

"But you must come up," I insisted.

"Haven't I bored you enough with my troubles?"

I told her not to talk nonsense and waved her toward the elevator.

IT WAS the first time I had entertained a woman in my apartment, and she invested it with a graceful influence. Until then the room had seemed starchy and formal, but with Daney's coat sprawling on a chair, her hat where she had tossed it in a corner, and the spray of gardenias I had bought her lying on the table, the place looked kindly and lived in.

I mixed some drinks and we began to talk of old times. It is surprising how many old times we revived, traveling retrogressively towards our first meeting at a seaside village in Devon. Did I remember carrying her through those caves at Bolt Head, where the water was waist deep and slap-slapped against the jade-green faces of the rocks? Of course I remembered. Angela—we were not married then—had taken a snapshot of us as we came out into the sunlight. I have it still.

"Your arms were round my neck, Daney, and we were looking at each other like a couple of moon-calves."

She nodded. "Yes—I had an awful crush on you, Bob. I thought, then, that there was nobody in the world like you." She hesitated and added: "I suppose I still think that. I suppose you are the nicest man I've ever known."

Hearing her say that gave me quite a lump in the throat. I don't know why.

It seemed stupid to go out for a meal. A waiter brought us dinner on a tray. Neither of us had much appetite for food and I think we were glad when he took away the neglected dishes and left us in peace.

I reminded Daney of an evening when she watched me shooting rabbits where a field of oats was being cut.

"Yes—and you never missed—not once."

But I wouldn't vouch for the truth of that.

Then she said: "I've missed all right, haven't I, Bob?"

"Don't you believe it."

"I must believe it. I suppose I was a fool ever to let him go away for so long alone."

"That's rubbish," said I. "If a man is such a weak vessel that he can't be separated from a wife like you without falling for some other woman, then he isn't worth a second thought."

"It goes deeper than that," said she. "It hits your pride, Bob—it proves that you haven't the power to keep your man."

I was not going to stand for that. I told her flatly that it was just a lot of hooey. I told her that no man worthy of the name would ever give her up. I told her that she was the finest, most lovable and adorable woman in the world. And because I meant every word I said I leaned down and kissed her cheek.

I think I had said what she most wanted to hear, for, smiling through her tears, she put her cool arms round my neck and told me I was her "most, most dearest friend," and kissed me as she had never kissed me before. I returned her kisses many times over—and then we sat apart—breathless—staring into each other's eyes.

I knew then that Daney was the only woman I could ever truly love—I think I believed that she was the only woman I ever had loved. The knowledge was shattering enough in all conscience—for she was the wife of my closest friend—and I was supposedly as happily married as a man might hope to be. I do not pretend to understand why I accepted that sudden transition of feelings without pausing to consider the domestic upheaval it must inevitably foreshadow. In honesty I must confess that I did accept it and even—save the mark—welcome it. In those kisses the eagerness of love poured through my veins like some great, vital refreshing stream. And nothing else mattered.

I shall never forget the hour that followed the discovery of our love for each other. The knowledge choked us into silence. To an observer, had there been one, we must have looked the saddest couple in the world. I remember getting a bottle of whisky and some glasses. I cannot recall a single word being spoken. We sat huddled together on the couch, Daney's cheek pressed to mine. For sound there was the beating of her heart—the rumble of traffic—the crooning ascents and descents of the elevator—and a voice—Ken's: "Bob, we've known each other too long to . . ."

The fool waiter must have left the outer door ajar when he took away the tray. That was how he came to walk right in and find us in each other's arms.

I saw the blood rush to his temples as he stood in the doorway.

"Of all damned hypocrites!" he exploded, and the emotion that he put into his words convinced me that here was a man ready to fight for the woman he loved.

They accuse women of being inconstant, but never had I seen inconstancy to match that. It was less than twenty-four hours since I had seen him with another woman in much the same position as he now found us. It was less than twelve hours since he had spoken of Daney as of a port left behind and to which he would never return. Yet here he was fuming and stamping like a jealous boy in the presence of a rival.

It was with certainty I looked to find Daney laughing at him, but, to my dismay, her face was set in lines of the deepest concentration. Ken, in the meanwhile, was discharging an unbroken stream of abuse and invective. What a friend! What a wife!

Then, very suddenly, she jumped to her feet and faced him.

"Have you quarreled, then—is it all over?" she asked.

"It was over until . . ."

She would not let him go on.

"That'll do, Ken! Tell me the rest on the way home." She picked up her coat, rescued her hat from the corner and went to the door.

At precisely the moment I was making the same remark, Ken said: "Wait a minute!" and overcalled me with: "If Bob thinks he can get away with this sort . . ."

Ken threw an angry glance at me.

"Later!"

They were going out when Daney remembered something she had forgotten.

"Thank you, Bob."

She left the gardenias I had bought for her.

I DO not know how long I paced up and down, thinking over what had happened from every angle. Daney's action had baffled and bruised me so completely that I did not even try to understand it. I think I was most concerned to find excuses for myself, but though I tried many none brought satisfaction. I told myself that if Angela had accompanied me, instead of selfishly staying at home, it would never have happened. I sought to lay the blame for my disloyalty on her shoulders—but it was no use. That is why, with little hope that she would ever feel the same for me again, I called her up and made a clean breast of the whole wretched business.

She only interrupted once, and that was to say:

"You don't have to tell me anything."

But though I knew what pain I must be inflicting I revealed even the thoughts that had gone through my head during those few crazy hours. I must have struck a dismal note at the end with:

"It's rather awful when a man finds he can't even trust himself."

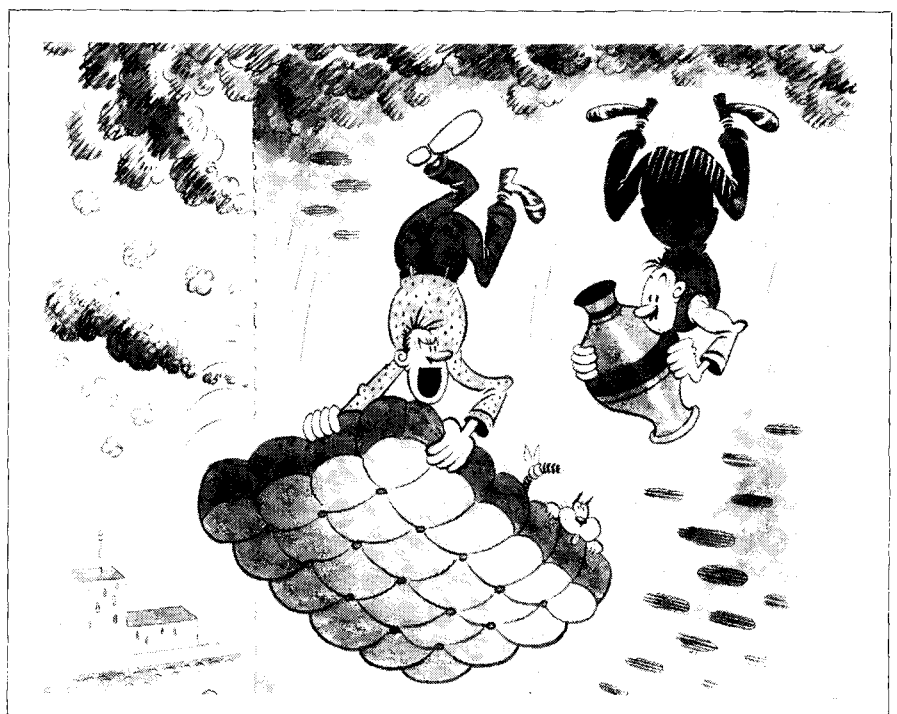
Her voice, very faint, asked if I were still in love with Daney.

"Not to the same extent," I confessed, and added: "I wish you would come out and be with me."

There was a long pause with a sort of gurgle in it.

"I don't think you'll do much harm," she said valiantly.

Of course I know the transatlantic telephone collects curious sounds. Maybe the ripple of waters is registered upon it, but I had an impression, a very distinct impression, that I heard a woman laugh; and were it not that such a thing was impossible I could almost have sworn that the laugh was Angela's.



"Of all the fool things to grab!" BILL HOLMAN

SOUTH CAROLINA PIPE SMOKER GETS BIG TIP FROM SANTA CLAUS

Mr. J. E. Brown of Spartanburg, S. C., writes of eight years of pipe enjoyment

Here is a letter from a happy pipe smoker of Spartanburg, South Carolina, who tells what Santa Claus did for him eight years ago.

418 N. Church St.,
Spartanburg, S. C.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

Santa Claus brought me happiness eight years ago! Here's how it happened. For years I had envied pipe smokers. They seemed so happy, so peaceful, so contented. But somehow I didn't seem to be one of them. Doctor Mac down at the Corner Drug Store had tried to start me on Edgeworth, but I was dubious and put off trying it. Then came Christmas eight years ago. Santa Claus in the form of a prospective brother-in-law placed a big desk-size can of Edgeworth and a trim, good pipe under the tree—for me. Christmas morning I lit up and realized that Doctor Mac was right. I smoked many times that day, and the next, and the next and today and tomorrow I shall do the same. And always it's Edgeworth!

I belong now. I enjoy my pipe and Edgeworth. And I don't annoy others. The donor of this gift mentioned above has since joined the family—and I feel that I owe him a life-long debt of gratitude for tipping me off and starting me to hours of happiness and enjoyment.

Yours,
J. E. Brown

Edgeworth is the pipe tobacco that is made from only the tender leaves of the Burley tobacco plant. This particular part of the Burley plant is acknowledged to be the best tobacco for pipe smoking. The "trick" in blending is to retain the real tobacco flavor which Nature put into the leaf, and at the same time guarantee to the pipe smoker that true mildness which he must have for full enjoyment. It is easy enough to put up a pipe tobacco that is merely mild. But to combine true mildness and real flavor—that is not so easy.

Men enjoy a good pipe and Edgeworth

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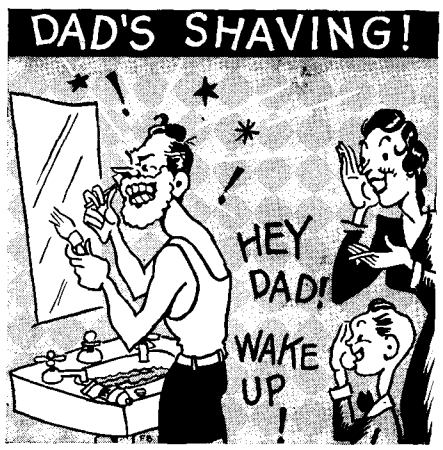

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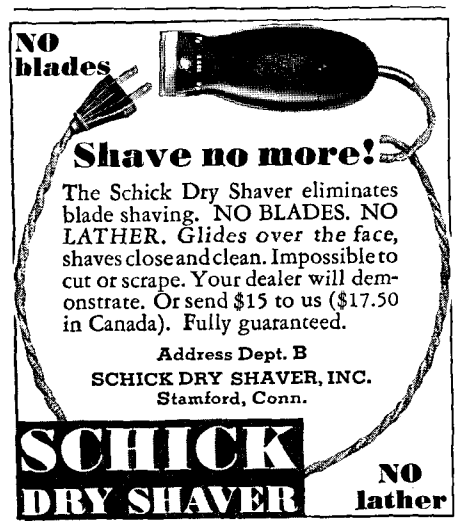
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Court of the Last Guess

Continued from page 32

courtroom, with Chief Justice Hughes stepping gravely out in front, and the crier intoning a tribute to "The honorable Chief Justice of the United States, and the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States," the spectacle is only less impressive than an inaugural ceremony or a declaration of war before the joint Congress. So it must always be to those who do not catch the meaning of the court's conduct, or sense its characteristics and prejudices, and responsiveness to normal forces, during arguments or the delivery of decisions on Monday afternoons.

Liberals and Conservatives

The hurried visitor who drops in to relax in the shadowy stillness for a few moments and soon tires of what strikes him as meaningless talk and motion misses a lot. He sees only nine men who appear to be weary, listless, disinterested. But let him stick around for a while, taste the flavor of the court, and it will not disappoint him. He may see a seemingly snoozing justice awaken to propound a detonating question to an overconfident lawyer. He will find, too, that it is an extremely human body, even though the jurists' average age is sixty-nine years.

It has its favorites among the pleaders at the bar. Always impatient, even intolerant, of verbose speakers, the members shoot sharp and embarrassing questions at such gentlemen. The latest victim of this tendency is Solicitor-General J. Crawford Biggs of North Carolina, whose genial habit of approaching an answer by detours wearies some of the older justices. The court developed quite a dislike for a prominent feminine lawyer, largely because, womanlike, she insisted on rounding out her sentences before meeting their questions. Justice McReynolds, a bachelor who doesn't like "lady lawyers" anyway, sometimes muttered upon taking his seat: "I see the female is here again."

Justices Brandeis and Stone, who scan the annual honor rolls of law schools for their secretaries, are the young lawyers' friends and guides; they participate in some arguments in parental style. When they see a youngster suffering from stage fright, they hold out helping and kindly hands. "As I understand it," they interrupt, "what you mean is this." Then they proceed to make legal sense out of the young man's wandering and stuttered phrases. For all his appearance of austerity, which becomes almost Jovian as the snowy years powder his beard and hair, Chief Justice Hughes often assumes a Samaritan posture. With Mr. Cardozo, whose extraordinary shyness is strangely fascinating, and the breezy Mr. Roberts, these five do much to humanize courtroom atmosphere and procedure.

Both on and off the bench, the jurists have their likes and dislikes within their own small family. There are no bitter feuds, although some resentment still smolders against Mr. Hughes' driving, dictatorial manner in requiring quick write-ups of decisions assigned to certain members, but the judicial division extends into the field of friendships. The three "liberals"—Justices Brandeis, Stone and Cardozo—usually leave the bench and courtroom together, smiling and chatting. The four "conservatives"—Justices Van Devanter, Sutherland, Butler and McReynolds—gravitate together just as naturally, although the caustic, unsocial Mr. McReynolds keeps to himself most of the time.

The two men who cannot be ticketed even tentatively, and whose opinions may therefore determine the balance for or against the New Deal, are Chief Justice Hughes and Justice Roberts. In most of the famous four-to-five decisions—and how the members dread such a narrow division on important questions!—it is they who have swung the court. They usually travel swiftly and alone, rushing from the courtroom in a quick double-time so matched in speed and vigor that it belies the thirteen-year difference in their ages. More matter-of-fact and athletic than his associates, Justice Roberts, like a laborer climbing from overalls to street clothes, strips off his black gown as he flies out the door and tosses it to an attendant. Then he heads for his upstairs office, which he soon darkens with smoke from his ever-present pipe. The others, more sedate, hang up their gowns in the privacy of the robing room across the corridor.

It is in the Saturday afternoon conferences that the fate of the Roosevelt revolution will be cast, and, perhaps, the destiny of future generations decided. Here the justices assemble after having heard arguments and studied briefs, and beginning with the baby member—now Justice Cardozo—express their opinions verbally. These sessions are sometimes as stormy as some in the Senate. They argue quite as much as they exchange opinions. Men of strong convictions formulated after deep study, they swap arguments, refutations, precedents and dicta in a style not always judicial.

Keeping the Calendar Clean

Chief Justice Hughes speaks last. Hating dissents, as does most of the court, he strives earnestly, evangelically, to reconcile warring views. Seeking to make it uncomfortable for any member to disagree, whether he be a "liberal" or a "conservative," he reviews and reviews the facts and the law. He does not always succeed, but that is not his fault.

Although veteran members always come to regard themselves as just as good as "the Chief," his resounding exposition of the law is said to be an awe-inspiring event. Whatever influence he enjoys derives from his having the last and longest word, and not from his titular eminence.

When a vote has been taken, Mr. Hughes assigns preparation of the majority opinion to some member, and the leading dissenter, if there be any, undertakes the task of saying that it just isn't so. There is a fairly definite assignment system based on the various members' special attainments and qualifications. Justice Brandeis handles Interstate Commerce and financial matters, Van Devanter land and jurisdictional questions, Sutherland constitutional "posers," Stone tax matters, Cardozo common-law cases, Butler railroad and corporation intricacies, McReynolds both tax and trust affairs. Chief Justice Hughes and Mr. Roberts, as former trial lawyers, are all-around men.

Chief Justice Hughes, with Justices Stone, Roberts and Cardozo, are the hardest workers, thriving on it. Mr. Van Devanter is a slow worker, and delivers the fewest opinions, but constitutional research keeps him busy. New members are allowed to break in slowly, getting fairly simple stuff at first, but their seniors see that they do their share, sometimes more, of the laborious work. Often the easiest cases from a legal viewpoint require the most study and digging.

Mr. Hughes drives his fellow-jurists hard—too hard, some are known to think. In some instances he has taken assignments away from slow workers and distributed them among faster thinkers and writers. But he has driven so hard, including himself among the driven, that he keeps the calendar clear.

It was the late Chief Justice Taft who inaugurated this speed-up system, but he did it largely by closing avenues to frivolous appeals. He felt keenly over the number of capricious cases allowed to reach the court, due chiefly to his sensitiveness for the dignity of this arm of the federal government. It was this same devotion to the concept of federal majesty which inspired him to promote plans for a separate home for the court, and now it is arising, a cold, classic structure, across Capitol Plaza. He had to do it almost alone because most of the justices thought that their present quarters, hallowed by memories of the days when it served as the Senate chamber, comported better with the court's traditions. They showed their attitude quite plainly, a few years ago. Bubbling with pride when a model of the proposed structure was exhibited in the Senate Office Building, Mr. Taft telephoned the marshal to round up the jurists and bring them over so that their picture might be taken as they stood posed before the replica. None went.

In other respects, however, the court shares Mr. Taft's constitutional complex. If at all possible, it prefers to go along, and in this tendency lies the strongest hope that the major portion of the New Deal will receive judicial benediction. In many memorable decisions the court has gone out of its way to take cognizance of changing conditions and conflicting traditions, and uttered extra-judicial opinions on the authority of the government in such circumstances.

Some now point out that Mr. Hughes, whose seeming metamorphosis has been the amazement of the Capital, wringing regrets from some Senate Progressives who fought his confirmation, may have as great an opportunity to make history as John Marshall. As Marshall extended the power of the federal government in the political field, this latest successor may exert his influence so as to widen its sway in the realm of social and economic control.

In the Public Interest

Up to the present the court has not passed upon the vital question of the authority of Washington to regulate production, prices and working conditions in industries which appear to have no interstate relationship, and therefore do not fall under federal jurisdiction. It has simply upheld, and that on ancient precedent, the right of a state to exercise rigid control in the public interest. The court was prepared to hear arguments on this essential principle of the NRA and AAA in a Texas oil case, but the government backed off with a request that the hearing be postponed until next October. Mr. Biggs and his superiors, it would seem, were not ready to go to the bat either on existing facts or law, and they may seek both a stronger test case and a change in the law. Thus, cautiously, tremulously, the bright, eager, young revolutionists prepare to submit their homework to the secret and solemn deliberations of nine lonely old men.

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Jail Breaker

Continued from page 9

In a mild voice Jones said:

"Take those guns out of my back. I'm not Mannion. My name is Arthur Jones. I work for the state."

"Watch your step, Mike," said one of the dicks. "This guy is poison."

Mike said:

"I'll keep the gun on him, Tom, and you fan him. Listen, Mannion, don't turn around. Just keep looking at that wall. You ain't going to pull nothing on us."

Jones was irritated.

"But, damn it, I tell you I'm not Mannion. My name is Jones."

Not realizing the seriousness of his position, he turned around.

The dicks jumped back as if they had been struck at by a rattlesnake. Jones saw their heavy policemen's faces pale and clammy with fear; saw the black automatics shaking in their hands. Suddenly he was terribly afraid.

"Now wait," he said, extending his palms. "Take it easy. I'm not Mannion. I can prove it. I've got identification . . ."

THE crowd at the door was parted violently and a police sergeant ran in, followed by a patrolman. Their faces went white at the sight of Jones.

"We got him," cried Mike. "If that ain't Mannion I'll eat him."

"Sure it's Mannion," said the sergeant. "Didn't I see him tried? Shall I put the handcuffs on him, Lieutenant?"

"Yes," said Mike; then turning: "You, Blake, get the car down here right away. It's at Second and State. Boy, what a break for us."

Jones said something, which was drowned by the hubbub in the drug store, then, unable to bear this situation any longer, he moved his right hand down toward the pocket where he carried his billfold.

There was a panic.

"Look out," cried Mike and the sergeant made a dive for Jones, bringing him down with a football tackle. A gun roared and chips from the marble soda fountain counter flew in all directions. Women screamed and there was a tremendous crash of breaking glass.

Jones was a little dazed, as his head had struck the tobacco counter. The sergeant was slightly apologetic.

"Had to do it, Mannion. Had to do it."

Jones got groggily to his feet. He opened his mouth to speak, but there was the wild screaming of a police siren and a squad car stopped outside with a screech of brakes. A patrolman came in, followed by two more dicks.

"He made a break," said Mike. "But the sergeant dropped him. You took chances, Sergeant. I might of plugged you." Mike had fired his gun through nervousness, but he would not admit it in spite of the fact that he knew he would be severely reprimanded for unnecessary shooting.

The sergeant caught Jones' hands and snapped on the handcuffs.

"All right, boys," cried Mike. "Here we go. Get back, everybody. Get back."

"Wait, wait!" cried Jones as they dragged him toward the squad car. "I'm not Mannion. Honest I'm not."

The sergeant laughed grimly.

"Get in the car, Mannion," he said. "You can tell it to the D. A."

Jones struggled and held back and even kicked at one of the patrolmen, who merely drew his legs away from danger without comment.

"Take it easy, Mannion, can't you?" begged Mike. "We got you. You can't get away. Not this time."

"Oh, you damned idiots!" cried Jones as they shoved him into the squad car.

"Easy, easy."

They wedged Jones in between two burly cops in uniform, then Tom and Mike got into the front seat with the driver. Helpless, Jones looked about him. A huge crowd jammed the sidewalk, staring at him with pale, intent faces as if he were some strange wild beast. "It's Mannion," they told one another. "They've got Mannion." Jones heard one man cry in an aggrieved voice: "Mannion? You never heard of him? Where you been, anyway? Why, he's the toughest guy in the U. S. A." One man near the squad car grinned and said: "Tough luck, Mannion, old boy. Here's hoping you give the coppers the slip again." There was some cheering. The policemen stared grimly at the crowd.

The car swung down into the poorer section of the town, toward the county jail. Here the streets were quiet. The men in the car were silent for a long time, so Jones said:

"Now, listen, officers; you haven't given me time to say a word. I tell you I'm not Mannion. Take the handcuffs off; they hurt my wrists. Let me explain."

Mike laughed.

"Oh, we'll take them off all right. Maybe you'd like us to pick up a girl for you or something. You can't kid us."

"But, listen . . ."

"Up in Battle Creek he was a book salesman," said Blake. "At Superior he was a preacher and got away with it. What are you this time, Mannion?"

The men laughed uneasily. You never knew what Mannion would pull; he was the smartest and the deadliest criminal in the world.

JONES had never seen so much excitement in his life. He sat on a straight chair in his shirt sleeves while men milled round him. For the hundredth time he read the legend on the open door with the ground-glass panel:

HOMICIDE BUREAU

Men argued violently and wiped their sweating faces with big limp handkerchiefs. Mike was pacing up and down, making gestures and talking loudly, but nobody seemed to be listening. On the faces of the policemen and attachés Jones saw fear and curiosity. What an awesome brute this Mannion must be!

A telephone bell rang loudly; there was a pause, then someone shouted:

"The warden's coming up with the D. A."

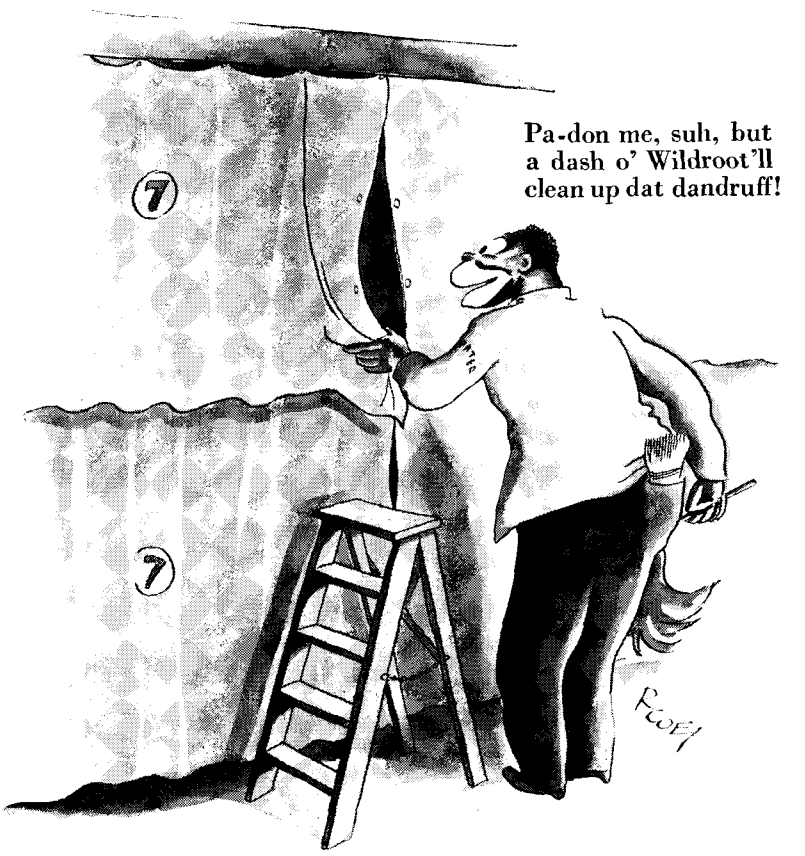
Mike turned.

"We'll let the warden take a slant at you, Mannion. You can't kid him about working for the state. By the way, Heffner, have you got hold of Mr. Rawlins yet? I want to know where Mannion got this State Employee card. Josephs, keep an eye on them reporters. We don't want no leaks to this yet. Course I know they think we got Mannion, but they can't print nothing till they get it official; not much, anyway."

A big, red-faced man, followed by a small, hawk-nosed one, came in and closed the door. The red-faced man cried:

"You dirty so-and-so. I treat you like a human being and you run out on me and make a fool of me. Before this night's over you're going to tell me who helped you make that lam or I'll break every bone in your body."

(Continued on page 52)



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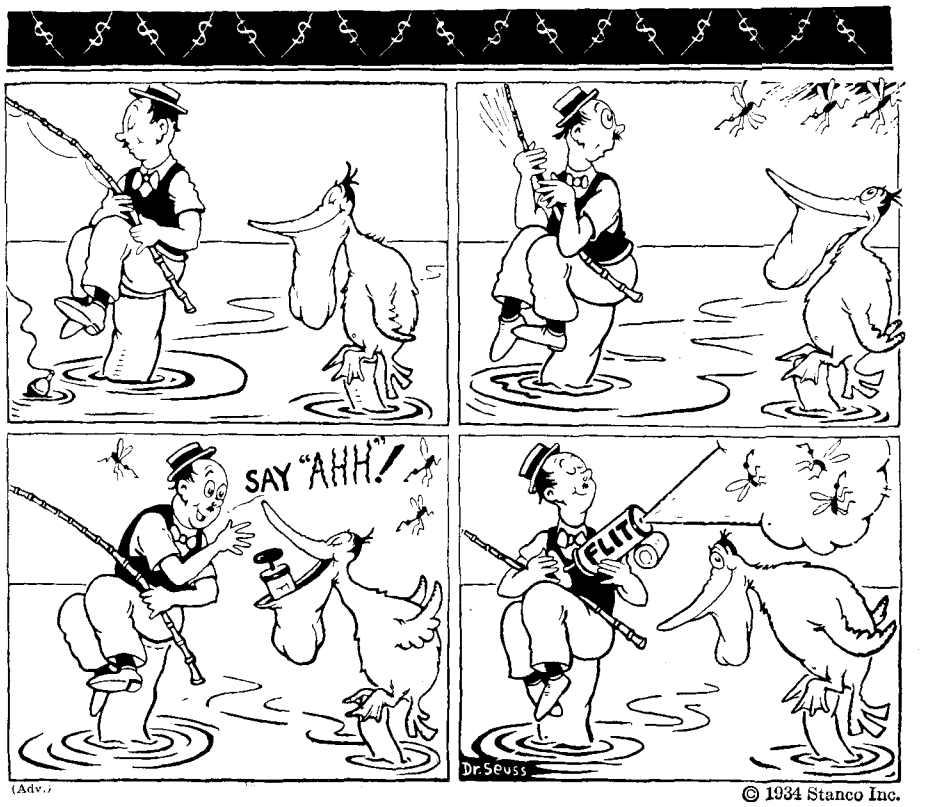

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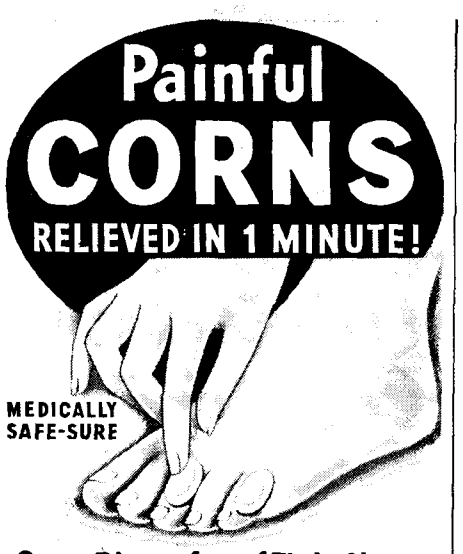

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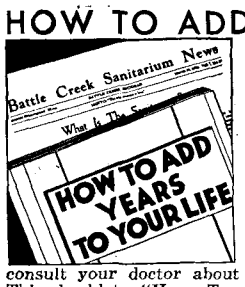

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ANTROL

(Continued from page 51)

"Easy, Warden."

"Well, Mr. Nichols, we got him, you see."

Jones stared at the warden and the district attorney with his mouth open.

Someone shouted: "We got Mr. Rawlins, Mike. He'll be right over."

"Good."

Mike rocked on his heels and stared at Jones. The little district attorney adjusted his glasses to get a better view.

"That's him, is it, Warden?" asked Mike complacently.

"That's him, all right. Who could ever forget that pan? Mannion, my boy, solitary for you till you beg for mercy."

Jones groaned.

"Mr. District Attorney," he said, "I've been trying to tell these men for over an hour that I'm not Mannion. I work for the state. J. G. Rawlins is my boss. I'm a statistical clerk. I can prove it."

The warden snorted and turned away. Mike handed the district attorney Jones' card and said:

"Mr. Rawlins is coming right over."

"I see," said the district attorney, then he stared for a long time at Jones. Finally he turned: "Did you finger-print him?"

Mike was thunderstruck.

"Why, no; we . . ."

"Do so."

Mike shouted an order. Jones was hastily finger-printed. The district attorney turned to the warden:

"Jim, take a good look at this man. I've got a hunch the boys have made a mistake."

The warden snorted but began to study Jones. He got closer and closer, then he scratched his head.

"Something about the eyes . . . h'm . . ."

But the door was opened by a policeman who ushered in J. G. and Miss Wicklow. J. G.'s mouth fell open at the sight of Jones sitting like a criminal in the midst of all these policemen. Miss Wicklow stared in unbelief.

"Hello, J. G.," said the district attorney. "Sorry to bother you this way."

"Oh, I was working late. I couldn't understand your man over the phone. What in the name of heaven has Jones done?"

"Jones! Is this Jones?"

"Of course it's Jones. Who else?" J. G. looked at his clerk severely. "What have you been up to, Jones?"

"I . . ." Jones began.

But the warden swore, interrupting him, then he jammed on his hat and went out, slamming the door. Mike stared at Jones, scratching his head. Jones felt the tension in the room relax. The color returned to the faces of the policemen. They looked at him indifferently. He was a nobody, not worthy of notice. A man in uniform came up with two finger-print records.

"This guy ain't Mannion, Lieutenant."

MIKE'S face got longer and longer. There was nearly twenty-five thousand dollars in rewards posted for the capture of Mannion.

"Hell," he said softly.

J. G. laughed.

"Him, Mannion! Oh, Lord; this is really too much!"

Jones saw Miss Wicklow staring at him. He got up and began to put on his coat. The district attorney said:

"I'm very sorry about this, Mr. Jones. But, as a matter of fact, you look so much like Mannion you'd fool nine men out of ten. Even the warden thought you were Mannion at first. Things like this happen from time to time."

"Well, I guess it can't be helped. But they certainly gave me a mauling."

"Naturally, thinking you were Mannion."

J. G. turned.

"Well, I guess I've served my purpose. Be on time tomorrow, Jones."

Jones said nothing; he put on his overcoat and hat and started for the door, averting his eyes from Miss Wicklow.

"Wait a minute," said Mike. "Mr. Nichols, what we going to do about this guy? He's going to get in our hair. He'll be picked up ten times a day."

"That's so." The district attorney rubbed his face, considering.

"J. G., couldn't you give him a vacation?"

"Impossible. This is our rush period and I haven't got enough help as it is. They've been cutting my appropriation to the bone."

The district attorney thought for a long time, then he sat down at a desk and began to write.

"Jones," he said, "I'm going to give you a sort of passport. I'll sign it and Lieutenant O'Leary, here, of the Homicide Bureau, will sign it. You'll probably need it till we get our hands on Mannion as there is a lot of money tied up in that young man. Now, full name, please. . . ."

WHEN Jones came out into the corridor he was surrounded by a horde of reporters. Flash guns roared and men dashed off with the negatives. Jones was so confused, so unused to anything of the kind, that before he knew what was happening, he had given a brief résumé of his life, even mentioning the fact that he was an unsuccessful writer. The reporters pumped him dry, then left him one by one. They all knew that they had a real story: timid clerk exact physical counterpart of most dangerous man alive; unsuccessful writer could be twin brother of most successful of all criminals; man who would not hurt a fly dead image of a ruthless killer; contrast, punch, human interest.

Jones went out into the starry night, feeling very much shaken but exhilarated. This was a great day in his life, after all. Tomorrow stories about him would break in all the papers. His picture would appear; clerks, millionaires, stenographers and day laborers would discuss him. He was important. The people he worked with, worshiping the papers, would look at him with new eyes. Killer Mannion! His pulse began to thump at the thought of the series of exciting scenes he'd been through. Why, he'd even been shot at. Big brutes of policemen had gone pale at the sight of him. He had been chained up like a wild beast.

Throwing out his chest, he stepped to the curb and stopped a cruising taxi. This was a day of days. He'd ride home in a cab for the first time in his life, and damn the expense! . . .

Jones did not know that a morning could go so fast. Usually the hours dragged interminably till noon. But today everything was changed. Jones was a hero around the office. Everybody looked at him with interest. He had told the story of his arrest at least a dozen times. As soon as he had got in the clerks had surrounded him, showing him the huge picture of himself on the front page of the Journal. He had seen it before but pretended that he had not.

On the second page there were two columns devoted to the details of his arrest, and on page four there was a long account of the career of Jacob Mannion, who was introduced as the modern Billy the Kid, and with it a lengthy story about Jones and his amazing resemblance to America's Public Enemy Number One. In one part of the story an undivulged relationship was hinted at. Some of the clerks tried to pump Jones regarding this relationship, but he was noncommittal.

The "passport" District Attorney Nichols had given Jones was mentioned in two different places and Jones almost wore it out showing it to the clerks. The strangest part of it was that Seaver was as interested as anybody and did not even reprove the clerks for chattering and neglecting their work.

AT ELEVEN o'clock Miss Wicklow came in from J. G.'s office.

"Good morning, Jones," she said, smiling pleasantly. "How are you after that ordeal?"

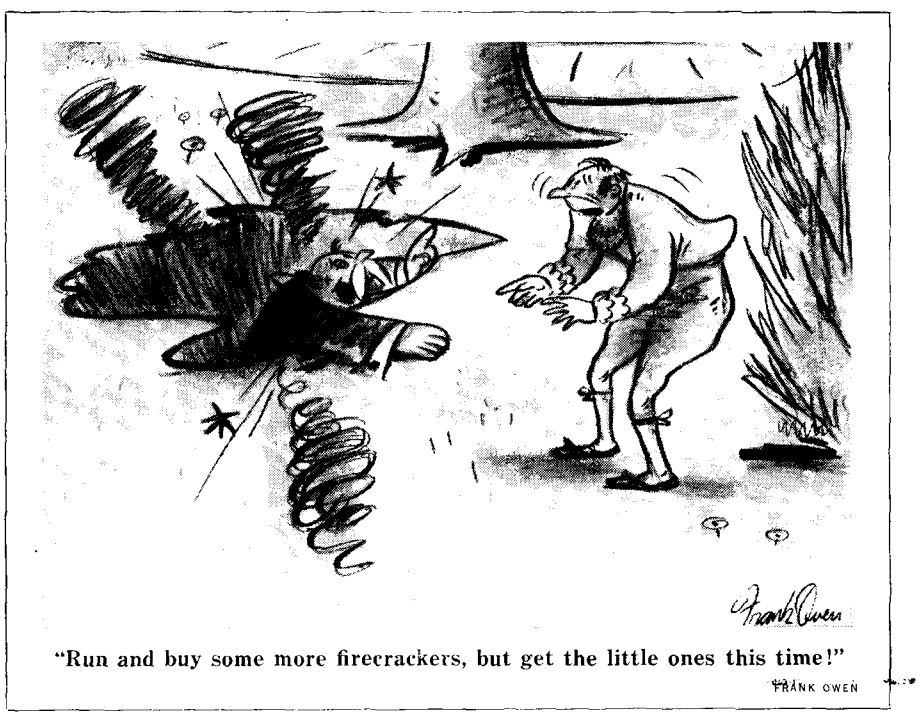
Jones smiled, glowing with pleasure. "Fine. Fine. Never felt better."

She handed him a paper. It was a tabloid sheet.

"Have you seen this?"

Jones stared with his mouth open. A picture of himself alongside a picture of Mannion took up the entire first page under the caption: Modern Jesse James and his clerk-author double.

". . . Mr. Jones is at present employed by the State Bureau of Industrial Statistics as a statistical clerk. But this is merely a stop-gap. He writes at night, hoping to storm the citadel of literary fame. He has written for years without any encouragement or without making a penny. While Mr. Jones is a sedentary person he has nerve and determination equal to Mannion's, though perhaps of a somewhat different kind. It takes real courage to persist. . . . Good luck, Mr. Jones."



"Run and buy some more firecrackers, but get the little ones this time!"

FRANK OWEN

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"Nice, isn't it?" said Miss Wicklow, smiling again.

"Y . . . yes," said Jones. "Thanks very much for showing it to me."

The tabloid passed from hand to hand. Even Seaver read it, pursing up his thin lips and smoothing his hair.

At eleven-fifteen J. G. appeared and came into the outer office smiling.

"Well, Jones, my boy, you're getting more publicity than a prima donna. Write at night, do you? Well, well, I didn't know that. That's very laudable, I must say. I hope you hit. We all hope you hit. H'm." J. G. rubbed his face and stared at Jones, then he looked for a long time at the paper in his hand. "You know, Jones, you surely do look like Mannion. Dead image. Sure he's not a black-sheep brother of yours?"

There was a sudden silence in the big office. Jones smiled.

"Oh, hardly. I haven't any brothers. . . ." He hesitated and then, for some reason added: "Not that I know of."

"H'm!" J. G. scratched his head and meditated. "Shot at you, did they?"

"Yes."

"So? Was it close? Tell me about it."

JONES stood up and began to tell J. G. the story from start to finish. The clerks crowded round to listen again; even Miss Wicklow fixed her lovely gray eyes on Jones' flushed face. But a young man came into the office hurriedly with his hat on the back of his head and a big bundle under one arm.

"Excuse me," he said, breaking into the story. "Where will I find Arthur Jones?"

"I'm Jones."

"I see you are. I'm Lew Carey from the Tribune. We're running a feature story in the Sunday paper about you and Mannion." He began to unwrap his bundle.

"I'm J. G. Rawlins," said the boss.

The reporter gave him a glance.

"How are you, Mr. Rawlins? How's our friend the governor? You're the boss here, I suppose. Don't mind if I take up some of Mr. Jones' time, do you? This boy is red-hot news."

"No. Help yourself. When you get through drop into my office. I got something you ought to know."

"Right!" Carey turned his back on J. G. and finished unwrapping his bundle, then he put a pink bathroom scale on the floor and took out a tape measure. "All right, Jones. Get on the scale."

Jones was bewildered.

"What for?"

"We're comparing you with Mannion, see? Weight, height, age, etc. Get it?"

Jones got on the scale. The clerks crowded round to watch, making facetious remarks, but very much impressed.

"One hundred and fifty-one pounds. Can you tie that? Mannion weighs one hundred and fifty. How about height? Up against the wall, please. Will somebody help me with this tape measure?"

"Allow me," said J. G.

Jones avoided J. G.'s eyes. He felt a little ashamed for him; he was so obviously showing off for the benefit of the reporter.

"Sixty-five and one half inches. That's—let's see—five feet five and a half. This is getting good. Mannion is exactly the same. All right. Age?"

"I'll be thirty this December."

Carey laughed.

"You aren't making this up as you go along, are you? Mannion will be thirty the last of November."

Jones smiled. Seaver said:

"To tell you the truth, I think Jones is Mannion. He's just smart."

The reporter glanced sharply at Seaver and then stared for a long time at Jones.

"What about Bugs Martin?" he suddenly demanded.

Jones looked blank. The reporter laughed.

"Well, you never know. They say that sets Mannion off in a second. This Martin guy shot Mannion's side-kick and then turned State's. Well, much obliged, Mr. Jones. I'll say one thing for you; if you are Mannion you're sure a mighty slick one. Well, Mr. Rawlins?"

"Step right this way, Mr. Carey," said J. G. "Have a cigar? Good. We can settle down for a little chat."

Gradually the office quieted down. Miss Wicklow sat opposite Seaver and began to sign letters with J. G.'s name; typewriters and adding machines rattled sporadically. Finally Seaver said:

"This little episode is going to set us back about two days. But I guess it's worth it. I always did want to associate with a mobster. Very interesting people, they tell me."

The clerks tittered conscientiously. Seaver seldom joked; but when he did, he was sure of a laugh. Jones tried to resume work but couldn't. He was tingling with excitement. A great truth had been revealed to him; something he had never even imagined before: *Life was not necessarily boring.* This thought was staggering to a man who had more or less accepted his fate and had begun to practice resignation. No; life was not necessarily boring. It did not have to be all gray. Purple patches were possible.

Making an effort, he began to tabulate a report. But a very well-dressed young man with a freckled face and red hair came in from the hallway. The girls looked up with interest. Mr. Seaver rose.

"Can I be of any assistance?"

But the young man spotted Jones. He rushed forward with outstretched hand.

"Hello, Mannion," he said with a grin.

The clerks stared, thunderstruck. Jones smiled and shook hands.

"My name's Ben Healy," said the young man. "I work for the Journal and represent the National Syndicate in my spare time. How's tricks? Did the opperkays give you a shellacking?"

"Did the what?"

"Skip it. Say, how about having lunch with me? Before you say yes, I want to warn you; I'm going to proposition you."

"I don't go to lunch for some time yet."

"Forget it. Where's your boss?"

Seaver came forward, smiling.

"Mr. Rawlins is busy. But I'm chief clerk. What was it?"

"I want to take Mr. Jones to lunch and I don't want to bring him back for quite some time. Okay?"

"I think it will be all right. We're pretty busy now, however." Seaver looked doubtful.

"Oh, you can spare him for two hours or so. This is a purely business matter and may mean something to Mannion's alter ego, here."

"Well, get him back by two o'clock."

"I'll do my best."

JONES put on his coat and hat. Healy lit a cigarette and began to study the girl clerks, all of whom had been staring at him but now lowered their eyes and got very busy.

Jones turned.

"Thank you, Mr. Seaver."

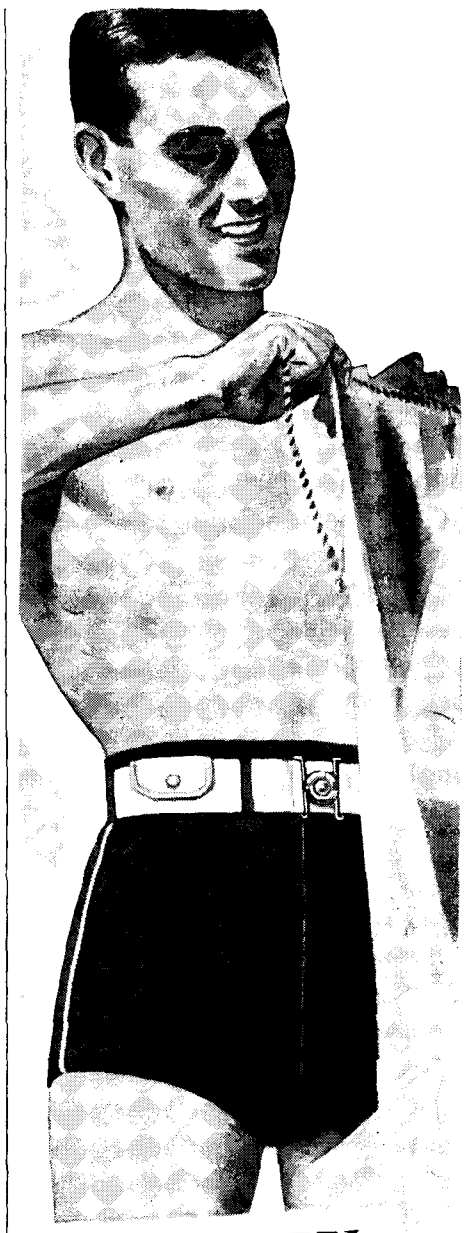
"Not at all. Always willing to oblige a public enemy."

The girls tittered and Healy made a comical face. Miss Wicklow said:

"Jones, I notice you've been reading *Lost Illusions* at noon hour. May I take it this noon?"

"Oh, certainly," said Jones, all smiles and politeness. "Please do."

(To be continued next week)



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Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

Sweet Land of Liberty

WE HOLD these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Brave words, these, written 158 years ago by Thomas Jefferson and signed immediately by fifty-four delegates who realized clearly that they were risking their necks by signing. The gentlemen were not hanged, for their revolution succeeded. Liberty had its dangers even then.

How do their eloquent principles stand up in the midst of these new revolutions through which we and much of the world are passing? Life certainly is just as precious and the pursuit of happiness is not less highly regarded. But how is liberty rated in this year 1934?

In some European countries liberty gets no cheer these days. Mussolini delights to speak scornfully of liberty, which to his mind is a sign of weakness and confusion. Hitler's Germany jeers at the thought. Brown-shirted young men are eager to crack the heads of anyone indiscreet enough to mention the subject. The Russian communists are not less contemptuous. To them liberty is a bourgeois vice and the man or woman who talks about it courts exile or an involuntary trip to Siberia, if not a firing squad.

Only France and Great Britain of the larger European powers are still loyal to the ancient battle cry. The smaller nations, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Belgium and the Scandinavian countries, also cherish it; but wherever the Russian or Italian ideas have followers, liberty is bitterly assailed.

Up to now nobody of importance in this country has had the temerity to attack liberty as the Bolshevists and Fascists have attacked it. Many Americans, however, both liberals and conservatives, have been frankly willing to exchange certain specific liberties for other things which they valued more highly.

The most talked-of recent restriction of American liberty is the Bankhead law, designed to compel planters to restrict their cotton acreage. The Bankhead law is the spearhead of the so-called regimentation. Previously, farmers were invited to coöperate in the reduction of crops. The new law compels them to reduce their planting or else take the penalty of taxes intended to be prohibitive.

Beyond all doubt, compulsory reduction of planting is a restriction of the liberty of the individual farmer. Also, undoubtedly, our recovery codes have imposed definite limitations upon the freedom of action of various employers. Hours and wages have been fixed under governmental supervision and the individual employer may not ignore the rules.

Wherever liberty has been restricted, public opinion has approved the restriction. The Bankhead measure was not made a law until a test vote persuaded the Administration that a majority of cotton planters wanted to be regimented. They asked for a law forbidding them to plant more than could be profitably marketed.

We have not surrendered anything which a majority of us did not want to give up. The Italians and Germans, however, might say the same and so we might examine with open minds our own course of action. What, concretely, have we surrendered?

The essence of political liberty is the right to think and to speak freely. Plainly, we have lost none of that. Everywhere in the United States we are as free as we ever were to think and to talk without restraint. If we do not like the measures which our government has adopted and is considering, we have complete liberty to utter our opinions and also the opportunity at election time to vote in accordance with our will.

Only in the economic field have we voluntarily limited the individual's freedom of action. There what we have done and are doing is to forbid conduct injurious to the general welfare.

Under the NRA codes the right to employ child labor is denied employers. Decent employers do not want to handicap children by premature work. The NRA code merely compels the unscrupulous to refrain from doing what the honorable majority would not do. So, too, in the matter of minimum wages. The codes restrain the heartless and the irresponsible from creating competitive conditions which destroy all decent standards of life.

In a word, we have asked our government to prevent a reckless minority from doing things which injure us as a people. Liberty to create conditions which drive children into factories when they should be at school, or which compel men and women to work at starvation wages, can profitably be lost.

No one who takes the trouble to think about the liberty we have surrendered, or the regimentation we have demanded and obtained, need fear that we have lost anything worth keeping. On the contrary, our efforts so far have been to improve economic conditions, to make equal the chances of life, so that all classes may live better and have fairer shares of the good things we are able to produce so abundantly.

In no other way can we actually preserve the political liberty which is our historic ideal and tradition. For only those who are in secure possession of the material necessities of life are able to exercise political liberty.

We have not gone communist and we have not turned fascist. The Constitution still stands and so does our Declaration of Independence. We are gaining a greater liberty by refusing longer to tolerate the right of the few to hurt the many. This is progress of the best sort.

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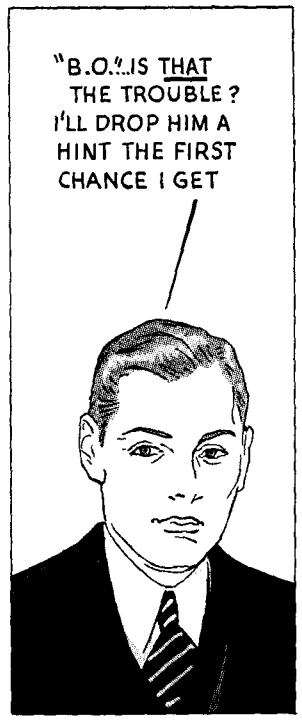
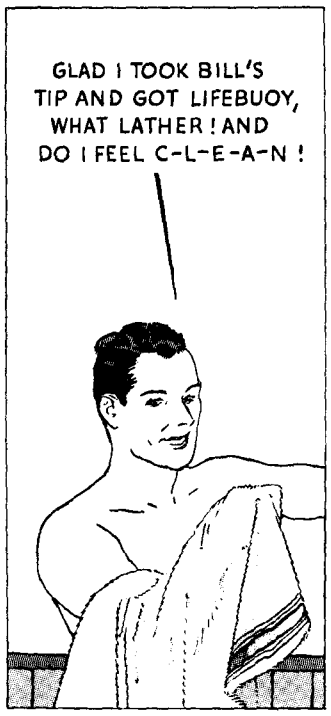
BROTHER BILL PUTS HIM WISE

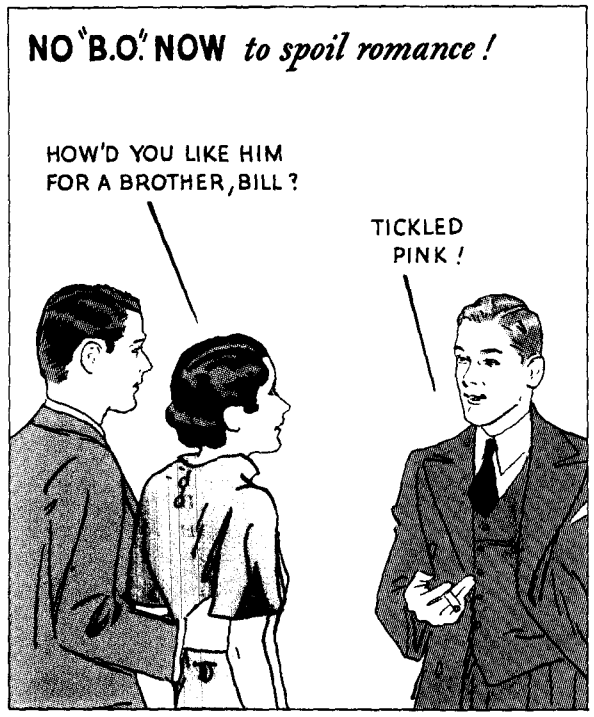


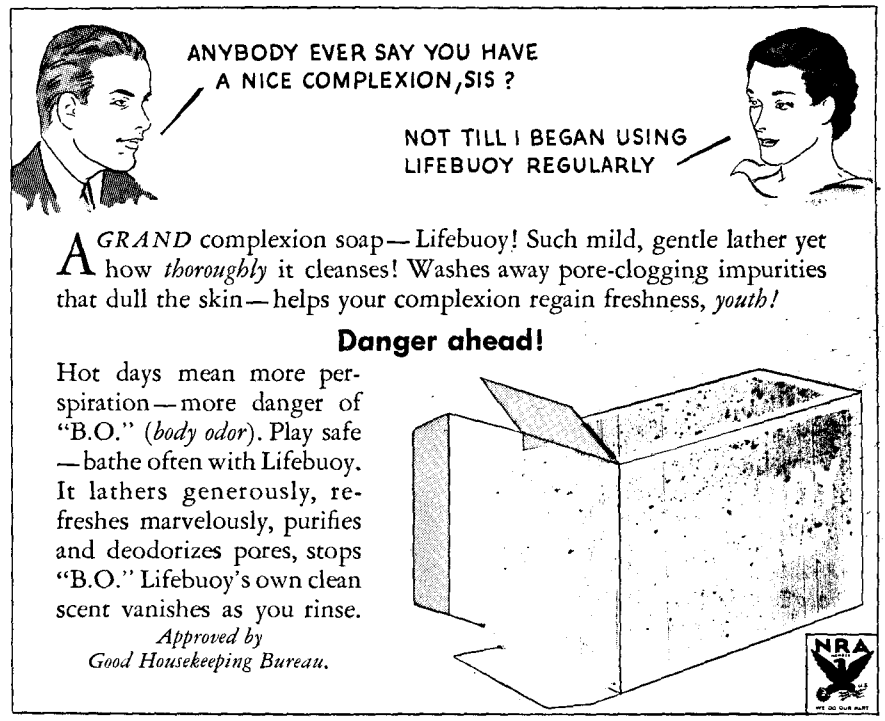
TWO DAYS LATER *the chance came*

BILL, I WANT YOUR ADVICE. YOU KNOW I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOUR SISTER. WHY DOESN'T SHE LIKE ME BETTER?
SHE WOULD, OLD CHAP, IF YOU'D JUST BE A LITTLE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT ONE THING...."B.O."



NO "B.O." NOW *to spoil romance!*





A *GRAND* complexion soap—Lifebuoy! Such mild, gentle lather yet how *thoroughly* it cleanses! Washes away pore-clogging impurities that dull the skin—helps your complexion regain freshness, *youth!*

Danger ahead!

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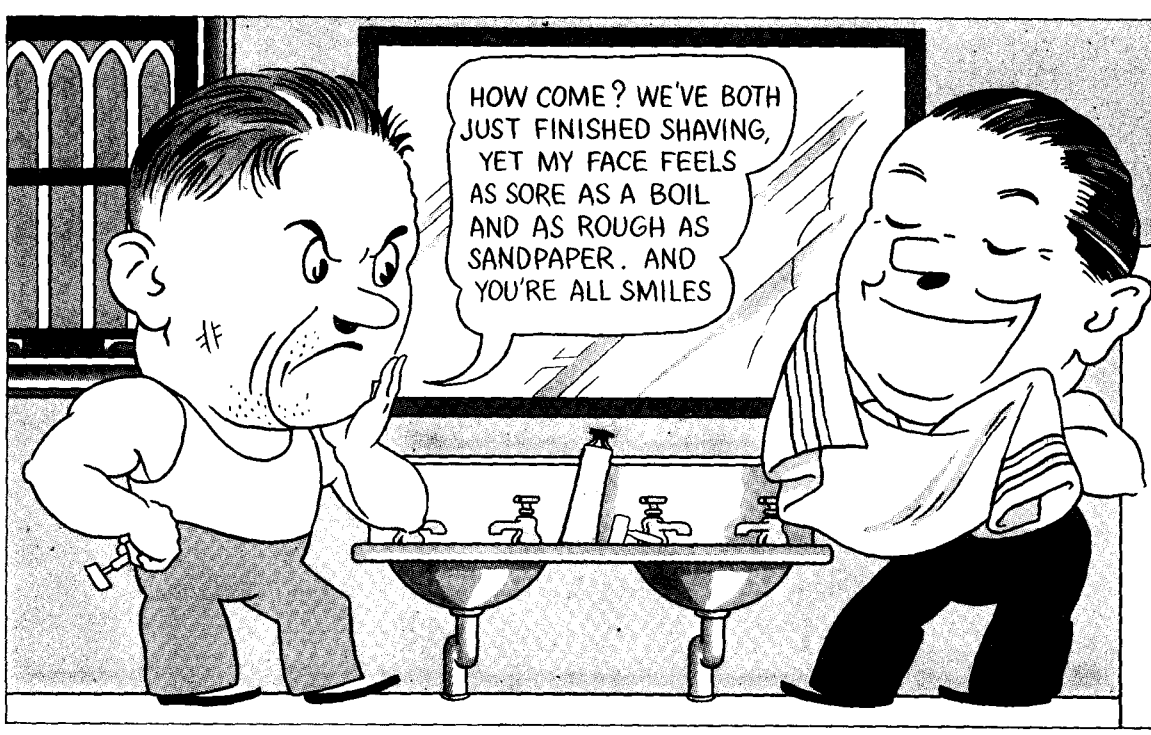
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.


HOW COME? WE'VE BOTH JUST FINISHED SHAVING, YET MY FACE FEELS AS SORE AS A BOIL AND AS ROUGH AS SANDPAPER. AND YOU'RE ALL SMILES
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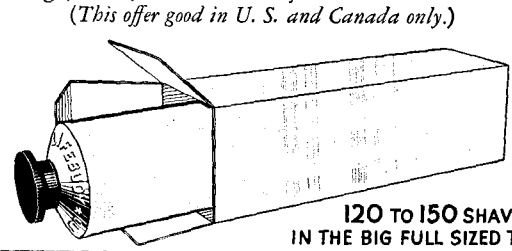
(*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)



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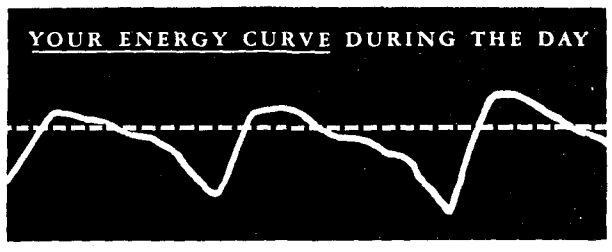

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CAMELS can literally relieve fatigue and irritability

Are you irritable . . . cross and fussy when tired? Then light a Camel. As you enjoy its cool, rich flavor, you will quickly feel your flow of natural energy being restored. That "done-in" feeling drops away. Your pep and cheerfulness come flooding back. You are once again able to face the "next move" with a smile!

EFFECT IS NATURAL

The effect is produced by Camels in a wholly natural and utterly delightful way.

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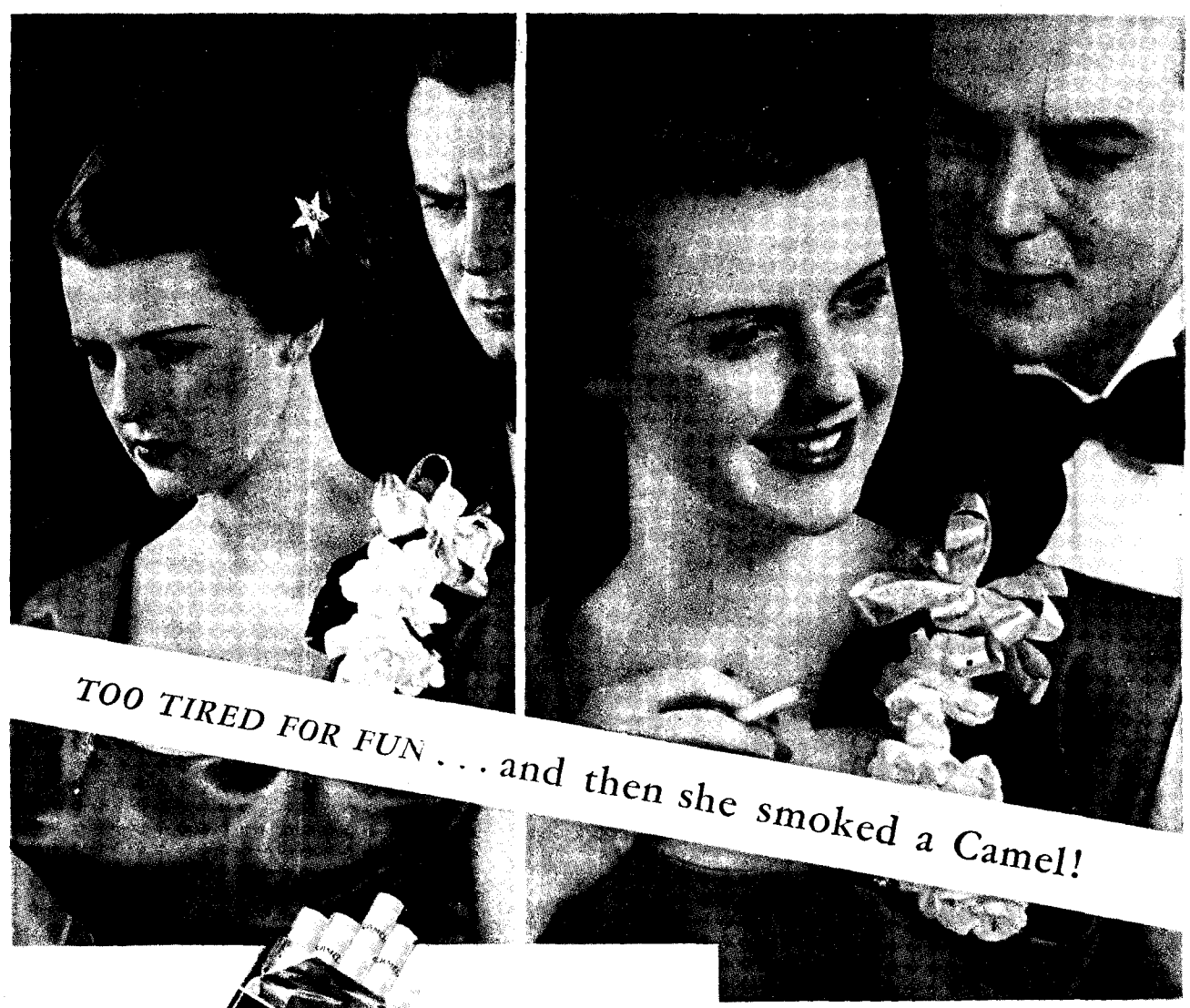
You can smoke just as many of these delightful Camels as you want. You can increase your flow of energy over and over again. And you need *never* worry about your nerves. For remember: *Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves.*



CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

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KNOW THIS FEELING? The feeling of being too "all in" to respond to the gaiety of the crowd? That's one of the many times to light a Camel and enjoy its rich flavor while your flow of healthful energy is restored. You'll *like* Camels — a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

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"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

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